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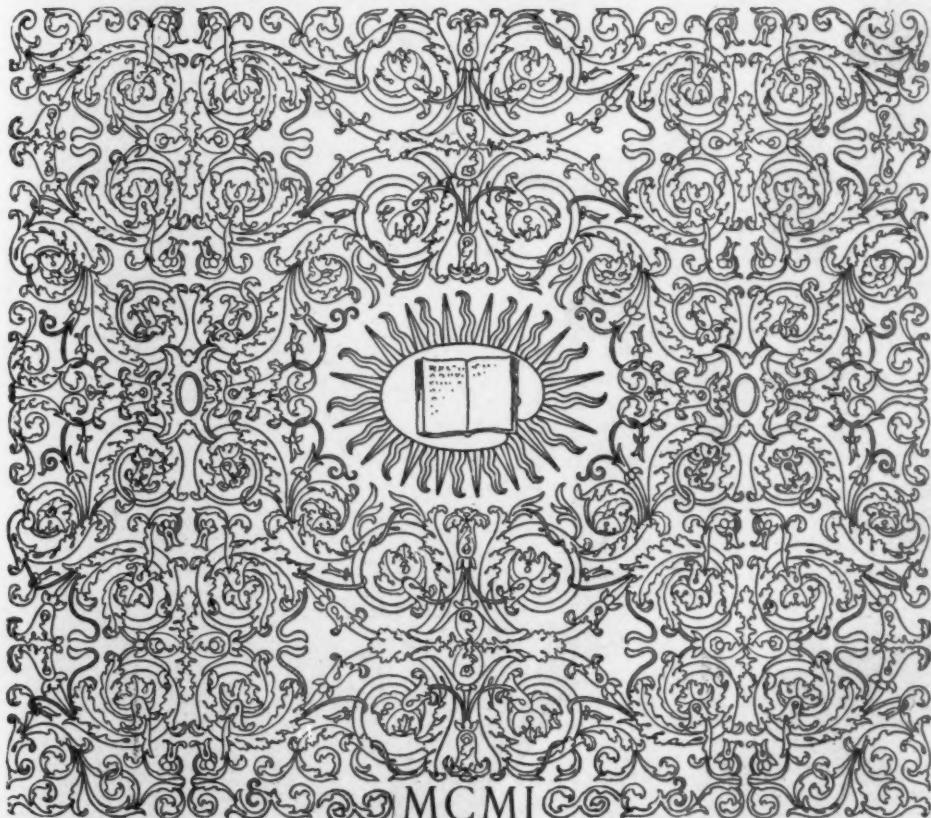
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# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED •MONTHLY• MAGAZINE



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THE WOOD-SAWYERS (AFTER THE PAINTING BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET).  
ETCHED BY WILLIAM NOLÉ. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. SEE PAGE 417.

SUMMER FICTION NUMBER.

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXII.

JULY, 1901.

No. 3.



## WORKING ONE'S WAY THROUGH WOMEN'S COLLEGES.<sup>1</sup>

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

JUST within the entrance of the gymnasium at Smith College is a small square room which looks like a booth at a church fair. The bulletin-boards on its walls are covered with blue prints, copies of Gibson pictures, painted frames, college flags, bright-colored class banners, pincushions, pillow-covers, and a score of other fancy articles which seem the pastime of an idle hour. In reality, each one represents the serious investment of a girl who is working her way. The Smith College calendar hanging in a corner took one girl half through the term. The picture-frame opposite paid the incidental expenses of another for a year, while the jolly pair of foot-ball players, constructed out of tissue-paper and pecans, sitting on the window-sill made the temporary fortune of their inventor. A day after she had slipped in and put them there they became the college fad, and for weeks she could not turn them out fast enough to fill her orders. Then suddenly their popularity waned; no one wanted them; and now, faded and covered with dust, the two favorites of a past hour sit neglected in their corner, a pathetic warning of the inconstancy of college demand.

<sup>1</sup> For an article by the same writer on working one's way through men's colleges, see THE CENTURY for last month.—EDITOR.

Like Smith students, college girls everywhere try these picturesque methods of making money. The pretty trifles which they sell might seem to a poet the spontaneous expression of the feminine instinct for grace and beauty, but they illustrate rather a poverty of financial opportunities. A college man in his effort to support himself is limited only by his capacity. He can break stones in the road or publish a paper, as his talent provides. He is free to enter any trade or business in the town, or invent a new one if he pleases. He may wander where he will along economic highways and byways. No one thinks of putting an obstacle in his way.

But when a girl, out of the fullness of her desire, determines to work her way through college, she must first rid herself of the notion that she can copy her college brother. Otherwise she will meet with disappointment, for long ago Mrs. Grundy set a distinction between labor fitting for men and for women, and our colleges for girls still respect it. During undergraduate days, at least, they believe in an emphasis of the woman womanly. The self-supporting girl, therefore, finds before many an industry open to her college brother a sign on which custom or the college president has written the uncompromising words, "No Admittance." She

can neither weed lawns nor dig gardens, clean furnaces nor shovel snow. The girl who should turn grocery clerk or who became a component part of a baker's or butcher's or hotel-keeper's staff in her college town would be a focus for the puzzled attention of the whole faculty, while a student dairymaid, fruiterer, or butter-merchant within the confines of the college would raise a storm of protest from Maine to California. Yet college men in similar positions meet only praise and commendation.

Doubtless some of the occupations in the diminished list for girls declared official by college censors will seem trivial enough to the masculine student-merchant who sells milk by the thousand quarts and butter by countless pounds. Nevertheless, the college girl invests as much energy and strength and originality in her tasks as the college man in his. If she earns as much money as he, her effort must be almost doubled. Few girls, under the circumstances, have the physical exuberance necessary to meet the strain of entire self-support. They must stop short at self-help. But the attitude of a woman's college is strongly paternal. Though restrictions are laid on the student who works her way, scholarships and loans, as far as they go, are the compensations, and, when these are exhausted, a protective care and watchfulness which seldom fall to the lot of the college man.

Moreover, a girl by virtue of being a girl has an inherited knowledge of housewifely tools before she puts on her first pinafore. It is her one point of superiority over her college brother, and she has made the most of it. As symbols of the higher education, broom, dust-pan, and needle should be enshrined with cap and gown, for they are the weapons with which many a student has won her diploma. If all the girls who have ever worked their way through college could be passed in review and made to answer the question "How?" nine out of every ten would probably pay tribute to the commercial value of their feminine accomplishments.

The aptitude of women for housework Mount Holyoke has put to good use. Students answer the bell and act as housemaids and waitresses. A brigade of girls looks after the dining-room; the tables are cleared and set, salt-cellars filled, silver cleaned, and dishes washed, with fun and laughter that shut out the idea of irksome work. No student of the college escapes her share of domestic service. As far as possible she is allowed to do what she likes best. Seniors have the first choice and freshmen bring up the rear. Outside of cooking and scrubbing, the entire domestic machinery of the houses is managed by the girls. But the tax on each student's time is slight. Fifty minutes is the longest period required, thirty the average; and when a girl becomes expert in her task



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.  
THE BULLETIN-BOARD AT SMITH COLLEGE.

she can whisk through it in even less time. This small amount of work means that college expenses are a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars less than they could be otherwise. The reduction is most important to the poor student, but is in no way an affront to her self-respect, since her neighbor, with an inexhaustible supply of dollars, has exactly the same treatment.

The "domestic system" at Holyoke is a survival of the old days when higher education for women was in its infancy. The college was a seminary then, but at the time of its founding offered more advanced work for girls than any other school before it, and prepared the way for Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, which were the climax of the movement. In the middle of the century, money, as a rule, was scarce in the families of girls hungry for more learning than the district school could supply, and even if it was not, fathers were reluctant to invest any great amount in the doubtful experiment of educating their daughters. The answer of Holyoke to this objection was the domestic system, which saved the work of many maids, and applied their wages on the students' accounts.

In the years that have followed, the need for economy has grown less and the girls' tasks have been lightened little by little. But the psychological effect of the domestic system seems to those in charge of the college most desirable, and housework will probably be part of the college régime for years to come. Even the exchange of tasks, the advocates of the system feel, has a definite value. "I'm owing you one 'domestic service,'" says the rich girl to the poor girl who has an examination, a rehearsal of a play, and an essay to copy in the same afternoon. "I'll pay it now, if you like. You washed my glasses the other night, and I'll dust

your parlor to-day." In such insignificant ways as this, say the Holyoke authorities, students may learn the whole law of equivalents, which, universally applied, might transform a world.

Wellesley, until a few years ago, exacted housework of every student. But on many accounts it was thought best, in the later development of the college, to strike this requirement out, raising the price of board instead, and allowing the students to pay outright the money for which formerly they had given an equivalent in work. The system, however, was not entirely abandoned. It is still in operation at two of the college halls, Fiske and Eliot, for the benefit of those who need it especially—self-helping students who otherwise would find a college course utterly impossible. In both cottages the girls are allowed a discount of one hundred dollars for the

work they do. Everything is arranged for their convenience, and even filling lamps becomes almost a pleasure when it can be done in a room as neat as wax, with a congenial companion. This task, too, has the advantage of definiteness. It may not seem so dainty a performance as whipping up a golden custard or evolving an original cake; but when fires are slow and ovens rebellious, and the baking takes twice as long as it should, the house dessert-maker envies, oily fingers and all, the lamp-filler who can calculate her work to a dot.

At Oberlin, which was one of the first colleges to offer the higher education to women on equal terms with men, earning one's way and housework, to the women at least, seem to have the inevitable connection of cause and effect. Self-supporting students there have come to be such a common occurrence that the town coöperates with the college and takes them into consideration



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.  
"THE APTITUDE OF WOMEN FOR HOUSEWORK."

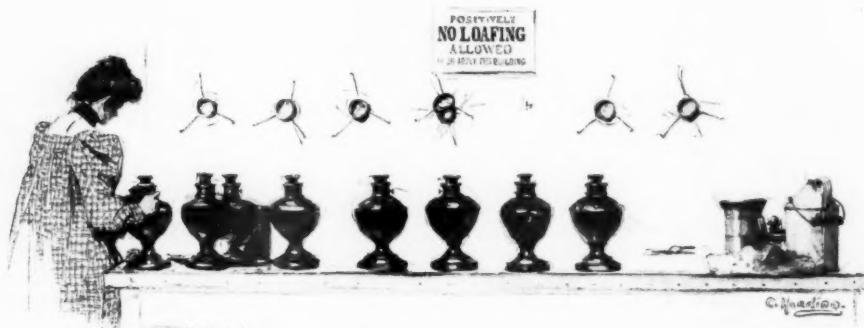


HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.  
A LAUNDRY FOR STUDENTS' USE.

in planning to have its work done. Many of the Oberlin homes, and some of the boarding-houses as well, dispense with servants entirely, and give college girls their places. In one way it is helpful to the working student to be taken for granted. She is one of a series of self-helping girls that has filed through the college without interruption since it first opened its doors. The town is a thrifty one. Its inhabitants have no money to spare, and in a business transaction they must be sure that for what they give they receive a just value. Therefore, if a student has room and board which cost four dollars a week, she must give four dollars' worth of work, at ten cents an hour,—five cents less than is given the Oberlin man,—which means forty hours a week, or about five a day, spent in assisting the lady of the house. With such a heavy mortgage on her time it is all

but impossible for her to finish her course in four years. Oberlin allows its students to spread their work over five or six years, and the self-supporting girl, unless she has a constitution of iron, must take the longer period. In other colleges, where self-supporting students are more of a rarity, a girl may slip into a place where she has room and board in exchange for only a nominal amount of work. The Oberlin girl, whatever her trials, will not be demoralized by getting something she does not pay for; but by the time her five hours' stint is over for the day, she feels that her self-respect could survive the shock if her patron should find it more blessed to give than to receive.

For the Oberlin girl who prefers to concentrate her housewifely talents on herself, *Keep Home*, an old-fashioned, rambling house owned by the college, provides rooms



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.  
"FILLING LAMPS BECOMES ALMOST A PLEASURE."

at fifty cents a week. With the little cook-stove which is part of the furniture of every room, a frying-pan, and a coffee-pot, she has all the paraphernalia necessary for her frugal meals. Her breakfast oatmeal simmers while she is dressing. At noon she slips a potato into the oven with one eye on her Latin grammar, and completes her midday meal with a dish of canned corn, perhaps, and an egg or two. Supper becomes simple or elaborate according to her appetite and the state of her funds. Meat is sometimes included in the bill of fare, but to the girls at Keep Home it often ceases to be a daily necessity. Some of them are farmers' daughters who come in from the surrounding country, and parental visits more or less frequently result in a supply of eggs and vegetables, or bread and cake, which the mother has made with loving thoughts of her college girl. But the student who comes from a distance and has no convenient link between herself and the home larder can live very reasonably and wholesomely at Keep Home if she has even a working knowledge of the chemistry of foods. One student's weekly expenses, including room-rent, fuel, light, and food, amounted to a dollar and sixty-five cents, and her meals, she said, were plentiful and good. Weekly expenses, with very careful planning, can be brought down to a dollar, and occasional girls have lived on seventy-five cents, but not without a loss of physical strength, which left them in poor condition for college work. Sometimes girls get only their breakfast and supper, taking dinner in one of the boarding-houses of the town and working out the cost of it, which is ten cents or more, by washing the dishes and setting the table afterward.

Keep Home for more than forty years has been the refuge of poor students. While college life for its occupants, perhaps, has not been so full of color and enjoyment as for the girls who needed to take no anxious thought for the morrow, they have made the most of the blessings they could have, and, without exception, by their achievements in the world have made Oberlin proud to acknowledge them as graduates.

In the University of California, as well as in Oberlin, housework is a popular way of solving the problem of self-support. Many of the girls find places in private houses of Berkeley, where they earn their board and lodging with three or four hours' work a day. The university has also undertaken a very interesting experiment, which is nothing less



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.  
WHERE SOME HARD-EARNED MONEY IS SPENT.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE COLONIAL PARTY AT WELLESLEY.

than a sewing-school for college women. A house of eleven rooms, four blocks from the campus, has been rented by the university and equipped completely with cutting-tables, sewing-machines, chairs, footstools, work-baskets, cupboards, and everything else that a model sewing-school should have. The course, conducted by an expert seamstress, is thoroughly systematic, including all grades of sewing from the simplest basting to the finest needlework, and a diploma is the reward for completing it. Each student registers for as many hours a week as she chooses, and is paid by the hour for what she does. Nearly fifty girls are enrolled, and some of their work is so exquisitely done that it finds a ready market even in Chicago and New York. The Hearst Domestic Industry, as the institution is called, in honor of its founder, not only affords material help to worthy college girls, but aims also to keep the members in touch with current events, and by various entertainments to give them the social training which must too often be left out of the schedule of the self-helping student.

In the classification of colleges by the characteristic opportunities they offer needy girls, Bryn Mawr represents the antithesis of Holyoke, Wellesley, Oberlin, and the University of California. Students as servants are an unknown quantity there. Far from doing the work of the house, the Bryn Mawr girl is not even required to make her own bed. The college aims to give her freedom for intellectual development, and, according to its traditions, this is best attained by releasing her from all the entangling details of domestic work. Student occupations naturally conform to the policy of the college, and the Bryn Mawr girl uses her head rather than her hands in working her way through. If she is well qualified, tutoring is a sure resource, and sessions with students less learned than she mean from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half an hour. The college book-shop is a most profitable venture, and yields the two students who manage it a net income of two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Assistants in the chemical and biological laboratories receive one hundred dollars a year for five and a half hours' work a week. The student who distributes supplies in the chemical laboratory for two hours a day has one hundred dollars. The assistant librarian is paid two hundred dollars a year, and the girls who distribute letters in the five halls of residence, twenty-five dollars each.

At Bryn Mawr, students make few commercial experiments on their college public, because the negative method of saving money by scholarships proves the best way of earning it. At colleges where housework has a monetary value, incidental occupations are likewise unimportant, and the substantial reduction in board and tuition becomes the self-helping girl's main dependence. Holyoke, the exponent of the domestic system, offers little encouragement to the student speculator. A prodigality of dimes and quarters in the purchase of luxuries is the exception rather than the rule. The low prices charged by the college set the standard, and while the student finds this fact desirable when she pays her term-bill, she feels the disadvantage of it when she tries to make money out of her companions. The girl who knows how to do up delicate garments sometimes becomes washerwoman for those of her companions who prefer to do their fine laundry-work by proxy. Amateur milliners turn their knack for trimming hats to account. Here and there a girl reports college news for a paper, and occasionally some one is employed in the library or in the laboratories. The girl who can manipulate a type-writer finds work to do among the faculty, and several act as agents for laundries, or for the jewelers who sell college pins. But the student who depends on any of these things to meet her expenses will find herself a bankrupt before the week is over.

Like Holyoke, Oberlin offers few alternatives besides housework to its self-helping girl. So many of her companions are as poor as she that student trade can get no foothold. Neither is the town to be tempted by useless trifles. Something that lessens work for Oberlin mothers who are their own maids of all work may have a transient success. Self-heating irons one girl found remunerative. Another drove a thriving trade in tin cookers. She used one herself every day to prepare her own meals in layers on her diminutive stove, and then rehearsed her experience with such eloquence to prospective customers that they bought on the spot. The company made this particular girl one of its authorized agents. The labor-saving inventions for housekeepers are limited, however, and if the Oberlin girl does not happen upon a self-heating iron or a cooker, the history of her financial attempts makes dismal reading.

At Wellesley, where prices are graded according to the amount of housework done



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"WHEN A DISTINGUISHED GUEST COMES TO THE COLLEGE THE REAL FUN OF BLUE-PRINT-MAKING BEGINS."

by a student, incidental occupations are more in evidence. The girls are not all on the same financial level, and the poor girl who wishes to sell finds her complement in the girl of means who is ready to buy. In a number of ways students meet the needs of their fellow-students. Tutoring is the best of these, although the supply of amateur teachers often exceeds the demand of students needing coaching. Artistic girls make burnt-leather frames and knickknacks. Practical girls sell home-made candy, press dresses, and do the hundred other odd jobs which crop up from time to time in a community of girls. In view of the small receipts, however, these attempts to make money seem of little value except as financial pastimes.

In other colleges, like Smith and Vassar, which are neither definitely committed to the cause of housework nor directly opposed

to it, the incidental occupations of the students become a more important factor. As Holyoke might be chosen to represent the domestic element in college self-support, and Bryn Mawr the intellectual, Smith could be taken to illustrate the original and inventive. Perhaps the greater number of independent student industries there is an accident due to the wider field offered by the largest college population in the country, or it may have a subtler significance as a translation of the Smith spirit of personal freedom into practical affairs. But whatever the reason, the fact remains that Smith stands first among women's colleges in the number of its incidental occupations.

College girls, however, rarely manifest the talent for business organization which is characteristic of self-supporting college men. Their financial careers seldom have



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"THE STAR PERFORMER IN A MUSICAL RECITAL BLACKS BOOTS."

any organic unity. They play at Jack of all trades, for the ventures in which they engage are only makeshifts. The dollars they earn are not an end in themselves, but a bridge to their diplomas.

teachers. In the spring another class is formed, this time for the juniors who wish to furbish up their steps before the Junior Promenade, which is their great social event of the year. The teachers are usually girls who



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"TUTORING IS ONE OF THE STAPLE OCCUPATIONS."

Even Smith, which represents the ultra-development of student support, follows the rule. Few financial attempts are made which by a stretch of the imagination can be called a business. Two or three girls each year form a dancing-class, which fills rapidly with freshman recruits who have been so busy in their intellectual preparation for college that they have neglected the graces and accomplishments which they need as soon as they are safely within. The sophomore reception to the first class is given about the middle of the term, and the newcomers are only too glad to find some one who will drill them in the rules of the dance before the great occasion puts them on public exhibition. The fee for each member of the class is small, but the large number who join makes the venture profitable to the

love dancing for its own sake, and, even after a couple of hours' exhausting effort dragging about inexperienced partners, hold fast to the conviction that it is more restful to earn money by their toes than by their brains.

A student whose particular accomplishment was darning stockings set about making use of it in a way that showed a limited amount of business capacity at least. She offered to keep the stockings belonging to one wardrobe in order during the year for three dollars, and at this rate obtained perhaps thirty customers, divided among four or five different houses.

One industry which very nearly meets Webster's definition of a business is the making of gymnasium suits during the first six weeks of the year. The girl who secures the contract to fit out the three or four hun-



C. Harding.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"TWO OR THREE GIRLS EACH YEAR FORM A DANCING-CLASS, WHICH FILLS RAPIDLY WITH FRESHMAN RECRUITS."

dred freshmen with suits must have a handy needle, a level head, and executive ability. She will earn perhaps three hundred dollars, but she must lead a dog's life for a month and a half to do it. Running a dressmaking establishment is not an easy matter even for one to the manner born, but a "gym"-suit manufactory to a novice is a hundred times worse. She must buy the flannel, cut out the suits, and get the freshmen fitted and into their costumes on the gymnasium floor by the 4th of November. Sometimes the pressure of time is so great that the suits are not distributed until the morning of the drill. Then, unless the suit-maker has a keen sense of the ridiculous, she may not appreciate the humor of the situation when, taking a proud glance at her handiwork, she sees a tall girl walk out looking like an ostrich in a suit half a dozen sizes too small. She may be almost ready to shed tears over her dreadful mistake, until the evident owner appears, resembling a clown at a circus, in a suit flopping about her ankles, and she realizes that a transposition of the suits is her only blunder.

With these few exceptions, the occupations of a Smith girl are almost altogether sporadic and desultory. Blue prints, however, are so popular that the making of them attains well-nigh to the dignity of a trade. Scenes about Northampton, college buildings, college houses, and members of the faculty in every situation, are stock subjects. But when a distinguished guest comes to the college the real fun of blue-print-making begins. Whoever the visitor may be, his experience is the same: snap! snap! snap! his smiles and bows are caught in numberless cameras all along the line of laughing girls, until some friendly door closes behind him. The next morning the blue prints appear on the bulletin-board: Chauncey M. Depew, it may be, with a joke in his eyes; J. M. Barrie, looking a trifle blasé; kindly Joe Jefferson, hat off; Paderewski, in his radiance of hair; or President McKinley himself, with his calm, dispassionate smile. Before noon the order-blanks are filled, and a few days afterward the picture of the distinguished man is printed, washed, dried, and delivered in an envelop to its purchaser, all for the moderate sum of five cents. This is not a great amount, to be sure, but there is no royal road to self-support in a woman's college, and the girl earning her way cannot afford to let any five cents slip through her fingers. She does n't despise even the four cents which are the reward of one of the most amusing tasks to which a money value is attached—the

catching of frogs, insects, and other creatures on the back campus for the biological students who have objections to doing it for themselves.

Certain industries at Smith follow the season of the year. The approach of Christmas is announced by the tempting articles on the bulletin-boards of the little salesroom in the gymnasium. Curious signs appear also in the college dormitories. But the occupations they imply are not taken seriously by the self-supporting girl whose financial difficulties are chronic. They are rather the devices of light-hearted girls suffering from the temporary lack of money incident to the end of the term.

One elaborate sign, perhaps, shows the picture of a *chic* tailor-made girl whose modestly lifted skirt displays a shoe stripped of every button. Underneath is written: "Shoe-buttons put on with patent fasteners, fifteen cents per pair." Another miniature sign-board shows a room in dire confusion, and tucked away in a corner the alluring information, "I will make your bed and dust your room on easy terms until vacation. Apply early." A dainty girl in cap and apron, on a square of cardboard, begs the privilege of washing dishes after "spreads" for a consideration. Advertisements of good trunk-packers receive respectful attention, as do the notices of girls willing to turn lamp-fitters or boot-blacks for a limited period.

Soon after the 1st of February the bulletin-board is filled with sample valentines. Pretty or humorous, they are usually clever, and the student without ingenuity who wishes to participate in the pleasant Smith festivities on the 14th of February is only too glad to add to the income of a self-supporting girl by paying the small sum necessary to secure them.

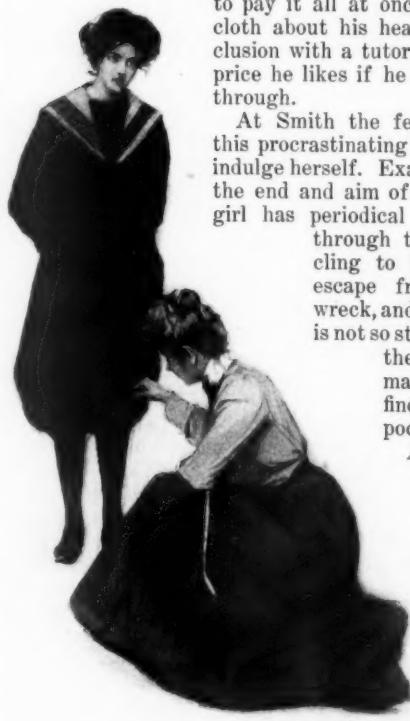
Spring is the time for shirt-waist makers. The student who can produce a well-fitting waist of the latest pattern is sure of custom enough to keep her as busy as she pleases, since there are always thoughtless maids who put their trust in the leisure of dressmakers, and find it mistaken. The girl who offers shirt-waists of an inferior grade has customers, too. It is much more comfortable, of course, to have a waist fit well, but even if it draws in the sleeve and is queer about the seams, the kind-hearted Smith girl, if she can afford it, will not complain too bitterly, but will set down the sum she pays for it in the charity column of her account-book, and present the garment to the next worthy person she meets.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

THE FIRST TRIAL OF THE "GYM" SUITS.

Tutoring, as in other women's colleges, is one of the staple occupations of Smith, but without the rich financial reward it brings in colleges for men. Undergraduates receive only fifty or seventy-five cents an hour. For some reason money seems to be less freely in circulation in a college for women. Wealth counts so little that the rich girl is more likely to learn economy than the poor girl extravagance. The leisure class, too, has a conspicuously small representation at Smith. Sometimes a college man may saunter through the term as if it were a delightful kind of club: but when the time of examinations approaches, he knows that he must pay the reckoning, even if his method is



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

MEASURING FOR THE "GYM" SUITS.

to pay it all at once; so he winds a cold cloth about his head and retires into seclusion with a tutor, who may demand any price he likes if he will only pull his pupil through.

At Smith the feminine counterpart of this procrastinating man has no chance to indulge herself. Examinations there are not the end and aim of all things. The Smith girl has periodical tests and frights all through the term; she does not cling to her tutor as her only escape from intellectual shipwreck, and because her emergency is not so strenuous, even if she had the money of the college man, it would probably not find its way into a tutor's pocket.

A position in the night school or the high school sometimes falls to the lot of an undergraduate student who is experienced in teaching, but this extension of college tutoring is only occasional. A spelling-class is rather a humorous modification of the tutoring plan, but one which might well

be copied elsewhere. The charge of poor spelling is made with truth against graduates of so many colleges that the literary authorities of Smith have decided that no girl is entitled to her degree who cannot spell her own language. When the symptoms of bad spelling begin to appear in her themes they are carefully watched, and as soon as the malady is clearly recognized, into the spelling-class goes the girl. With her companions in misery she spells her lesson twice a week to one of the undergraduates, and pays twenty-five cents each time for the privilege. It is surprising how even this small toll sharpens a girl's wits and improves her spelling. From her point of view twenty-five cents for pleasure is a much more desirable investment, and she bends her best energies toward dispensing with the class as soon as possible.

In connection with the academic work of the college a number of girls find ways of earning money. One or two are paid a few dollars each week for sitting in the college library during certain hours every day, and another takes charge of the reading-room. A few students are on a reserve force to assist in the laboratories when it is necessary. They wash bottles, put in order the new materials as they come in from time to time, or do other light tasks, at the rate of twenty-five cents an hour. Such labor is worth no more, to be sure, but it is a discouraging problem in arithmetic to calculate how many hours' work at twenty-five cents an hour it will require to earn one week's board and room-rent. Type-writing, stenography, making manifold copies of syllabi for the faculty, copying themes for the literary girls and music for the music students—all these occasional tasks, though much better than nothing, have the same dispiriting quality of requiring much time for little money.

A visitor who knows Vassar students only as the happy, care-free, prettily gowned hostesses of Founder's Day would be surprised if told how many of them work for part of their college living. In the senior class alone twenty-five girls are helping themselves, and the lower classes, as well, have their due proportion of poor girls. The college has several positions to offer which are sure and remunerative. Two girls divide the duties of postmistress between them, and several carry the mail about the corridors. One girl acts as caretaker of the chapel,

putting it in order for services and attending to the ventilation. Another places flowers in the parlors and halls for public occasions. Others have work in the library, and those who are expert in astronomy assist materially in making intricate calculations and careful computations.

The students, among themselves, duplicate many of the industries of the Smith



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

"TWO GIRLS DIVIDE THE DUTIES OF POSTMISTRESS BETWEEN THEM."

girls, and, like them, cover the whole gamut of practical and artistic effort, from knitting slippers and golf-jackets to painting dinner-cards. The contrasts afforded by these incidental occupations are sometimes startling. The debater who won the day with her eloquence and masculine logic, in her odd moments, perhaps, presses dresses; the star performer in a musical recital blacks boots; while the poet, on the principle of the penny in the slot, turns out class poems at twenty-five cents an hour.

The college population of Vassar is only half as large as that of Smith, and commercial enterprises are consequently on a smaller scale; but the position of the college, at a distance from the town, affords the Vassar girl a special set of occupations of which her Smith sister cannot make use.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.  
CATCHING FROGS FOR THE LABORATORY.

Sometimes she turns messenger-girl and does errands on commission in Poughkeepsie for the other students. She acts as agent for some popular manufacturer of candy, and, since she has no rival within several miles, finds her venture profitable. The girl, too, who sells lace collars, ribbons, and other feminine trifles enjoys all the practical advantages of a monopoly, as no enterprising store just around the corner diverts custom from her. Renting bicycles is another occupation, made profitable by the distance of the college from bicycle-shops. In the spring and fall the owner of a good machine puts many a fifteen cents in her pocket as the price of an hour's use of it. Bicycles must be cleaned, and there are always plenty of students willing to do it for a price, with feelings of gratitude that regular masculine bicycle-cleaners are out of reach.

The senior auction held just before commencement is the postlude of the self-supporting girls' financial experiments. The seniors gather together all the articles they wish to sell, a motley array of couches, desks, chairs, tables, curtains, books, kettles, lamps, pans, chafing-dishes, souvenir spoons, pictures, and blue prints. The auction is held in the gymnasium, and is made a festive occasion. The whole college is invited to buy, and as the auctioneer is the wit of the college, the performance makes the ordinary comic opera, by comparison, seem a tame affair. Each article that falls under the hammer is a signal for renewed laughter, and the mirth of the owners rings happiest of all, for successful sales mean that they will have a snug little sum with which to meet the difficulties of their out-of-college career.

Barnard and Radcliffe, the companion pieces, as it were, of Columbia and Harvard, are so small that self-helping girls find commercial enterprises which confine them to their companions as customers scarcely worth while. With Radcliffe, however, the



limitation has resulted in a new departure, an advance step in college self-support. In all the other women's colleges the opportunity of the girl making her way virtually ends at the campus gate, where the college man's begins. In Radcliffe this is a condition of the past. Last fall the field of the self-supporting girl was widened to include the whole of Cambridge and Boston, and by means of circulars hundreds of families were made aware of the fact that poor Radcliffe girls were anxious to mend, take

spise not the day of small things," is the most appropriate motto, indeed, for the self-helping girl in any college of the country. The superb masculine confidence which squares its shoulders and says, "I will raise my income to meet my desires," finds its converse in the self-helping girl, who responds, "I will lower my desires to meet my income." A record like the following of one girl's financial effort for the year would furnish a reason for this difference of attitude if there were no other. It is from the account-book of a Smith student.

	AMOUNT RECEIVED.	HOURS SPENT.
Sewing on freshman gym suits . . . . .	\$ 16.25	108
Darning stockings and mending . . . . .	1.50	10
Dress-braids and miscellaneous sewing for students . . . . .	15.00	85
Selling Christmas books . . . . .	5.00	10
Agency for palmetto hats sold among students . . . . .	10.00	10
Agency for tooth-paste . . . . .	3.00	8
Tutoring students . . . . .	70.00	110
Distributing college magazines . . . . .	2.50	7
In other ways . . . . .	8.50	4
	131.75	352

care of children, read aloud, go on shopping errands, do copying or type-writing for an hour or so a day, or for one or two afternoons a week.

In response to the appeal, work was found for a number of the girls, and by means of a student employment bureau the process of bringing together patron and employee was greatly facilitated. The employment bureau is not peculiar to Radcliffe. Under one name or another, the institution exists in almost every college for women. At Smith it is the Students' Exchange, at Vassar the Bureau of Sales. At Wellesley and other colleges a committee of the College Christian Association fills its office. The labor bureau has played an important part in the development of college self-support for women. It has registered the growing number of wage-earning college girls and the effort to help them. But heretofore the supply and demand which it focused have been confined to the college public. The Radcliffe employment bureau, with its wider scope, represents the next stage of progress, and as an index of what other colleges may attempt in the future becomes historically important.

At the University of Chicago, and at Cornell and Michigan universities, and other co-educational institutions, the methods of girls working their way are similar to those in the colleges exclusively for women. "De-

The prices for work indicated by this extract are more liberal than those in some of the other women's colleges, but, even so, making a college living is such a task that the achievement of it seems almost a miracle.

Fixed charges for tuition and board vary in the different colleges, and the possibility of reducing either item depends upon the particular institution. At Bryn Mawr the four hundred and fifty dollars which is the lowest charge for the year is lessened for the self-helping girl by scholarships. But since all regular students live in the college houses, she cannot economize in food, either by living in a cheap boarding-house or by becoming her own housekeeper. At Vassar, four hundred dollars is the yearly charge, part of which is remitted for the student who obtains one of the scholarships available in limited numbers. The Vassar community, also, is a unit in itself, with small chance for the girl who wishes to board outside. At Wellesley, again, students are housed entirely by the college; but the poor girl has more margin, for although the regular expenses are four hundred dollars a year, she can save a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars by doing housework. Like Bryn Mawr and Wellesley, Holyoke provides places for all its students in dormitories, though the cost

of board and tuition, which is only two hundred and fifty dollars a year, makes the problem easier for girls with little money.

At Oberlin, students board in the college houses or in the town, as they wish. The scale of prices for board is very low, ranging from three dollars to six dollars a week, while the girl who lives at Keep Home can bring her yearly expenses quite easily within a hundred dollars—by rigid economy, within seventy-five. At Smith tuition is one hun-

the lowest price of anything. Luxuries and the creature comforts of life do not rank first among the self-supporting girl's desires. Four walls, however bare the room they inclose, and three meals a day, however meager, become endurable when college is the reward.

The paternal attitude of a woman's college results in a student atmosphere very pleasant for the girl who is working her way. She is regarded in the light of a trust, and her companions have her on their conscience. An incident in the recent history of Smith illustrates to a nicety the feeling of responsibility there. Not many years ago the college was so small that it was possible to comprehend in one acquaintance all members of all classes. Now a student considers herself possessed of a good memory if she knows every one of the X Y Z's in her own class. College interests are continually shifting. The succession of events is so rapid that the college public, like Alice with the Red Queen, must run continually to stay where it is, and sometimes, in the swiftly moving panorama of college life, the poor student escapes notice for a while. A short time ago a freshman in this unpleasant condition, living at the remote end of some obscure Northampton street, when she was invited to a house dance, replied, "Why, yes, I should like to go, but what is it?" That a student who had been part of the college for three months should be ignorant of this most common festivity implied to the girl who had invited her a poverty of fun and gossip and social life that touched her to the quick. Such social isolation at a man's college would cause a ripple of sympathy, but would probably be considered one of the perfectly possible discomforts of working out one's individuality on a self-supporting basis. To Smith the loneliness of this freshman seemed a reproach. The students who heard of it felt themselves half remiss, and the committee of the Smith College Association for Christian Work (familiarly known as the S. C. A. C. W.) specially detailed to look after the welfare of less fortunate students considered that it had failed in its duty, and set about making reparation as quickly as might be.

Socially, the democracy of any woman's college is in excellent running order, and the working girl starts out on an equality with her richest neighbors. The poor student at some of the colleges for men can gain a place in the social plutocracy of his alma mater only by reason of some extraor-



THE HOUSEKEEPING STUDENT.

dred dollars a year, and the price for room and board in the college houses is three hundred and fifty dollars. But Northampton lies so closely about the college that many of the students, in the present crowded condition of the college, board off the campus—a convenient arrangement for those who wish more luxury than the college houses afford, or less, as the case may be. The poor girl finds a few places in town which offer board and room for four dollars and a half a week; but since the average charge lies between eight and nine, the four-fifty rate represents the lowest notch in the scale, with all the discomforts and inconveniences attaching to

dinary personal endowment or some conspicuous achievement. The self-supporting college girl, on the other hand, unless she is hopelessly dull or repellent, finds herself, without an effort, eligible to all the pleasures

economy to some of the richest college men. Pleasures, indeed, are so inexpensive that, if a girl has anything to spare beyond necessities, she need not deny them to herself. The festivities are often over at the hour



PREPARING FOR THE SENIOR AUCTION AT VASSAR.

of her companions, practically as well as theoretically. At the least, she is an object of interest. If she is personally attractive, the fact of her supporting herself is a sure password to social advancement—to the presidency of classes perhaps, to the best societies, and to an enviable state of respectful popularity.

So little does the aristocracy of wealth hold at Wellesley that when the student boot-black one day was overwhelmed with commissions, her room-mate, a girl of wealth, who had probably never blacked her own shoes in her life, rolled up her sleeves, and plied blacking and brush until the last shoe in the pile stood clean and polished beside its mate. Then the two girls went off arm in arm to a college entertainment. From Vassar comes similar testimony. The poor girl there holds a high place in college opinion, and if she shows herself worthy of holding it, no social honor is beyond her reach. Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Barnard, Wells, and all the other women's colleges, East and West, pride themselves on the same lack of distinction between the rich girls and the poor.

The comparative simplicity of amusements in a woman's college also contributes directly to the happiness of the poor girl. There are no expensive clubs to point the difference between her and her more favored classmate. A great financial display is not yet the fashion at any of the colleges for girls, and their wildest extravagance would seem

when many of the private entertainments in the metropolitan colleges for men begin. The busy girl who attends them can still have the good night's sleep she needs between the strenuous tasks of her days. If the penalty is the burning of midnight oil to learn her lessons when she reaches home, the late hours cannot be charged to the play or dance which ended on the stroke of ten.

Fashion, too, comes to the rescue of the poor college girl. A man student without a dress-suit at certain evening functions is an obvious impropriety. But dress-suits are an impossible luxury to the man who can scarcely pay for the bread he eats. The college girl is given more latitude in the style of her gown. She can make ingenuity do duty for dollars, and, arrayed in a ten-cent lawn at an evening party, can hold her own with the girl in a gown imported from Paris. There is probably not a person in the room who will not respect her more because every stitch in the ten-cent lawn was set there by her own fingers. If she does not care that her dress is of cotton instead of silk, no one else will. It is herself that her companions care for, and even fine feathers cannot cover glaring deficiencies of mind or temper, or make a disagreeable girl popular.

Still, self-support and even self-help in college imply disadvantages. The girl working her way must give most of her recreation hours and part of her study-time as well to making money. All work and no play is not

a hygienic rule. If the student has a wide margin of strength, and can burn her candle at both ends without exhausting it, she may pull through the year in safety, or with nothing worse at the end than an intolerable weariness which the variation of summer tasks will repair. But the student who has not this physical elasticity is likely to carry through the rest of her life the effect of the overstrain of her college years.

Even the ordinary routine of academic life sometimes proves too strenuous, nervously, for a highly organized girl. The tension snaps, and she finds herself taking a leap into nervous prostration. Add to the demands of college work, which the average student finds quite enough to occupy her attention, the anxiety which self-support involves, and the student must be robust indeed who does not show the effect of it in dark circles under her eyes, a loss of color in her face, and a lagging brain that needs whip and spur to make it do its work. The intellectual renunciations are usually hardest for the self-supporting girl to make. She can forego sodas, strawberry ices with her friends, and other gracious little acts of hospitality which, though insignificant in themselves, count high in the student's estimate of happiness; she can read books gregariously instead of owning them; she can put the wistful desire for pretty gowns behind her; but the assurance of some professor that particular devotion to literature, mathematics, or science would win her unusual success seems like a sentence of failure when she is condemned to put all the vitality and enthusiasm necessary for such distinction into the struggle for bread and butter. To undergraduate perspective, college commencement seems so definitely the finality of all intellectual effort that, in a crisis like this, she takes no comfort from the thought of a horizon widening with the years which will soften the disappointments of her post-collegiate days.

Self-support presses less heavily on the average college man than on the average college woman, partly because he has a greater reserve of physical strength to draw on, partly because, by virtue of long centuries of inheritance, he takes more kindly to responsibility. Still the man, too, is likely to suffer, intellectually at least, because he must divide his attention between work and making money.

A substitute for college self-support, with strong recommendations in its favor, is the method of working while you work and learn-

ing while you learn. Even at the expense of breaking class ties and losing treasured associations, students sometimes think it is better to leave college for a while, to earn money enough to go on with, and then to return to study without the distracting necessity of commercial effort. They try teaching, business, factory work, or anything else that will give them an income temporarily. This solution of the problem, however, grows more difficult year by year. There are so many college graduates drifting about without positions that the inexperienced college boy or girl, except by some unusual turn of the wheel, has no chance to become a pedagogue. Neither in business nor in the trades are vacant places easy to find. Unskilled labor is not rewarded with munificent wages, when even the workman with special training begins at the foot of the ladder and is thankful to get enough at first to keep body and soul together. The undergraduate, then, without preparation, who leaves college for a time and takes up work as a makeshift, and expects not only to live, but to save enough for college expenses as well, seems sanguine at least, if not presumptuous. Nevertheless, college men have accomplished the feat, and college girls too. One girl saved enough to take her to college by working in a printing-office, another by spending her mornings at housework, her afternoons in a factory, and her evenings in teaching. Most sub-freshmen or undergraduates with their way to make, however, are not so fortunate as to have natural laws overturned for their benefit, and they must reconcile college and self-support as best they can.

Another possible way to avoid the disadvantages of self-support is by borrowing money. This solution, however, has its own set of disadvantages. Money-lenders with a keen eye to business are not particularly anxious to have college students as debtors. Although money can sometimes be obtained on a life-insurance policy, it is rather slender security, and the stranger who will take the risk is not always to be found. Borrowing, moreover, has the inconvenient condition of interest attached. But the psychological effect on the student is often one of its worst features, for, viewed in any way, borrowing is a mortgage on an uncertain future. To a happy-go-lucky nature the danger is that the obligation will be considered too lightly. Money easily obtained is easy to spend. Students may become demoralized and spoil their chances for future success by degenerating into chronic borrowers. On



WORK-APRONS.

the other hand, the responsibility of debt may weigh so heavily on the more conscientious, may extend its shadow over so many long years, that any amount of hard work in an immediate present is better for them.

The ideal way of helping students, perhaps, is to allow them to do enough wage-earning work to keep their independence and self-respect, but not so much that it will interfere with their studies. If, outside of this, their expenses can be met in some other way, they will find the paths of self-help pleasant to tread. Usually, however, funds are so small and needy students so many that few are likely to enjoy this painless method of meeting expenses.

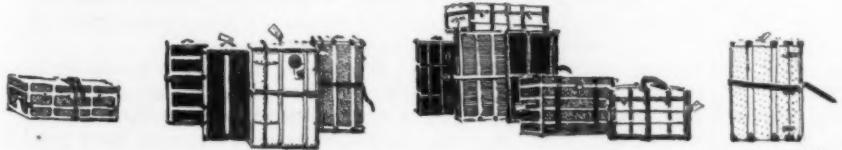
Scholarships, loans without interest, and gifts which make the recipients debtors to their own college, seem the best ways of lightening the rigors of self-support. Sympathetic professors, with the class-room as a kind of daily clinic, can diagnose accurately the needs of those they teach, and benevolent people who have given money for aid funds would feel that the return on their investment was a hundred times worth while if they could know how a loan here, or a gift there, changed the face of life for some baffled, desperate student fighting a hard way through. But the gratitude of students for such help becomes pathetic when it is illustrated by a school-teacher on a meager salary who worked and saved and scrimped twelve years to meet her undergraduate debt; yet she is only one of many who have been willing to pay as heavily for their college paradise.

Oftentimes self-support is such a series of struggles that, viewed from a larger

knowledge of the world, a college education bought at such a price seems scarcely worth while. Many positions are open which do not require the intellectual credentials of a B.A. degree, and even a sincere advocate of college education is inclined to believe that some of those, at least, who work their way through would be better off in such places.

But students who can look back on a finished course, and even those who are in the midst of the struggle, can never be brought to acknowledge such heresy. They are unanimously thankful to have a college education at any cost.

There is a difference between students who must earn every cent before they spend it, and those whose college dollars come to them at fitting intervals like food to Elijah. Existence is more full of stress and obligation and requirement for the self-supporting students. But whatever they may miss during their undergraduate days, they learn the meaning of the reality of life, and the measure of themselves, which comes to other college students only when commencement has set the boundary between playtime and serious endeavor. College is but a preparation for life. It succeeds best when it sends out men and women fitted to grapple with the facts of the future and to master them. The potentiality of success—this may self-supporting students gain from the hardships, the struggles, and the compensations of their college years, and like a declaration of college independence is the knowledge that in this impartial, democratic America the richest student, the wisest student, the most popular student, can win no more.



## MY GARDEN.

(A HAMLET IN OLD HAMPSHIRE.)

BY ANNA LEA MERRITT.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



**W**HEN rid of my goat and also of the early boy (who had plucked the fruit, hunted birds' nests, and left the slug and weed to flourish), I found myself in undisputed possession of the garden—a garden well stocked only with slugs and weeds.

Out of respect to public opinion, the usual stalwart vegetables had been planted: cabbages and onions, carrots and potatoes—all detestable either to eat or to look at. All good ground and open places were filled with these, but under the clump of yews by the studio door, when elder-bushes and briars had sprung up, it was allowable to make a flower-bed, since nothing else would grow there.

As yet I had no notion how many vegetables we needed; having hitherto bought them daily, the area they covered, taking the year's supply all together, was a great surprise.

Gardening was new to me, but a long acquaintance with florists' windows suggested the purchase of *Lilium auratum* as a modest beginning. A friend gave me tulips and crocuses, and a few young fruit-trees were bought. A jobbing gardener was recommended, in whose experience I rashly trusted. The fruit-trees were planted first, and then I asked where the lily-bulbs would do best. "Lilies," said he—"ah, they takes up a great deal of room. They'll do 'most anywhere, and yon by the wall they'd be out of the way."

Thus my lilies were banished to a hard, undrained, chalky gravel, under a hot wall, and there they disappeared. In time I learned that the wild convolvulus, a very troublesome weed in this district, is called *lily*, and it is easily understood that my gardener, who, in fact, was merely a vegetable-man, supposed they grew from fine bulbs. No man ever looks at the root of a weed. He chops them up with a hoe, and replants.

Of course one who can earn two shillings a day feels that his time is too valuable for mere weeding. He planted my tulips with equal skill. Having buried a lot of rubbish in the hole from which one of the dead apple-trees had been uprooted, the tulips were put in near the top of the rubbish, and I looked on, with confidence in his knowledge. Nothing came up. Since then I study books and plant for myself.

Luckily, this skilled gardener was too busy to put in my young asparagus plants when they arrived, so, with the help of two little boys, and the reading of instructions, I did it beautifully, and asparagus has flourished.

The barren places under the yew-trees were choked with elder-bushes and briers. These were picked out, and straggling dead branches were pruned, until a pleasant sloping bank, facing southeast, lay at the foot of the dark trees. Their lower growth and the little studio shut off the northwest winds, and long, sweeping branches hanging south over the meadow lent cool shade about noon. In winter it is a very warm spot, for from daybreak until he dips below the hill the sun looks in, never going behind the branches, while the stately trees spread out their robes against the frost and the northwest wind.

The ground was miserable, scarcely covering the roots of the trees; but after forking it well as deep as my unpractised strength would allow, I carried many a pail of fresh loam and manure and leaf-mold, and heaped it up to a respectable depth. Big stones, in which these chalk downs are prolific, were built in at intervals, to keep the earth from washing away, and it became in time a cozy, sheltered corner, an inviting home for many little plants. To the woods I went to look for colonists.

It is a long way to the woods, but every step lifts you up and up into fresher air and a wider outlook over pastures and wheat-fields. Sometimes one may leave the high-road, passing through the lofty hedge of

thorn, wild rose, dogwood, and traveler's-joy to a path on the side of the field, where all roads are concealed. Wide hillsides dipping into valleys, vast wheat-lands bordered with noble trees, climb into blue distance. The bold down of Sheepless Hill makes a sharp notch on the horizon. In the warm afternoon lazy clouds swim in the transparent air, and islands of shade follow them over the sculptured valleys, marking unsuspected hollows and promontories.

Just below lies a wheat-field like a cup of gold. Standing in the bottom, one may look up as to the rim of a golden basin rounding up to the very sky; but from this height it seems a mere little dimple in the vaster space. It is a long climb up the down. On the very top is a wide table-land and stretch of woods and pasture—the village common. The woodland adjacent is carefully cultivated; the undergrowth of ash and hickory saplings is felled every fifteen years, a certain portion each year. In winter hurdles are made in the clearing—a lonely industry carried on in the heart of the quiet wood. In the following summer the hurdles are carted away, and the stumps of the felled saplings send up little tender shoots. Among them stand great trees, oak and ash, that have long been spared for a nobler purpose. Strong and grand, they lift their sturdy shoulders high up in the clear air, looking far over the heads of the underwood, and seeing the larger world—perhaps even a glimpse of the sea beyond the clump of Quarley beacon. In their branches the wood-pigeon murmurs. Where a thicket of undergrowth has been recently felled, there for a few years is a place open, yet shaded by larger trees, where flowers in spring are loveliest. Here, for years, rich leaves have fallen over the little plants, sheltering them in winter and giving them mellow mold for summer's growth. Primroses come first, the loveliest and sweetest, lying like flecks of sunlight on the brown, dead leaves. The floor of the wood is tessellated with prim-

roses and violets: there seems no room for other plants; but in a month they will be going, and the same spot will be covered with wood-anemones, with pale, upturned faces gazing wide-eyed at the sky. There are fields of bluebells later on, and Solomon's-seal, woodruff, wild forget-me-nots, and in deeply shaded glades a rare sweet-scented butterfly-orchis. Its waxy purity and loveliness are startling, and one thinks of the enchanted ladies in fairy-tales, changed from their human form and banished to the forest. Tiny alpine strawberries are here, and yield their harvest to the birds and village children. The dainty harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) must not be forgotten, most exquisite and fragile bell.

Of all these treasures tenderly and carefully I lifted enough to fill my hopeful border, and so my blessed gardening began.

I put each among its friends as I found them, and did not forget to have loads of brown leaf-mold and autumn leaves brought down the hill every winter, liberally covering the greenwood colony; for the yew of course gives them only hard needles. It is wonderful how they flourish; indeed, it is now the prettiest spot in my garden, for its dark background is very becoming. Gradually the lower edge farthest out from under the tree became the favorite home of alpine columbines and the snowdrop-anemone. In the rougher ground, up toward the hill, daffodils were planted between the wild flowers, giant fox-gloves and German iris for June, and Japanese anemones for autumn. In the woods I learned that the dispute of the old scholiasts, "How many angels can stand on the point of a pin?" might be revived in relation to flowers, which are angels indeed. How many can flourish in the same foot of ground?



AQUILEGIA (COLUMBINE).

The return of the flowers is always mysterious. Proserpina reaches up her little imploring hand from the underworld, where she ate the fatal seeds of pome-

granate. She escapes for a little while, first groping with her soft green palm, and at last her face looks up with many varying expressions. Her story is in every flower. Full of childlike innocence and mirth, or sometimes of mysterious regret, the flowers look out once more upon our shining world, and when their day is over, vanish again, to live among worms and grubs.

There is a life in the underworld which we do not observe. Fibers of root spread out toward one another, touching and clinging to what they like almost with the sensitiveness of human nerves. All their dark winter there is a dream of beauty and sunshine pulsing in those sleeping tissues.

The care of my flowers became a passion. Their wants and needs I studied as though they were conscious beings, as indeed I believe them to be. Following the needs of my flowers for shelter or sun or shade, paths and beds took shape and design. Greedy vegetables have learned to know their place, inclosed behind trellises of roses and fruit-trees, or banished to an allotment among the laborers' plots.

Haunted by covetous visions of beauty, I experimented with seeds and pored over Robinson's "English Flower-Garden" and read catalogues of bulbs and plants.

Mine was not the purse that could stock a garden in one summer, so I learned patience and looked forward to years that would increase my few choice bulbs. Friends gave me pieces from their overflowing gardens, and I learned to propagate from cuttings and seeds. At first I made great sowings of hardy annuals while waiting to form a stock of perennials.

One of my greatest mistakes was to raise a large crop of daisies. This flower is the badge of the women's college at Cheltenham and of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, because it always turns to the light and is lowly and modest, yet flourishes everywhere. I am convinced that these learned ladies never had any practical acquaintance with that flower. It is the most underhand, grasping, selfish, ill-regulated little plant that exists. It takes everything it can get, and

gives nothing except its little spot of white in some place where it is not wanted. It provides no food for beast or bee, it destroys the wholesome grass, and certainly its ugly habit of crouching out of harm's way makes it decidedly insignificant, until one tries to dig it up, when its mighty power of resistance is unmasked. I do not think it at all a good emblem.

In due time my garden became beautiful. In its diminutive proportions there is even an effect of landscape-gardening. The plants have their natural setting, background, and associates, and each one is my personal friend. They have their own friends, with whom they live like Castor and Pollux, taking turns to live in air and under the earth.

The place that in early spring embroiders its green mantle with white plumes of saxifrage, in June wears a harmony of blues and purples, and by the end of July of gold and crimson.

On Sunday afternoons in summer the villagers lean over the gate of the adjoining paddock and admire. "Just look what that place is now and what it used to be!" My stock of plants has overflowed to them, and many of their gardens are gay with emigrants from mine.

My favorite group is the little rock garden. Carefully I laid the foundations, building up deep chambers of rich soil with walls of good sandstone. Luckily, when the church was repaired a load of such stones was procured from the refuse, for our native flints are poisonous to alpines and saxifrages.

Here flourish incrusted saxifrages, Corsican thyme, androsaces, silenes, alpine pinks, creeping phloxes, tiarella, gentians, sedums, and sun-roses, all having evergreen foliage of great beauty. Later on appear blue thistles, alpine and Iceland poppies, and sprays of harebells brought down from our wood. In sheltered nooks, alpine fritillaries, auriculas, and daffodils appear, and even our own butterfly-orchis. The path is edged with lemon-thyme clipped neatly. This thyme never loses its foliage. The whole of the ground slopes gently, which gives considerable height to the farther side, and three little ravines make moist and shady



IRIS AND DELPHINIUM.

nooks, and by a few stepping-stones give me access to them. Facing the sun are creeping thymes, crimson and white, and the blue-leaved woolly thyme. Their fragrant, warm carpet covers bulbs of iris, and on ledges just above and at the bottom grow aquilegias, the foliage of which is beautiful all the year. Stout sheltering bushes of lavender, rosemary, and veronica are on the top, where

lavender-bushes at the back of her, and the gray-green woolly thyme for a carpet to dance on! There she will dance and play for many weeks, a ray of dazzling light.

She beckons to her sisters, *Anemone coronaria*, who live across the path in a large border in full sunshine. They have frilled green petticoats and buxom faces, with parasols of many bright colors, and a green frill



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE TAILOR AND GARDENER.

they like to be dry, and in a moist hollow is a clump of white lilies. The opposite bank, on its shady side, has tufts of campanulas and daffodils of the alpine sorts, auriculas, alpine poppies, and the exquisite aquilegias, glandulosa and coerulea, veronicas and sedums, at the bottom with Iceland poppies, gentianella, variegated aubrieta, and the whole tribe of anemones.

It is here, just above the bank of thyme, that Proserpine first awakens. On some wet day in October *Anemone fulgeus* pushes her little green hand through the soft earth and beckons. She ushers in the coming year, but it will be February before her intense scarlet flowers, glowing with underworld fire, warm the cold wind with thoughts of summer sunshine. How well she looks with the gray

around their necks. They dance in the wind on their long stems, even enjoying a tussle with boisterous gales. When the wind blows or a cloud passes or evening falls, they shut their parasols, but in sunshine spread them wide. When quite young they bend their heads down shyly, but they are really tomboys at heart, as you find later.

Daffodils love the shelter of the big lavender-bushes on the shaded side of a mound. Wind and sunshine are not to their taste, and they have a well-bred fashion of acting all just alike. They all turn exactly toward the sun and exactly in the same attitude. They are exquisitely beautiful and high-minded and pure, as their pale gold-and-white dresses and their proudly bending heads testify. On that little mound in shade a tiny mountain



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.  
FOXGLOVE AND ROSES AND CANTERBURY-BELLS.

hepatica, brought from the Riviera, pierces the earth, opening her blue eyes full of wonder in the first spring warmth.

So low that it is almost overlooked, the dog-tooth violet ventures to look above its mottled leaves. Alpine pinks and phloxes spread their green mossy carpets with myriad blossoms. Spears of iris pierce their covering of thymes, and aquilegias shake out their dainty fronds. From stony clefts the earliest mossy saxifrages raise lofty plumes of waxen flowers, and the velvet edging of *Saxifraga cespitosa*, bordering the path, is smothered in white wreaths. Sweet-scented

Florentine iris has a moist place at the foot of the rockery. She is one of the saints.

Snowdrop-anemones in shaded ledges droop their graceful heads, and the tooleager fritillary emerges from the earth with head bent almost under the stalk. Her strange, uncanny grace suggests a cynical, suspicious mind, and the esthetic selection of her curious purple-and-black brocade, I fear, has been adopted only in order to lurk unseen where she may spy upon her neighbors. Florists have tried to give her a white dress, but it only seems a disguise (I wish florists would let the flowers choose their own col-

ors). I always invite her to my garden, because wicked people have a peculiar interest. Everybody wants to know them.

*Anemone fulgeus* and, in the herbaceous border, *bracteata* poppy sound the cymbals and the big drum to usher in the symphony of summer; but in June we have violins; for, except where the roses live apart, all the garden is blue. In the animated world the harbinger of spring is the cuckoo, but the honor of announcing summer is left to the modest toad. When he returns, one may know that summer is really come. Then *Veronica spicata*, who has crept over a heap of miserable stones, covering all with rich evergreen, in June sends up her spires of richest blue. Hers is a mind that from the humblest place has reached the very soul of truth. Another veronica, with leaves set in silvery-gray rosettes, has sprays of paler blue. She is less humble and devout, but good.

*Aquilegia glandulosa* lives at the moist foot of the rockery, screened by taller plants. There she produces on single stems flowers of chiseled form, most wonderful in balance of curves, and tinted with the blue of stars and the white of moonlight. No lovelier flower blooms upon earth, though her fair sister columbines come near to her. Some of them have more confidence and pride, and lift their elegant heads upon taller stems. I love the lady in pale violet and yellow. Her father is the orange-and-yellow Canadian, flinging out long branches that sweep a couple of yards with profusion of yellow-and-orange blossoms. *Cœrulia*, her mother, all in clearest blue, came from the Rocky Mountains, a creature of strength and grace. It seems to me the crowning point of the summer when they bloom, and as if violin tones of a distant orchestra vibrated in the warm air. They too will go all too soon, but then irises, Spanish and English, unfurl their standards in new harmonies of blue and purple and lavender bristles, with an army of little spears, each point jeweled with pale sapphires set in green-bronze. Thyme is covered with deep crimson or white blossoms, and in the farther border, where *Anemone coronaria* romped in March, are now the great brotherhood of noble delphiniums, dark blue, sky-blue, blue veiled in violet gauze, blue with a white eye, or sky-blue and black-eyed—all gleaming tall and stately against a background of sunlit grass, and rising up in blue spires against the very sky—blue upon blue air. The rock garden in front of them has now ceased blooming, and is a quiet green border.

I love to sit under the dark yew, in dense shade, and let my eye travel over the wonderful scale of blue and green color from the lavender-bushes across the iris and thymes to the distant clump of delphiniums. One clump of white lilies is the only white note in the scale; if the form were less lovely, they should go. Blue seems more widely varied than any other color, and has at once serenity and peace and faith.

On the top of the farthest rock garden some yuccas with their upright swords form a rear-guard. I like these fierce, harsh plants, bristling with antagonism, solitary, hard-hearted; and like to them are the incrusted saxifrages, which cover all the stony bank below with little rosettes of green-bronze incrusted with silver. They absorb the substance and nature of the rock on which they live, and yet some day, some other year (there is the charm of expectation and deferred hope about it), from the hard heart of these little earth-bound rosettes will spring forth a lofty spray of most tender blossoms. The yuccas, too, from their clump of swords, will some day fling out their spire of bells eight or ten feet high. How wonderful it will be! But when? It is six years now that I have wondered what the bloom will be. They are a pleasant, masculine troop, stern and strong in contrast to the many flowers of feminine character. This late autumn, in November, one of them is actually preparing an immense bud. It looks like carved ivory.

Who can think of the tall herbaceous phloxes, blooming in autumn in that shady border under the north wall of the studio, as other than young girls? They are tall and slender of body, swaying and graceful in movement, with rounded fair cheeks, some pale, some rosy; but their bloom is always like a soft young cheek, fragrant and cool. The spaces between them are filled with pansies, which rise early in spring, while the phloxes are scarcely awake, and look up with honest, unsentimental, merry faces. "Johnny-jump-up" was the name we called them in childhood, and they still remind me of the first infinite miracle of seed and flower which was unfolded in my childhood's garden fifty years ago.

A few flowers are exceedingly selfish and grasping, ready to overgrow their neighbors or to undermine them in unseen, sneaking fashion, sending out grasping feelers to snatch the coveted place. These are never satisfied. Give them the dry earth and a bushel of stones. How wonderful is the whole family of thistles, with its taste for



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

A JULY EVENING.

travel! How adventurously their children spread out silken balloons and sail down the boisterous September gale to seek new homes!

Of all flowers the rose is the most complex individual. Each rose has its own ideas and whims. Great ladies they are, hiding sharp sarcasm and often a policy of pin-pricks under most beautiful calm faces, but infolding in the heart of their mystery some rap-

turous dream never attained. Theirs is the languor of high breeding, and the repose and calm of weary idleness.

Some few, like the crimson rambler, are gay cavaliers, riding with spur and lance and banner far beyond their boundaries. The wild rose and the sweet-brier are country ladies unspoiled by the ways of the world. This is what we all feel about them, but those courtly dames have always the greater

fascination of gentle manner—with the exciting possibility of a scratch of sarcasm.

The path to my studio traversed the whole length of this fascinating flower-land, and never, in winter or in summer, could I reach the place of my proper work without seeing by the way something that claimed immediate care.

In winter there was of course anxiety about frost and damp, the airing and protection of rose cuttings and carnations. Then came the time of weeds, and later seedlings to prick off, or the ravages of greenfly and caterpillar to be checked, or faded blossoms to be culled; or some favorite plant, by drooping head and pale foliage, made a sudden gesture of despair, the cause of which had to be found at once. On other occasions some delicate little plant was suddenly seen crushed by overbearing neighbors, or a gust of wind set the rose-branches spearing one another, or nearly carried the slender lilies off their feet. What could I do but cover and weed and clip, spray and tie and dig? Then, too, my pet robin began following me about, and, later on, a bullfinch and a wren, and all the young robins, requiring many attentions. The journey down that path of only thirty yards could never be covered in less than two hours, even without the slightest digression to outlying plantations. In time this pathway became like the road to hell—paved with good intentions.

How often when lamps were lighted and drowsy indoor warmth disabled me from doing tardily what the morning had appointed, I upbraided myself for a day wasted, and resolved to do quite differently on the morrow; but with to-morrow came a fresh crop of temptations.

At last it occurred to me to weigh in the balance the whole duties of an artist against those of a gardener, and, to my surprise, I found the latter far more important, their rewards a hundredfold greater, and the garden our greatest teacher of color, of composition, and of form.

For people who are not painters and have not this good reason for garden devotion, I have codified a set of excuses, adapted to most circumstances, which will enable them to argue their conscience into silence and literally to turn over a new leaf.

Sunday. You may work in the garden, because it is not really work, but all happiness and holiness. Draw the line at digging.

Monday. Work all day in the garden, so as to have it off your mind for the rest of the week.

Tuesday. Continue to work in the garden, because this is early in the week. Time enough for other things to-morrow.

Wednesday. Begin the other things, but bring your reading or sewing into the garden, where you may enjoy it as a background. It will immediately become a foreground.

Thursday. Work in the garden because you did not yesterday.

Friday. Work in the garden to make it quite tidy by the end of the week, as you don't intend to touch it on Sunday.

Saturday. Work in the garden, because it is a holiday, and you will do as you like.

When quite well and happy,  
Work in the garden because you are glad.

When weary and heartsick,  
Work in the garden because it will rest you.

When it rains,  
Work in the garden because then is the time to plant and weed.

When the winds blow,  
Work now to save the slender stalks from breaking.

When there is drought,  
Work in the garden to save your plants.

When it is winter,  
Work now to give sheltering care.

When it is spring,  
Work in the garden because everybody does.

When it is summer,  
Live in the garden to enjoy the fruits of your labor.

When it is autumn,  
Work in the garden, because now is the time to transplant, divide, and multiply, and to lay down in the earth the glories for next summer.

If there is any other time when you cannot find an excuse for working in the garden, remember that it was the first duty and place of man, and that there is no philosophy of life, no beauty of art, which has not its seed in the earth or can flourish without knowledge of a garden. What, indeed, was the punishment of Adam and Eve but to be driven out of their Eden?

I love to walk round my little garden late in the evening, among those shy flowers that shrink away from the sun and open at twilight their vases of exquisite perfume.

*Enothera macrocarpa* holds up pale golden cups to catch the dew. There is *Matthiola*, so humble and insignificant by day, and only after night has fallen does her perfume from yon shady place, like a melody of the nightingale, fill the quiet air. The tobacco plant,

too, suddenly shines out with widely expanded tubes, and is a fountain of delicious scent.

Like these are the flowers of winter, that do not shrink from the dark season of the year, its stiff frosts or biting winds. In December and January we gather *Helleborus*, or Christmas rose, as beautiful as the hot-

they have thoughts and nerves, and are sensitive to the gentlest touch, perhaps they have not sight. Each one growing upward toward the light and turning to the source of life may be aware only of herself—each in the crowded garden all alone with God.

That phrase is often used by old Irish-women who are widows and alone in their



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A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

house camellia. Then, too, leafless branches of winter jasmine are covered with pale-yellow stars. In the wind-swept hedge-rows the wild clematis still wears garlands of its gauzy seed-vessels, more beautiful than its flowers, and glimmering in pallid winter days like ghosts of summer. As soon as the icy grip of frost relaxes, the snowdrop suddenly raises her white bud in its sheath of young leaves, and winter aconite is a gleam of frosty sunshine.

Perfume seems to be the voice of the flowers; with it they call to the bee and moth, or speak, perhaps, to one another. Though

little huts. Many said to me that they were "all alone with God," with such pathos that the irresistible inference was that they did not enjoy the company.

Not so the flowers. Theirs is the joyous unity with the life of the universe, each one unfolding the marvelous thought impressed in its tiny seed, sounding clearly that one note of the mighty harmony which was intrusted to its keeping.

One who has lived among them and with no other companions becomes like them, aware only of light and growth toward it; like them, patiently waiting for summer to



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THE PERGOLA.

follow winter, for life renewed to follow design and beauty—has not here and there death; and realizes the joy and love of the Creator in his creation. This joy of creation, of thought becoming form and life in infinite

a human being been allowed to taste this divine joy, and thereby been made more specially in the likeness of God?

## THE TRUE STORY OF HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT.

BY THERESE BLENNERHASSETT-ADAMS.

THE intimate relations which existed between Aaron Burr and Harman Blennerhassett, and the mystery surrounding the latter, have given rise to many public misstatements. It is the opinion of surviving relatives, who have carefully guarded the private papers of Harman Blennerhassett, that the time has come, all of his children and grandchildren being dead, when these

misstatements may properly be refuted by a frank presentation of the facts.

The purpose of this paper is to give, for the first time, the true story of Blennerhassett, his origin and antecedents, his social standing, and his financial responsibility, and to set forth why, more than a hundred years ago, he sold his birthright, a magnificent patrimony, and crossed the Atlantic for the pur-

pose of establishing a new home in another country. From time to time articles concerning him and his wife, Margaret Agnew, have appeared in print, but they have always been singularly inaccurate in detail.

Harman Blennerhassett, born in Hampshire, England, in 1765, was a direct descendant of King Edward III of England through Constance of Langley, wife of the Earl of Gloucester and daughter of Edward, Duke of York and Isabel of Castile. The Blennerhassets are English in origin, none of

during the reign of Elizabeth. Harman Blennerhassett's father was Conway Blennerhassett of Castle Conway, Killorglin; his mother, Eliza, was a daughter of Major Thomas Lacey. As the youngest of three sons, Harman Blennerhassett, in selecting a profession, chose the law, but soon after finishing his studies, the death of his brothers, John and Thomas, made him head of his branch of the family. Of his sisters, one was married to Lord Kingsale, Premier Baron of Ireland; another to the brother of Lord Kingsale,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT, FROM A MINIATURE TAKEN IN LONDON IN 1796, NOW OWNED BY DR. FRANCIS C. MARTIN OF BOSTON.

them having been known in Ireland before the reign of Elizabeth; but previous to that time, as far back as 1357, the family—originally of Blennerhassett, a small town in Cumberland, afterward of Carlisle, subsequently of Flimby Hall, Cumberland—many times represented Carlisle in Parliament. They have been continuously in Parliament for more than five hundred years; on one occasion a father and two sons represented their county and county town at the same time.

The old manor-house of Flimby Hall is now owned by the Earl of Lonsdale, whose ancestors bought the Blennerhassett estates. Over three of the doorways of Flimby Hall the Blennerhassett crest is cut in stone; the walls are ten feet thick, and the great oak beams look as if they would last forever.

The first of the Blennerhassets to settle in Ireland was Thomas, who, with his son Robert, went from Flimby Hall to Kerry

the Hon. Michael de Courcy, Admiral of the Blue; one other to Daniel McGillycuddy, high sheriff of Kerry; one to an Agnew; one to Captain Coxon; and the last, Avice, never married. The children of these sisters in turn married men of high position: a daughter of Admiral de Courcy being the wife of Sir J. Gordon Sinclair; a daughter of Lord Kingsale, the Hon. Martha de Courcy, the wife of Major Andrew Agnew, son of Sir Stair Agnew of Lochnaw. Added to these strong family connections, the power and standing of the family to which he belonged brought Harman Blennerhassett in contact with the best people of the day.

Conway Blennerhassett died a very rich man, leaving his daughters handsomely portioned, and bequeathing a large fortune to his son. When Harman Blennerhassett broke the entail and sold the estate to Thomas Mullin, afterward Lord Ventry, he received \$160,000 in money. Outside of this was an

income not vested in the \$160,000, and besides a small income of \$6600, which belonged to the entailed property as a separate portion, and could not be transferred, the use of which he had until he died. His wife also came of a family with money; but, as will be seen, she was disinherited when she married Harman Blennerhassett. Her sisters, however, laid aside money for her benefit, and sent it to her regularly.

Early in 1796 Harman Blennerhassett, then thirty-one years old, married in England Miss Margaret Agnew, daughter of Captain Robert Agnew of Howlish, County Durham, a young lady of eighteen. Her father was lieutenant-governor of the Isle of Man, and a son of General James Agnew of Revolutionary fame. Soon after their marriage, the young couple embarked for America, landing August 1, 1796. After extensive travels through the eastern part of the country, a portion of the island in the Ohio which bears their name was purchased, and preparations for building were begun. The house and grounds when completed represented an investment of sixty thousand dollars. After the island house was no longer an abode, Blennerhassett and his family removed to a plantation of one thousand acres on the Mississippi River, six miles above Port Gibson. This home they called "La Cache," and here they lived for twelve years, when they sold the property for twenty-eight thousand dollars, and, after stopping in New York to pay a visit to the family of Mr. Emmet, proceeded to Montreal. In 1821, Blennerhassett, after a residence in America of twenty-five years, left Canada for England, where he hoped to be benefited through an influence he no longer possessed. Ten years of heartache and buffeting passed, and then came failing health, which ended in his death at Port Pierre, on the island of Guernsey, February 2, 1831, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

We now come to the secret of the Blennerhassets, which was carefully kept from their children. Catharine, one of the sisters of Harman Blennerhassett, married an Agnew. It was her daughter Margaret who married Harman Blennerhassett, her mother's brother,<sup>1</sup> and it was for this cause

<sup>1</sup> The bare fact is mentioned in Foster's "Noble and Gentle Families of Royal Descent."

<sup>2</sup> One instance in illustration of this may be cited: Soon after his marriage Harman Blennerhassett, his wife, and one of his sisters were seated together. The younger woman asked the elder some passing question, addressing her, as was her habit, as "Aunt Mary." "I am not your 'Aunt Mary,'" was the quick reply. "But

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that she was disinherited. The young lady was absent at school; her uncle was sent to take her home; instead of doing so, he married her. But he reckoned without his host, or perhaps he did not reckon at all. When he returned with his bride, the family affection that he thought would greet them, the family influence that he thought would protect them, were wanting. The couple were met only with reproaches: because of his thirty-one years he was held responsible; because of her eighteen years she was pitied, but not the less blamed. Since remaining in his own country meant social ostracism,<sup>2</sup> Blennerhassett sold his property, and brought his young wife to America. No political entanglements were about him to cause him to come to this country, for though a close observer of current events, he took little interest in politics; his tastes were quiet—literary and musical. Nothing brought him to America but the fact that his family would not countenance his marriage.<sup>3</sup>

When news of the strange marriage became noised about in their own country, those relatives not closely enough allied to feel injured began to nod their wise heads in time to prophesy of dire disaster for the future of the young couple. But when it was decided to sell the estate and leave the country, then indeed all the kith and kin, to the most remote degree, were up in arms against the breaking of the entail. A few of the younger kinsfolk sympathized with the young people, but they were in the minority.

Let us see how the prophecies referred to were verified. During their residence on the island three children were born to Blennerhassett and his wife. Of these the eldest, Dominick, was, be it said with keen pity, a moral degenerate. No one can read the references made to him in the letters of his heartbroken mother and not feel sympathy for her. The second child, Margaret, died in infancy. The third, Harman Blennerhassett, Jr., was little better than his eldest brother, and was restrained from excesses as great only by the watchfulness of the youngest brother, Joseph Lewis, during a portion of his life. The fourth child, an-

you are of her blood, and might be kind to her," said the young husband, looking up. "Yes, that is the trouble; I am of her blood," was the rejoinder, as the haughty dame left the room.

<sup>3</sup> Within the last twenty years a dispensation was granted to certain crowned heads of Europe to wed whose consanguinity was of exactly the same degree as that of Harman Blennerhassett and Margaret Agnew.

other Margaret, died in infancy. The fifth and last child, Joseph Lewis, was a man of classical education. He was graduated in law with high honors, and was a fine linguist. With all this he had distinguished manners. Yet, though having the means upon which to live comfortably, he passed the last twenty years of his life in various small towns, where he taught school, practised a little law, and spent much time in dissipation.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the connection of Blennerhassett with the so-called expedition of Burr beyond two points: first, the moneyed losses of Blennerhassett through Burr, second, his object in joining Burr at all. According to the brief of Harman Blennerhassett, prepared by his own hand for his expected trial at Richmond, Virginia, Burr, while on a Southern tour in the spring of 1805, visited Blennerhassett at his island home. On that occasion it appears that the conversation was general. The following December, on the return of Colonel Burr from his Southern journey, he again called on Blennerhassett, who, with his wife, was on a visit to New York and Baltimore. After his second visit, Colonel Burr addressed a letter to Blennerhassett, in which he gave expression to regret at not having found Blennerhassett at home. The latter answered Burr's letter in like manner. Also he expressed a desire to be admitted to a participation in any speculation that might have engaged the attention of Colonel Burr during his late journey through the Western country. So the acquaintance between the two men began—an acquaintance that meant moneyed losses for Blennerhassett, but which did not destroy his home, as has been said. Despite the eloquence of William Wirt, who depicted "the serpent entering the bowers of Eden," there is no evidence to support the figure of speech. There is much and oft-repeated evidence of the trust in, and the devotion to, his wife on the part of Blennerhassett, which is a tribute that would not have been paid to a wife who was a party to despoiling her home.

There is no record of the direct plans or intentions of Blennerhassett and Burr. Probably those were largely dependent on the shaping of events, foremost among which would have been the United States becoming involved in a war with Spain, in which case the perfidy of General Wilkinson, commander-in-chief of the United States army, would have aided the scheme that has always been credited to Burr and Blennerhassett.

For the "treasonable" feature charged to them,—severing the Southern and Western States from the Union,—that could not have been through their thinking the then territory of the United States too large to hold together, if they did think so. That opinion was held by a large number of influential people, so difficult were all means of travel and communication over the vast country separated by the Alleghanies before the days of steam. Burr met Blennerhassett at a period of his life when Burr had little to lose and much to gain. That Blennerhassett sustained losses through indorsing for Burr is shown by his papers. In a letter of Colonel Alston, the son-in-law of Burr, to Blennerhassett, dated June 22, 1807, the writer states that he has that day written Colonel Burr making certain offers which he hopes will facilitate a settlement; "but," he adds, "should they unfortunately fail, I shall certainly consider myself bound both in honor and justice to fulfil my engagement to you." In letters of Blennerhassett to his wife occur the following passages: "On my arrival here [Lexington] I was taken into custody for my indorsement of some of Colonel Burr's bills, of which I am now getting clear by an arrangement Mr. Clay is drawing up between Mr. Sanders and me, affected by my transferring Colonel Alston's obligation." And, "In the midst of my occupation by the cares of my concerns with the government, I have made arrangements for removing the greater part of the indebtedness affecting our property on the island. Miller, who, you know, attached the chief part of our effects, is not here, but will probably accept the same accommodations by Mr. Sanders, namely, a transfer of Alston's obligation, with a deed of trust on the island as a further security." Later Blennerhassett writes to his wife: "Alston is endeavoring to raise money here [Richmond] to meet all demands. On failing of this, he, Alston, will assume the whole, payable one half a year from next January, the remainder the January following, with interest." Again he writes his wife: "Shall go to Philadelphia with him [Burr] to try his success there in raising some money for me." August 5, 1807, Blennerhassett says: "This evening I have inclosed various papers to Mr. Alston, showing him how my property has been sacrificed on the Ohio, and praying his aid to recover it for my children, by virtue of his responsibility for my indorsement of Colonel Burr's protested bills." When Alston, by his unwillingness to make any terms looking to a settlement with Blen-

nerhassett, showed he was not acting in good faith, and "Burr declared he did not believe Mr. Alston had executed any writing by which he, Alston, could be bound" to Blennerhassett, the latter exclaims: "What! did his [Burr's] memory, perhaps the most energetic of all his talents, here lose its polish by the abrasion of his own calamities? Did he forget that he himself drafted that very paper, after having considered another, which Alston had written, as insufficient?" So extracts without number might be given to prove the assertion of Blennerhassett's moneyed losses at the hands of Burr; but these may be passed until the letter of March 2, 1811, is reached. That letter from Blennerhassett to Colonel Alston states Blennerhassett's losses through Burr at \$50,000, \$12,500 of which had been paid. A request is made for the payment of \$15,000 six months hence, the balance to be adjusted by agreement, the alternative of acquiescence to this proposition being the publication of a book containing much inner history, which Blennerhassett believes will yield \$10,000. On Burr's return from England, a similar communication was addressed to him. But that was not demanding \$10,000 "hush-money." It was simply calling on Burr and Alston to fulfil an obligation of long standing, a just and honest debt which they were seeking to evade.

Blennerhassett's reason for joining Burr was not love of adventure, but to remove himself farther from those who knew him. He had family friends who respected him through the position he occupied in his own country. Among those who knew the sad story of his life, there were not many on this side of the water; but the dread was with him always that the truth would become known to his children. In 1824 Blennerhassett returned to Canada for his family. The intercession of his wife's sisters, who were devoted to her, secured for Mrs. Blennerhassett in England and Scotland respectful treatment. Avice Blennerhassett, the maiden sister of Harman, who had willed him her property, and who survived him, died in February, 1838. As soon as business matters connected with the settlement of the estate permitted, Mrs. Blennerhassett returned to this country, to join her son Harman in New York, arriving in the summer of 1840. Joseph Lewis, the youngest son, with his wife,

was then living in Swansea, South Wales. At the time of Blennerhassett's death this youngest son was nineteen years old. It is, then, a mistake that at her husband's death Mrs. Blennerhassett was left with a family of dependent children. On her arrival in this country she desired to present a claim to Congress for indemnity for losses on the island through the Wood County militia, sent to take possession of the property on account of the alleged treasonable character of the expedition. Besides this, she wished, if possible, to regain possession of the island, on the ground that no record existed of its transfer, and that the connection of her husband with Burr was not sufficient cause to make null the right of his wife and children to ownership of the island property. For the purpose of assisting his mother and brother, Joseph Lewis decided on joining them in June, 1841. A bill was introduced in Congress, and received some support, which might have led to its passage but for the death of Mrs. Blennerhassett, which occurred in New York on June 16, 1842. She died in her sixty-fourth year in the house she herself rented and paid for at 75 Greenwich street.

Many misstatements have been made as to the circumstances of her death. She died in the arms of her son Joseph Lewis, Harman also being present. It is a mistake that "no soothing hand of a relative fanned her fevered temples," and that but for the "kindly ministrations of a society of Irish females" she was deserted. Her sons (her only living children), who idolized her, were both present at her death-bed. They, with the family of Mr. T. A. Emmet, followed her to her grave in the plot of Mr. Emmet in St. Paul's churchyard, Broadway. It was not necessity that caused her burial there, but the fulfilment of a promise between Mrs. Emmet and Mrs. Blennerhassett that in death they would rest side by side. If sisters of charity were present, it was not known to her sons; it is not customary for them to attend the last rites for the dead if there is any one to take their place.<sup>1</sup> But why not, in the interest of fiction, let this same "society of Irish females" follow her?

The abject-poverty tales of Blennerhassett and his family serve well the purpose of romance, but not of fact, because they are untrue. While the family of Blennerhassett

<sup>1</sup> After his mother's death Joseph Lewis returned to his wife at Swansea. He did not come to this country again until 1847. It is not true that Harman Blennerhassett, the younger, was dependent for necessities on

the good ladies of the "Old Bowery Mission." Unhappily, his habits in his latter days led him to associate with the class of people relieved by that excellent charity; hence the mistake.

condemned his marriage, they would never have allowed him to be in need. The same is true of the sisters of Mrs. Blennerhassett. True, Blennerhassett lost heavily, and they had serious moneyed trials, often traceable to their own foolish expenditures. It has been said that the elder Harman Blennerhassett filled a drunkard's grave. As a matter of fact, he was a man abstemious in the use of intoxicants. It has been said that he was a shiftless Irishman with a few thousand pounds. The incorrectness of this has been shown in this article. Also it has been stated that he lived "without doing even the smallest thing to aid in the welfare of mankind"; that "his own lack of purpose, and easy-going disposition, and a wife with an overweening ambition," were accountable for the reverses of his latter days. These reverses have been magnified to match other points already named. The "overweening ambition" of Mrs. Blennerhassett has its origin in the articles of some of her biographers. There was too much sorrow in her life to make her "ambition" more than ordinary. What field had her aching heart for ambition? None except that grown in the fertile brain of her biographers. She and her husband were kind, generous people in time of

sickness and trouble, and did many things "to aid in the welfare of mankind." Many a struggling musician was aided substantially in his work by Blennerhassett, himself a fine musician.

Joseph Lewis Blennerhassett died in Missouri on December 8, 1862. His two little boys, Robert Emmet and Harman, died some time before their father. With him the last direct descendant of Harman Blennerhassett passed away; but even so the family is far from "extinct." There are a number of people related by blood to Harman Blennerhassett on this side of the Atlantic,—among others Dr. Francis C. Martin of Boston, who is a greatgrandnephew of Mrs. Harman Blennerhassett,—and on the other side there are Rowland Ponsonby Blennerhassett of Trales, who represented Kerry in Parliament in 1885; Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, president of Queen's College, city of Cork, Ireland; Arthur Blennerhassett of Ballyseedy, representing the oldest branch; Mr. Blennerhassett-Chute of Chute Hall, Blennerville, County Kerry. These gentlemen, who do not comprise all of the family across the water, have given more than one proof that the family is not extinct.

## THE FUGITIVE.

BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

A HUNTED thing, through copse and wood  
Night after night he skulked and crawled,  
To where amid dark homesteads stood  
One gloomy garden locked and walled.

He paused in fear each step he took,  
And waited till the moon was gone;  
Then stole in by the little brook  
That still laughed down the terraced lawn.

And up the well-known path he crept,  
And through the tangled briars tore;  
And he, while they who sought him slept,  
Saw his ancestral home once more.

There song and lights were still astir,  
And by her he could see one stand,  
(And he had fared so far to her!)  
Who spoke with her and took her hand.

Then back by copse and wood he crept  
While yet the dawn was cold and dim;  
And while in her white room she slept,  
'T was his old hound crawled back with him.



## THE BOBOLINK.

BY LE ROY T. WEEKS.

“ **W**INKLE-winkle-wonkle-winkle-  
Tee-a, tee-a, tumble-tinkle,”  
So my tipsy bobolink ’ll  
Carol all the day.  
“ Rinkle-rankle-rumple-rinkle,”  
Until night with starry twinkle  
Stops his jingling lay.

Sweet is thy music, O wild little rover,  
Tumbling glee-drunk into billows of clover;  
Merry as Bacchus, and sweet as Apollo,  
Thy careless foot crumpling the lily’s corolla.  
“ Fink . . . . . Fink.”

“ Inkle-ankle-onkle-kinkle,”  
Teasing out the snarl and crinkle  
Of the toiler’s brain;  
Swinging on a ragweed teeter,  
In a careless, drunken meter  
Flows thy silver strain.

“ Sweetheart, sweetheart, come and see  
What I ’ve built for you and me:  
A bridal palace by a willow,  
With blue-sky roof and cloud-down pillow,  
With sun-lace curtains at the door,  
And wind-wove carpets on the floor.  
I dreamed it all, and built it so  
With double f’s and tremolo  
Of love and hope, and merry glee;  
I sung it into life, you see.  
Whisper, whisper, went the breeze;  
I coaxed it with a song like these:  
Whisper, whisper, went the dew;  
It went because I sang of you:  
Whisper, whisper, went the light,  
And whisper, whisper, all the night,  
The busy elves of earth and air,  
And whisper, whisper, everywhere,  
The lips that breathe the breath of life;  
Lo! sky and earth in bounty rife  
With forms of love to pleasure you.  
Tinkle-tankle-tumple-tinkle-  
Fink . . . . . Fink.”





## *The Making of a Marchioness*

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

### PART TWO.

#### III.

TO awaken in a still, delicious room, with the summer morning sunshine breaking softly into it through leafy greenness, was a delightful thing to Miss Fox-Seton, who was accustomed to opening her eyes upon four walls covered with cheap paper, to the sound of outside hammerings, and the rattle and heavy roll of wheels. In a building at the back of her bed-sitting-room there lived a man whose occupation, beginning early in the morning, involved banging of a persistent nature.

She awakened to her first day at Mallowe, stretching herself luxuriously, with the smile of a child. She was thankful for the softness of her lavender-fragrant bed, and delighted with the lovely freshness of her chintz-hung room. As she lay upon her pillow, she could see the boughs of trees, and hear the chatter of darting starlings. When her morning tea was brought, it seemed like nectar to her. She was a perfectly healthy woman, with a palate as unspoiled as that of a six-year-old child in the nursery. Her enjoyment of all things was so normal as to be in her day and time an absolute abnormality.

She rose and dressed at once, eager for the open air and sunshine. She was out upon the lawn before any one else but the Borzoi, which rose from beneath a tree and came with stately walk toward her. The air was exquisite, the broad, beautiful stretch of view lay warm in the sun, the masses of flowers on the herbaceous borders showed leaves and flower-cups adorned with glittering drops of dew. She walked across the spacious sweep of short-cropped sod, and gazed enraptured at the country spread out below. She could have kissed the soft white sheep dotting the fields and lying in gentle, huddled groups under the trees. "The darlings!" she said, in a little, effusive outburst. She talked to the dog and fondled him. He seemed to understand her mood, and pressed close against her gown when she

stopped. They walked together about the gardens, and presently picked up an exuberant retriever, which bounded and wriggled and at once settled into a steady trot beside them. Emily adored the flowers as she walked by their beds, and at intervals stopped to bury her face in bunches of spicy things. She was so happy that the joy in her hazel eyes was pathetic.

She was startled, as she turned into a rather narrow rose-walk, to see Lord Walderhurst coming toward her. He looked exceedingly clean in his fresh light knickerbocker suit, which was rather becoming to him. A gardener was walking behind, evidently gathering roses for him, which he put into a shallow basket. Emily cast about for a suitable remark to make, if he should chance to stop to speak to her. She consoled herself with the thought that there were things she really wanted to say about the beauty of the gardens, and certain clumps of heavenly-blue campanulas, which seemed made a feature of in the herbaceous borders. It was so much nicer not to be obliged to invent observations. But his Lordship did not stop to speak to her. He was interested in his roses (which, she heard afterward, were to be sent to town to an invalid friend), and as she drew near, he turned aside to speak to the gardener. As Emily was just passing him when he turned again, and as the passage was narrow, he found himself unexpectedly gazing into her face.

Being nearly of the same height, they were so close that it was a little awkward.

"I beg pardon," he said, stepping back a pace and lifting his straw hat.

But he did not say, "I beg pardon, Miss Fox-Seton," and Emily knew he had not recognized her, and had not the remotest idea who she was or where she came from.

She passed him with her agreeable, friendly smile, and then there returned to her mind Lady Maria's remarks of the night before.

"To think that if he married poor pretty Lady Agatha she will be mistress of three

places quite as beautiful as Mallowe, three lovely old houses, three sets of gardens, with thousands of flowers to bloom every year! How nice it would be for her! She is so lovely that it seems as if he *must* fall in love with her. Then, if she was Marchioness of Walderhurst, she could do so much for her sisters."

After breakfast she spent her morning in doing a hundred things for Lady Maria. She wrote notes for her, and helped her to arrange plans for the entertainment of her visitors. She was very busy and happy. In the afternoon she drove across the moor to Maundel, a village on the other side of it. She really went on an errand for her hostess, but as she was fond of driving and the brown cob was a beauty, she felt that she was being given a treat on a level with the rest of her Ladyship's generous hospitalities. She drove well, and her straight, strong figure showed to much advantage on the high seat of the cart. Lord Walderhurst himself commented on her as he saw her drive away.

"She has a nice, flat, straight back, that woman," he remarked to Lady Maria. "What is her name? One never hears people's names when one is introduced."

"Her name is Emily Fox-Seton," her Ladyship answered, "and she's a nice creature."

"That would be an inhuman thing to say to most men, but if one is a thoroughly selfish being, and has some knowledge of one's own character, one sees that a nice creature might be a nice companion."

"You are quite right," was Lady Maria's reply, as she held up her lorgnette and watched the cart spin down the avenue. "I am selfish myself, and I realize that is the reason why Emily Fox-Seton is becoming the lodestar of my existence. There is such comfort in being pandered to by a person who is not even aware that she is pandering. She does n't suspect that she is entitled to thanks for it."

That evening Mrs. Ralph came glittering to dinner in black and silver, which seemed to possess some quality of stimulating her to brilliance. She was witty enough to collect an audience, and Lord Walderhurst was drawn within it. This was Mrs. Ralph's evening. When the men returned to the drawing-room, she secured his Lordship at once and managed to keep him. She was a woman who could talk pretty well, and perhaps Lord Walderhurst was amused. Emily was not quite sure that he was, but at least he listened. Lady Agatha looked a little

listless and pale. Lovely as she was, she did not always collect an audience, and this evening she said she had a headache. She actually crossed the room, and taking a seat by Miss Fox-Seton, began to talk to her about Lady Maria's charity-knitting, which Emily had taken up. She was so gratified that she found conversation easy. She did not realize that at that particular moment she was a most agreeable and comforting companion for Agatha Slade. She had heard so much of her beauty during the season, and remembered so many little things that a girl who was a thought depressed might like to hear referred to again. Sometimes to Agatha the balls where people had collected in groups to watch her dancing, the flattering speeches she had heard, the dazzling hopes which had been raised, seemed a little unreal, as if, after all, they could have been only dreams. This was particularly so, of course, when life had dulled for a while and the atmosphere of unpaid bills became heavy at home. It was so to-day, because the girl had received a long, anxious letter from her mother, in which much was said of the importance of an early preparation for the presentation of Alix, who had really been kept back a year, and was in fact nearer twenty than nineteen.

"If we were not in Debrett and Burke, one might be reserved about such matters," poor Lady Claraway wrote; "but what is one to do when all the world can buy one's daughters' ages at the bookseller's?"

Miss Fox-Seton had seen Lady Agatha's portrait at the Academy and the way in which people had crowded about it. She had chanced to hear comments also, and she agreed with a number of persons who had not thought the picture did the original justice.

"Sir Bruce Norman was standing by me with an elderly lady the first time I saw it," she said, as she turned a new row of the big white-wool scarf her hostess was knitting for a Deep-Sea Fishermen's Charity. "He really looked quite annoyed. I heard him say: 'It is not good at all. She is far, far lovelier. Her eyes are like blue flowers.' The moment I saw you, I found myself looking at your eyes. I hope I did n't seem rude."

Lady Agatha smiled. She had flushed delicately, and took up in her slim hand a skein of the white wool.

"There are some people who are never rude," she sweetly said, "and you are one of them, I am sure. That knitting looks nice. I wonder if I could make a comforter for a Deep-Sea Fisherman."

"If it would amuse you to try," Emily answered, "I will begin one for you. Lady Maria has several pairs of wooden needles. Shall I?"

"Do, please. How kind of you!"

In a pause of her conversation, Mrs. Ralph, a little later, looked across the room at Emily bending over Lady Agatha and the knitting, as she gave her instructions.

"What a good-natured creature that is!" she said.

Lord Walderhurst lifted his monocle and inserted it in his unillumined eye. He also looked across the room. Emily wore the black evening dress which gave such opportunities to her square white shoulders and firm column of throat; the country air and sun had deepened the color on her cheek, and the light of the nearest lamp fell kindly on the big twist of her nut-brown hair, and burnished it. She looked soft and warm, and so generously interested in her pupil's progress that she was rather sweet.

Lord Walderhurst simply looked at her. He was a man of but few words. Women who were sprightly found him somewhat unresponsive. In fact, he was aware that a man in his position need not exert himself. The women themselves would talk. They wished to talk because they wished him to hear them.

Mrs. Ralph talked.

"She is the most primeval person I know. She accepts her fate without a trace of resentment; she simply accepts it."

"What is her fate?" asked Lord Walderhurst, still gazing in his unbiased manner through his monocle, and not turning his head as he spoke.

"It is her fate to be a woman who is perfectly well born, and who is as penniless as a charwoman, and works like one. She is at the beck and call of any one who will give her an odd job to earn a meal with. That is one of the new ways women have found of making a living."

"Good skin," remarked Lord Walderhurst, irrelevantly. "Good hair—quite a lot."

"She has some of the nicest blood in England in her veins, and she engaged my last cook for me," said Mrs. Ralph.

"Hope she was a good cook."

"Very. Emily Fox-Seton has a faculty for finding decent people. I believe it is because she is so decent herself," continued Mrs. Ralph, with a little laugh.

"Looks quite decent," commented Walderhurst.

The knitting was getting on famously.

"It was odd you should see Sir Bruce Norman that day," Lady Agatha was saying. "It must have been just before he was called away to India."

"It was. He sailed the next day. I happen to know, because some friends of mine met me only a few yards from your picture and began to talk about him. I had not known before that he was so rich. I had not heard about his collieries in Lancashire. Oh!"—opening her big eyes in heartfelt yearning,—“how I wish I owned a colliery! It must be so nice to be rich!”

"I never was rich," answered Lady Agatha, with a bitter little sigh. "I know it is hideous to be poor."

"I never was rich," said Emily, "and I never shall be. You"—a little shyly—"are so different."

Lady Agatha flushed delicately again. Emily made a gentle little joke.

"You have eyes like blue flowers," she said.

Lady Agatha lifted the eyes like blue flowers, and they were pathetic.

"Oh!" she gave forth almost impetuously, "sometimes it seems as if it did not matter whether one has eyes or not."

It was a pleasure to Emily to realize that after this the beauty seemed to be rather drawn toward her. Their acquaintance became almost a sort of intimacy over the wool scarf for the Deep-Sea Fishermen, which was taken up and laid down, and even carried out on the lawn and left under the trees for the footmen to restore when they brought in the rugs and cushions. Lady Maria was amusing herself with the making of knitted scarfs and helmets just now, and bits of white or gray knitting were the fashion at Mallowe. Once Agatha brought hers to Emily's room in the afternoon to ask that a dropped stitch might be taken up, and this established a sort of precedent. Afterward they began to exchange visits.

The strenuousness of things was becoming, in fact, almost too much for Lady Agatha. Most unpleasant things were happening at home, and occasionally Castle Clare loomed up grayly in the distance like a specter. Certain tradespeople who ought, in Lady Claraway's opinion, to have kept quiet and waited in patience until things became better, were becoming hideously persistent. In view of the fact that Alix must be provided for next season, it was most awkward. A girl could not be presented and properly launched in the world, in a way which would give her a proper chance, without expenditure. To the Claraways, expenditure meant

credit, and there were blots as of tears on the letters in which Lady Claraway reiterated that the tradespeople were behaving horribly. Sometimes, she said once in desperation, things looked as if they would all be obliged to shut themselves up in Castle Clare to retrench; and then what was to become of Alix and her season? And there were Millicent and Hilda and Eve.

More than once there was the mist of tears in the flower-blue eyes when Lady Agatha came to talk. Confidence between two women establishes itself through processes at once subtle and simple. Emily could not have told when she first began to know that the beauty was troubled and distressed; Lady Agatha did not know when she first slipped into making little frank speeches about herself; but these things came about. Agatha found something like comfort in her acquaintance with the big, normal, artless creature—something which actually raised her spirits when she was depressed. Emily paid constant kindly tribute to her charms, and helped her to believe in them. When she was with her, Agatha always felt that she really was lovely, after all, and that loveliness was a great capital. Emily admired and revered it so, and evidently never dreamed of doubting its omnipotence. She used to talk as if any girl who was a beauty was a potential duchess. In fact, this was a thing she quite ingenuously believed. She had not lived in a world where marriage was a thing of romance, and, for that matter, neither had Agatha. It was nice if a girl liked the man who married her, but if he was a well-behaved, agreeable person, of good means, it was natural that she should end by liking him sufficiently; and to be provided for comfortably or luxuriously for life, and not left upon one's own hands, or one's parents, was a thing to be thankful for in any case. It was such a relief to everybody to know that a girl was "settled," and especially was it a relief to the girl herself. Even novels and plays were no longer fairy-stories of entrancing young men and captivating young women who fell in love with each other in the first chapter, and after increasingly picturesque incidents were married in the last one in the absolute surety of being blissfully happy forevermore. Neither Lady Agatha nor Emily had been brought up on this order of literature, nor in an atmosphere in which it was accepted without reservation.

They had both had hard lives, and knew what lay before them. Agatha knew she must

make a marriage or fade out of existence in prosaic and narrowed dullness. Emily knew that there was no prospect for her of desirable marriage at all. She was too poor, too entirely unsupported by social surroundings, and not sufficiently radiant to catch the roving eye. To be able to maintain herself decently, to be given an occasional treat by her more fortunate friends, and to be allowed by fortune to present to the face of the world the appearance of a woman who was not a pauper, was all she could expect. But she felt that Lady Agatha had the right to more. She did not reason the matter out and ask herself why she had the right to more, but she accepted the proposition as a fact. She was ingenuously interested in her fate, and affectionately sympathetic. She used to look at Lord Walderhurst quite anxiously at times when he was talking to the girl. An anxious mother could scarcely have regarded him with a greater desire to analyze his sentiments. The match would be such a fitting one. He would make such an excellent husband—and there were three places, and the diamonds were magnificent. Lady Maria had described to her a certain tiara which she frequently pictured to herself as glittering above Agatha's exquisite low brow. It would be far more becoming to her than to Miss Brooke or Mrs. Ralph, though either of them would have worn it with spirit. She could not help feeling that both Mrs. Ralph's brilliancy and Miss Brooke's insouciant prettiness were not unworthy of being counted in the running, but Lady Agatha seemed somehow so much more completely the thing wanted. She was anxious that Agatha should always look her best, and when she knew that disturbing letters were fretting her, and saw that they made her look pale and less luminous, she tried to raise her spirits.

"Suppose we take a brisk walk," she would say, "and then you might try a nap before dinner. You look a little tired."

"Oh," said Agatha one day, "how kind you are to me! I believe you actually care about my complexion—about my looking well."

"Lord Walderhurst said to me the other day," was Emily's angelically tactful answer, "that you were the only woman he had ever seen who *always* looked lovely."

"Did he?" exclaimed Lady Agatha, and flushed sweetly. "Once Sir Bruce Norman actually said that to me. I told him it was the nicest thing that could be said to a woman. It is all the nicer"—with a sigh—"because it is *n't really* true."

"I am sure Lord Walderhurst believed it true," Emily said. "He is not a man who talks, you know. He is very serious and dignified."

She had herself a reverence and admiration for Lord Walderhurst bordering on tender awe. He was indeed a well-mannered person, of whom nasty things were not said. He also conducted himself well toward his tenantry, and was patron of several notable charities. To the unexacting and innocently respectful mind of Emily this was at once impressive and attractive. She knew, though not intimately, many noble personages quite unlike him. She was rather early Victorian and touchingly respectable.

"I have been crying," confessed Lady Agatha.

"I was afraid so, Lady Agatha," said Emily.

"Things are getting hopeless in Curzon street. I had a letter from Millicent this morning. She is next in age to Alix, and she says—oh, a number of things. When girls see everything passing by them, it makes them irritable. Millicent is seventeen, and she is too lovely. Her hair is like a red-gold cloak, and her eyelashes are twice as long as mine." She sighed again, and her lips, which were like curved rose-petals, unconsciously quivered. "They were *all* so cross about Sir Bruce Norman's going to India," she added.

"He will come back," said Emily, benignly; "but he may be too late. Has he seen Alix?" she added ingenuously.

Agatha flushed oddly this time. Her delicate skin registered every emotion exquisitely. "He has seen her, but she was in the school-room, and—I don't think—"

She did not finish, but stopped uneasily, and sat and gazed out of the open window into the park. She did not look happy.

The episode of Sir Bruce Norman was brief and even vague. It had begun well. Sir Bruce had met the beauty at a ball, and they had danced together more than once. Sir Bruce had attractions other than his old baronetcy and his coal-mines. He was a good-looking person, with a laughing brown eye and a nice wit. He had danced charmingly and paid gay compliments. He would have done immensely well. Agatha had liked him. Emily sometimes thought she had liked him very much. Her mother had liked him and had thought he was attracted. But after a number of occasions of agreeable meetings, they had encountered each other on the lawn at Goodwood, and he had announced that he was going to India. Forthwith he

had gone, and Emily had gathered that somehow Lady Agatha had been considered somewhat to blame. Her people were not vulgar enough to express this frankly, but she had felt it. Her younger sisters had, upon the whole, made her feel it most. It had been borne in upon her that if Alix, or Millicent with the red-gold cloak, or even Eve, who was a gipsy, had been given such a season and such Doucet frocks, they would have combined them with their wonderful complexions and lovely little chins and noses in such a manner as would at least have prevented desirable acquaintances from feeling free to take P. and O. steamers to Bombay.

In her letter of this morning, Millicent's temper had indeed got somewhat the better of her taste and breeding, and lovely Agatha had cried large tears. So it was particularly nice to be told that Lord Walderhurst had said such an extremely nice thing. If he was not young, he was really *very* nice, and there were exalted persons who absolutely had rather a fad for him. It would be exceptionally brilliant.

The brisk walk was taken, and Lady Agatha returned from it blooming. She was adorable at dinner, and in the evening gathered an actual court about her. She was all in pink, and a wreath of little pink wild roses lay close about her head, making her, with her tall young slimness, look like a Botticelli nymph. Emily saw that Lord Walderhurst looked at her a great deal. He sat on an extraordinarily comfortable corner seat, and stared through his monocle.

Lady Maria always gave Emily plenty to do. She had a nice taste in the floral arrangement, and early in her visit it had fallen into her hands as a duty to "do" the flowers.

The next morning she was in the gardens early, gathering roses with the dew on them, and was in the act of cutting some adorable "Mrs. Sharman Crawfords," when she found it behooved her to let down her carefully tucked up petticoats, as the Marquis of Walderhurst was walking straight toward her. An instinct told her that he actually wished to talk to her about Lady Agatha.

"You get up earlier than Lady Agatha," he remarked, after he had wished her good morning.

"She is oftener invited to the country than I am," she answered. "When I have a country holiday, I want to spend every moment of it out of doors. And the mornings are so lovely. They are not like this in Morimer street."

"Do you live in Mortimer street?"

"Yes."

"Do you like it?"

"I am very comfortable. I am fortunate in having a nice landlady. She and her daughter are very kind to me."

The morning was indeed heavenly. The masses of flowers were drenched with dew, and the already hot sun was drawing fragrance from them and filling the warm air with it. The marquis, with his monocle fixed, looked up into the cobalt-blue sky and among the trees, where a wood-dove or two cooed with musical softness.

"Yes," he observed, with a glance which swept the scene, "it is different from Mortimer street, I suppose. Are you fond of the country?"

"Oh, yes," sighed Emily; "oh, yes!"

She was not a specially articulate person. She could not have conveyed in words all that her "Oh, yes!" really meant of simple love for and joy in rural sights and sounds and scents. But when she lifted her big, kind hazel eyes to him, the earnestness of her emotion made them pathetic, as the unspeakableness of her pleasures often did.

Lord Walderhurst gazed at her through the monocle with an air he sometimes had of taking her measure without either unkindness or particular interest.

"Is Lady Agatha fond of the country?" he inquired.

"She is fond of everything that is beautiful," she replied. "Her nature is as lovely as her face, I think."

"Is it?"

Emily walked a step or two away to a rose climbing up the gray-red wall, and began to clip off blossoms, which tumbled sweetly into her basket.

"She seems sweet in everything," she said, "in disposition and manner and—everything. She never seems to disappoint one or make mistakes."

"You are fond of her?"

"She has been so kind to me."

"You often say people are kind to you."

Emily paused, and felt a trifle confused. Realizing that she was not a clever person, and being a modest one, she began to wonder if she was given to a parrot-praise which made her tiresome. She blushed up to her ears.

"People are kind," she said hesitatingly. "I—you see, I have nothing to give, and I always seem to be receiving."

"What luck!" remarked his Lordship, calmly gazing at her.

He made her feel rather awkward, and she was at once relieved and sorry when he walked away to join another early riser who had come out upon the lawn. For some mysterious reason Emily liked him. Perhaps his magnificence and the constant talk she had heard of him had warmed her imagination. He had never said anything particularly intelligent to her, but she felt as if he had. He was a rather silent man, but never looked stupid. He had made some good speeches in the House of Lords, not brilliant, but sound and of a dignified respectability. He had also written two pamphlets. Emily had an enormous respect for intellect, and frequently, it must be admitted, for the thing which passed for it. She was not exacting.

During her stay at Mallowe in the summer, Lady Maria always gave a village treat. She had given it for forty years, and it was a lively function. Several hundred wildly joyous village children were fed to repletion with exhilarating buns and cake and with tea in mugs, after which they ran races for prizes, and were entertained in various ways, with the aid of such of the house-party as were benevolently inclined to make themselves useful.

Everybody was not so inclined, though people always thought the thing amusing. Nobody objected to looking on, and some were agreeably stimulated by the general sense of festivity. But Emily was found by Lady Maria to be invaluable on this occasion. It was so easy, without the least sense of ill-feeling, to give her all the drudgery to do. There was plenty of drudgery, though it did not present itself to Emily Fox-Seton in that light. She no more realized that she was giving Lady Maria a good deal for her money, so to speak, than she realized that her Ladyship, though amusing and delightful, was an absolutely selfish and inconsiderate old woman. So long as Miss Fox-Seton did not seem obviously tired, it would not have occurred to Lady Maria that she could be so; that, after all, her legs and arms were mere human flesh and blood, that her substantial feet were subject to the fatigue unending trudging to and fro induces. Her Ladyship was simply delighted that the preparations went so well, that she could turn to Emily for service and always find her ready. Emily made lists and calculations, she worked out plans and made purchases. She interviewed the village matrons who made the cake and buns, and boiled the tea in bags in a copper; she found

the women who could be engaged to assist in cutting cake and bread and butter and helping to serve it, she ordered the putting up of tents and forms and tables, and called to mind the innumerable things that were to be remembered.

"Really, Emily," said Lady Maria, "I don't know how I have done this thing for forty years without you. I must always have you at Mallowe for the treat."

Emily was of the genial nature which rejoices upon even small occasions, and is invariably stimulated to pleasures by the festivities of others. The festal atmosphere was a delight to her. In her numberless errands to the village, the sight of the excitement in the faces of the children she passed on her way to this cottage or that filled her eyes with friendly glee and wreathed her face with smiles. When she went into the cottage where the cake was being baked, children hovered about in groups, and nudged each other, giggling. They hung about, partly through thrilled interest, and partly because their joy made them eager to curtsey to her as she came out, the obeisance seeming to identify them even more closely with the coming treat. They grinned and beamed rosily, and Emily smiled at them and nodded, uplifted by a pleasure almost as infantile as their own. She was enjoying herself so honestly that she did not realize how hard she worked during the days before the festivity. She was really ingenious, and invented a number of new methods of entertainment. It was she who, with the aid of a couple of gardeners, transformed the tents into bowers of green boughs and arranged the decorations of the tables and the park gates.

"What a lot of walking you do!" Lord Walderhurst said to her once, as she passed the group on the lawn. "Do you know how many hours you have been on your feet to-day?"

"I like it," she answered, and, as she hurried by, she saw that he was sitting a shade nearer to Lady Agatha than she had ever seen him sit before, and that Agatha, under a large hat of white gauze frills, was looking like a seraph, so sweet and shining were her eyes, so flower-fair her face. She looked actually happy.

"Perhaps he has been saying things," Emily thought. "How happy she will be! He has such a nice pair of eyes. He would make a woman *very* happy." A faint sigh fluttered from her lips. She was beginning to be physically tired, and was not yet quite

aware of it. If she had not been physically tired, she would not, at this moment, even vaguely have recalled to her mind the fact that she was not of the women to whom "things" are said and to whom things happen.

"Emily Fox-Seton," remarked Lady Maria, fanning herself, as it was frightfully hot, "has the most admirable effect on me. She makes me feel generous. I should like to present her with the smartest things from the wardrobes of all my relatives."

"Do you give her clothes?" asked Walderhurst.

"I have n't any to spare. But I know they would be useful to her. The things she wears are touching; they are so well contrived, and produce such a decent effect with so little."

Lord Walderhurst inserted his monocle and gazed after the straight, well-set-up back of the disappearing Miss Fox-Seton.

"I think," said Lady Agatha, gently, "that she is really handsome."

"So she is," admitted Walderhurst—"quite a good-looking woman."

That night Lady Agatha repeated the amiability to Emily, whose grateful amazement really made her blush.

"Lord Walderhurst knows Sir Bruce Norman," said Agatha. "Is n't it strange? He spoke of him to me to-day. He says he is clever."

"You had a nice talk this afternoon, hadn't you?" said Emily. "You both looked so—so—as if you were enjoying yourselves when I passed."

"Did he look as if he were enjoying himself? He was very agreeable. I did not know he could be so agreeable."

"I have never seen him look as much pleased," answered Emily. "Though he always looks as if he liked talking to you, Lady Agatha. That large white gauze garden-hat"—she added reflectively—"is so very becoming."

"It was very expensive," sighed lovely Agatha. "And they last such a short time. Mama said it really seemed almost criminal to buy it."

"How delightful it will be," remarked cheering Emily, "when—when you need not think of things like that!"

"Oh!"—with another sigh, this time a catch of the breath—"it would be like heaven! People don't know; they think girls are frivolous when they care, and that it is n't serious. But when one knows one *must* have things,—that they are like bread,—it is awful!"

"The things you wear really matter." Emily was bringing all her powers to bear upon the subject, and with an anxious kindness which was quite angelic. "Each dress makes you look like another sort of picture. Have you"—she asked contemplatively—"anything *quite* different to wear to-night and to-morrow?"

"I have two evening dresses I have not worn here yet"—replied Lady Agatha, hesitatingly. "I—well, I saved them. One is a very thin black one with silver on it. It has a trembling silver butterfly for the shoulder, and one for the hair."

"Oh, put that on to-night!" said Emily, eagerly. "When you come down to dinner you will look so—so new! I always think that to see a very fair person suddenly for the first time all in black gives one a kind of delighted start—though start is n't the word, quite. Do put it on."

Lady Agatha put it on. Emily came into her room to help to add the last touches to her beauty before she went down to dinner. She suggested that the fair hair should be dressed even higher and more lightly than usual, so that the silver butterfly should poise the more airily over the knot, with its quivering, outstretched wings. She herself poised the butterfly high upon the shoulder.

"Oh, it is lovely!" she exclaimed, drawing back to gaze at the girl. "Do let me go down a moment or so before you do, so that I can see you come into the room."

She was sitting in a chair near Lord Walderhurst when her charge entered. She saw him really give something quite like a start when Agatha appeared. His monocle, which had been in his eye, fell out of it, and he picked it up by its thin cord and replaced it.

"Psyche!" she heard him say in his odd voice, which seemed merely to make a statement without committing him to an opinion—"Psyche!"

He did not say it to her or to any one else. It was simply a kind of exclamation,—appreciative and perceptive without being enthusiastic,—and it was curious. He talked to Agatha nearly all the evening.

Emily came to Lady Agatha before she retired, looking even a little flushed.

"What are you going to wear at the treat to-morrow?" she asked.

"A white muslin, with *entre-deux* of lace, and the gauze garden-hat, and a white parasol and shoes."

Lady Agatha looked a little nervous; the pink fluttered in her cheek.

"And to-morrow night?" said Emily.

"I have a very pale green. Won't you sit down, dear Miss Fox-Seton?"

"We must both go to bed and sleep. You must not get tired."

But she sat down for a few minutes, because she saw the girl's eyes asking her to do it.

The afternoon post had brought a more than usually depressing letter from Curzon street. Lady Claraway was at her motherly wits' ends, and was really quite touching in her distraction. A dressmaker was entering a suit. The thing would get into the papers, of course.

"Unless something happens, something to save us by staving off things, we shall have to go to Castle Clare at once. It will be all over. No girl could be presented with such a thing in the air. They don't like it."

"They," of course, meant persons whose opinions made London society's law.

"To go to Castle Clare," faltered Agatha, "will be like being sentenced to starve to death. Alix and Hilda and Millicent and Eve and I will be starved, quite slowly, for the want of the things that make girls' lives bearable, when they have been born in a certain class. And even if the most splendid thing happened in three or four years, it would be too late for us four—almost too late for Eve. If you are out of London, of course you are forgotten. People can't help forgetting. Why should n't they, when there are such crowds of new girls every year?"

Emily was sweet. She was quite sure that they would not be obliged to go to Castle Clare. Without being indelicate, she was really able to bring hope to the fore. She said a good deal of the black gauze dress and the lovely effect of the silver butterflies.

"I suppose it was the butterflies which made Lord Walderhurst say 'Psyche! Psyche!' when he first saw you," she added.

"Did he say that?" Immediately Lady Agatha looked as if she had not intended to say the words, as, in fact, she had not.

"Yes," answered Emily, hurrying on with a casual air which had a good deal of tact in it. "And black makes you so wonderfully fair and aerial. You scarcely look quite real in it; you might float away. But you must go to sleep now."

Lady Agatha went with her to the door of the room to bid her good night. Her eyes looked like those of a child who might presently cry a little.

"Oh, Miss Fox-Seton," she said, in a very young voice, "you are so kind!"

## IV.

THE parts of the park nearest the house already presented a busy aspect when Miss Fox-Seton passed through the gardens the following morning. Tables were being put up, and baskets of bread and cake and groceries were being carried into the tent where the tea was to be prepared. The workers looked interested and good-humored; the men touched their hats as Emily appeared, and the women curtseyed smilingly. They had all discovered that she was amiable and to be relied on in her capacity of her Ladyship's representative.

"She's a worker, that Miss Fox-Seton," one said to the other. "I never seen one that was a lady fall to as she does. Ladies, even when they means well, has a way of standing about and telling you to do things without seeming to know quite how they ought to be done. She's coming to help with the bread and butter herself this morning, and she put up all them packages of sweets yesterday with her own hands. She did 'em up in different-colored papers, and tied 'em with bits of ribbon, because she said she knowed children was prouder of colored things than plain—they was like that. And so they are: a bit of red or blue goes a long way with a child."

Emily cut bread and cake, and arranged seats and grouped toys on tables all the morning. The day was hot, though beautiful, and she was so busy that she had scarcely time for her breakfast. The household party was in the gayest spirits. Lady Maria was in her most amusing mood. She had arranged a drive to some interesting ruins for the afternoon of the next day, and a dinner-party for the evening. Her favorite neighbors had just returned to their country-seat five miles away, and they were coming to the dinner, to her great satisfaction. Most of her neighbors bored her, and she took them in doses at her dinners, as she would have taken medicine. But the Lockyers were young and good-looking and clever, and she was always glad when they came to Loche during her stay at Mallowe.

"There is not a frump or a bore among them," she said. "In the country people are usually frumps when they are not bores, and bores when they are not frumps, and I am in danger of becoming both myself. Six weeks of unalloyed dinner-parties, composed of people I know, would make me begin to wear moreen petticoats and talk about the deplorable condition of London society."

After breakfast she led all her flock out upon the lawn under the ilex-trees.

"Let us go and encourage industry," she said. "We will watch Emily Fox-Seton working. She is an example."

Curiously enough, this was Miss Cora Brooke's day. She found herself actually walking across the lawn with Lord Walderhurst by her side. She did not know how it happened, but it seemed to occur accidentally.

"We never talk to each other," he said.

"Well," answered Cora, "we have talked to other people a good deal—at least, I have."

"Yes, you have talked a good deal," said the marquis.

"Does that mean I have talked too much?"

He surveyed her prettiness through his glass. Perhaps the holiday stir in the air gave him a festive moment.

"It means that you have n't talked enough to me. You have devoted yourself too much to the laying low of young Heriot."

She laughed a trifle saucily.

"You are a very independent young lady," remarked Walderhurst, with a lighter manner than usual. "You ought to say something deprecatory or—a little coy, perhaps."

"I sha'n't," said Cora, composedly.

"Sha'n't or won't?" he inquired. "They are both bad words for little girls—or young ladies—to use to their elders."

"Both," said Miss Cora Brooke, with a slightly pleased flush. "Let us go over to the tents and see what poor Emily Fox-Seton is doing."

"Poor Emily Fox-Seton," said the marquis, non-committally.

They went, but they did not stay long. The treat was taking form. Emily Fox-Seton was hot and deeply engaged. People were coming to her for orders. She had a hundred things to do and to superintend the doing of. The prizes for the races and the presents for the children must be arranged in order: things for boys and things for girls, presents for little children and presents for big ones. Nobody must be missed, and no one must be given the wrong thing.

"It would be dreadful, you know," Emily said to the two when they came into her tent and began to ask questions, "if a big boy should get a small wooden horse, or a little baby should be given a cricket bat and ball. Then it would be so disappointing if a tiny girl got a work-box and a big one got a doll. One has to get things in order.

They look forward to this so, and it's heart-breaking to a child to be disappointed, is n't it?"

Walderhurst gazed uninspiringly.

"Who did this for Lady Maria when you were not here?" he inquired.

"Oh, other people. But she says it was tiresome." Then with an illumined smile: "She has asked me to Mallowe for the next twenty years for the treats. She is so kind."

"Maria is a kind woman"—with what seemed to Emily delightful amiability. "She is kind to her treats and she is kind to Maria—"

"She is kind to me," said Emily. "You don't know how I am enjoying this."

"That woman enjoys everything," Lord Walderhurst said when he walked away with Cora. "What a temperament to have! I would give ten thousand a year for it."

"She has so little," said Cora, "that everything seems beautiful to her. One does n't wonder, either. She's very nice. Mother and I quite admire her. We are thinking of inviting her to New York and giving her a real good time."

"She would enjoy New York."

"Have you ever been there, Lord Walderhurst?"

"No."

"You ought to come, really. So many Englishmen come now, and they all seem to like it."

"Perhaps I shall come," said Walderhurst. "I have been thinking of it. One is tired of the Continent and one knows India. One does n't know Fifth Avenue, and Central Park, and the Rocky Mountains."

"One might try them," suggested pretty Miss Cora.

This certainly was her day. Lord Walderhurst took her and her mother out in his own particular high phaëton before lunch. He was fond of driving, and his own phaëton and horses had come to Mallowe with him. He took only his favorites out, and though he bore himself on this occasion with a calm air, the event caused a little smiling flurry on the lawn. At least, when the phaëton spun down the avenue with Miss Brooke and her mother looking a little flushed and thrilled in their high seats of honor, several people exchanged glances and raised eyebrows.

Lady Agatha went to her room and wrote a long letter to Curzon street. Mrs. Ralph talked about the problem-play to young Heriot and a group of others.

The afternoon, brilliant and blazing,

brought new visitors to assist by their presence at the treat. Lady Maria always had a large house-party, and added guests from the neighborhood to make for gaiety.

At two o'clock a procession of village children and their friends and parents, headed by the village band, marched up the avenue and passed before the house on their way to their special part of the park. Lady Maria and her guests stood upon the broad steps and welcomed the jocund crowd, as it moved by, with hospitable bows and nods and becks and wreathed smiles. Everybody was in a delighted good humor.

As the villagers gathered in the park, the house-party joined them by way of the gardens. A conjurer from London gave an entertainment under a huge tree, and children found white rabbits taken from their pockets and oranges from their caps, with squeals of joy and shouts of laughter. Lady Maria's guests walked about and looked on, laughing with the children.

The great affair of tea followed the performance. No treat is fairly under way until the children are filled to the brim with tea and buns and cake, principally cake in plummy wedges. Lady Agatha and Mrs. Ralph handed cake along rows of children seated on the grass. Miss Brooke was talking to Lord Walderhurst when the work began. She had poppies in her hat and carried a poppy-colored parasol, and sat under a tree, looking very alluring.

"I ought to go and help to hand cake," she said.

"My cousin Maria ought to do it," remarked Lord Walderhurst, "but she will not—neither shall I. Tell me something more about the elevated railroad and Five-hundred-and-fifty-thousandth street."

He had a slightly rude, gracefully languid air, which Cora Brooke found somewhat impressive, after all.

Emily handed cake and regulated supplies with cheerful tact and good spirits. When the older people were given their tea, she moved about their tables attending to every one. She was too heart-whole in her interest in her hospitalities to find time to join Lady Maria and her party at the table under the ilex-trees. She ate some bread and butter and drank a cup of tea while she talked to some old women she had made friends with. She was really enjoying herself immensely, though occasionally she was obliged to sit down for a few moments just to rest her tired feet. The children came to her as to an omnipotent and benign being. She knew

where the toys were kept and what prizes were to be given for the races. She represented law and order and bestowal. The other ladies walked about in wonderful dresses, smiling and exalted, the gentlemen aided the sports in an amateurish way and made patrician jokes among themselves, but this one lady seemed to be part of the treat itself. She was not as grandly dressed as the others,—her dress was only blue linen with white bands on it,—and she had only a sailor hat with a buckle and bow, but she was of her Ladyship's world of London people, nevertheless, and they liked her more than they had ever liked a lady before. It was a fine treat, and she seemed to have made it so. There had never been quite such a varied and jovial treat at Mallowe before.

The afternoon waxed and waned. The children played games and raced and rejoiced until their young limbs began to fail them. The older people sauntered about or sat in groups to talk and listen to the village band. Lady Maria's visitors, having had enough of rural festivities, went back to the gardens in excellent spirits, to talk and to watch a game of tennis which had taken form on the court.

Emily's pleasure had not abated, but her color had done so. Her limbs ached and her still-smiling face was pale, as she stood under the beech-tree regarding the final ceremonies of the festal day, to preside over which Lady Maria and her party returned from their seats under the ilex-trees.

The national anthem was sung loudly, and there were three tremendous cheers given for her Ladyship. They were such joyous and hearty cheers that Emily was stirred almost to emotional tears. At all events, her big hazel eyes looked moistly bright. She was an easily moved creature.

Lord Walderhurst stood near Lady Maria and looked pleased also. Emily saw him speak to her Ladyship and saw Lady Maria smile. Then he stepped forward, with his non-committal air and with his monocle glaring calmly in his eye.

"Boys and girls," he said in a clear, far-reaching voice, "I want you to give three of the biggest cheers you are capable of for the lady who has worked to make your treat the success it has been. Her Ladyship tells me she has never had such a treat before. Three cheers for Miss Fox-Seton!"

Emily gave a gasp and felt a lump rise in her throat. She felt as if she had been without warning suddenly changed into a royal personage, and she scarcely knew what to do.

The whole treat, juvenile and adult, male and female, burst into three cheers which were roars and bellows. Hats and caps were waved and tossed into the air, and every creature turned toward Emily as she blushed and bowed in tremulous gratitude and delight.

"Oh, Lady Maria! oh, Lord Walderhurst!" she said, when she managed to get to them, "how *kind* you are to me!"

(To be concluded.)



## MY HEART HATH A SONG.

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY.

MY heart hath a song, and the night wind hath voiced it;  
It beats at your casement and bears my refrain.  
My heart hath a song that hath lulled and rejoiced it,  
Hath roused it to rapture and pierced it with pain.

My heart hath a song that was born at your glancing,  
That leapt into life at the touch of your hand,  
That sets the mad blood in my glad veins a-dancing,  
That is meek with surrender, yet fierce with demand.

My heart hath a song; 't is, "I love you! I love you!"  
'T is borne on the night wind that beats at your pane.  
Ah! dear love, throw open the casement above you  
And shelter my song from the wind and the rain!

## IMPOSTORS AMONG ANIMALS.

BY WILLIAM MORTON WHEELER,  
Professor of Zoölogy in the University of Texas.

THE Shaksperian conception of the human world as a stage may be expanded to include the animal world as well. Like ourselves, animals enter on the struggle for existence with a modicum of equipment in figure, complexion, voice, and demeanor, and with the assignment of a definite rôle to play in the melodrama of life. Hence we are not surprised to find that many of our four-, six- and eight-footed competitors have, figuratively speaking, attained to some proficiency in the art of imposition while endeavoring to gain a foothold in the world, i.e., the opportunity of feeding, mating, and leaving offspring to repeat the same performance continuously.

It must have been some such reflection as this which led Henry Drummond to remark that "Carlyle in his blackest visions of 'shams and humbugs' among humankind never saw anything so finished in hypocrisy as the naturalist now finds in every tropical forest. There are to be seen creatures, not singly, but in tens of thousands, whose every appearance, down to the

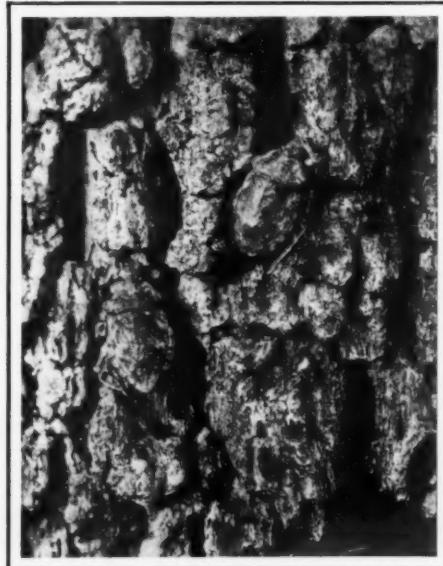
minutest spot and wrinkle, is an affront to truth, whose every attitude is a *pose* for a purpose, and whose whole life is a sustained lie. Before these masterpieces of deception the most ingenious of human impositions are vulgar and transparent. Fraud is not only the great rule of life in a tropical forest, but the one condition of it."

Drummond's statements are perhaps a little misleading without some qualification,

for animals are not impostors in the ordinary sense of the term, since they are, of course, perfectly unaware of appearing under a deceptive disguise. Moreover, what is true of animal life in the tropics is also, in great measure, true of animal life in other regions of the globe.

In the development of deceptive disguises—disguises which affect the form, attitude, and color, but largely the color, of animals—nature appears to have proceeded along two different paths, one of which is direct and relatively easy, the other circuitous and much more difficult. The easy path, which may be considered first, is that of protective resemblance pure and simple, i.e., an approach in the animal's form, color, and attitude to some object in the surroundings. Such an approximation can hardly fail to be of the greatest advantage, since the animal thereby merges so completely with its environment as to pass unobserved by its enemies or by its prey. This alternative has led in two directions, to a defensive and an aggressive form of resemblance.

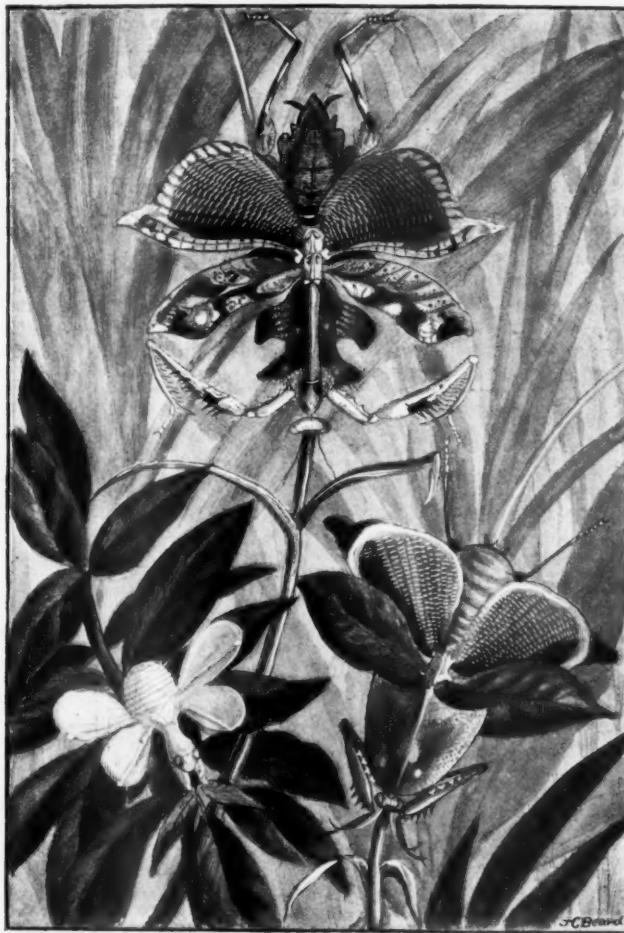
Every sportsman has been deceived by the close resemblances of birds and other animals to the soil and vegetation. It would be easy, moreover, to show that many reptiles, frogs, and fishes, and very many of the lower animals, exhibit similar adaptations. It is also well known that some of these creatures, like the chameleons, many tree-frogs, cuttelfishes, and shrimps, can actually change their colors to make them harmonize with the ex-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WRITER.  
AN INSECT WHICH LOOKS LIKE THE BARK OF A TREE.  
(*Brachymena myops*.)

act tints of the vegetation or soil on which they are living. But no animal can compare with the insects and spiders in the detailed perfection of their protective disguises or in

exposed on the vegetation. There is really no portion of the plant excepting its roots and fruit which is not copied by some insect, often with the most astonishing faithfulness.



DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

INSECTS THAT MIMIC ORCHIDS.

Upper figure: *Deroplatys sarawaca*, female. Lower left-hand figure: *Hymenopus bicornis*. Lower right-hand figure: *Deroplatys truncata*.

the frequency of adopting this method of eluding enemies or of stealthily approaching prey. This is true notwithstanding the fact that active color-changes like those of the chameleon are scarcely known to occur among insects.

Many of the most striking examples of protective resemblance among insects are the result of the very intimate association of these animals with the flora of our planet. Especially is this true of insects which live

to details. Hosts of moths copy the rough lichen-mottled bark of trees; the walking-sticks and looping-caterpillars copy the twigs; the green leaves are imitated by the katydids and the marvelous leaf-insects (*Phyllium*) of the East Indies, while the dead leaves are portrayed by many moths and butterflies, a form of resemblance culminating in the famous Kallima butterflies of southern Asia. Striking resemblances to thorns and knots are to be found among spiders and leaf-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WRITER.

BIRD-DROPPING SPIDER.  
(*Ornithoscatoides decipiens*.)

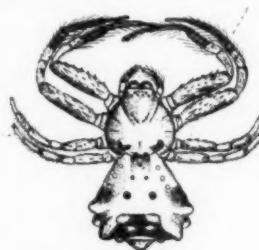
hoppers (*Membracidae*), while even the flowers may be copied, as in the case of the pink orchid-like mantis (*Hymenopus*) of India and several other species. The roots of plants are not copied because they are not exposed to view, and an attempt to resemble the exposed seed or fruit would be only an invitation to birds to destroy any species that might be so bold as to vary in this direction.

The most remarkable instances of protective resemblance comprise the insects and spiders that imitate the excreta of other animals. Quite a number of these forms have taken on the appearance of the white droppings of birds. A classical case of this kind is the Javanese spider (*Ornithoscatoides decipiens*) observed by Mr. A. O. Forbes. Mr. Forbes came upon this insect while pursuing a butterfly through the jungle. He was stopped by a bush, on a leaf of which he saw a skipper butterfly resting on a bird-dropping. He remarks:

I had often observed small Blues at rest on similar spots on the ground, and have wondered what such a refined and beautiful family as the

*Lycenidae* could find to enjoy in food apparently so incongruous for a butterfly. I approached with gentle steps, but ready net, to see, if possible, how the present species was engaged. It permitted me to get quite close and even to seize it between my fingers; to my surprise, however, part of the body remained behind, adhering, as I thought, to the excreta. I looked closely, and finally touched it with my finger to find if it were glutinous. To my delighted astonishment, I found that my eyes had been most perfectly deceived and that what seemed to be the excreta was a most artfully colored spider lying on its back, with its feet crossed over and closely appressed to the body.

. . . The spider is in general color white, spotted here and there with black; on the under side its rather irregularly shaped and prominent abdomen is almost all white, of a pure chalk-white; the angles of the legs are, however, shining jet-black. The spider does not make an ordinary web, but only the thinnest film on the surface of the leaf. The appearance of the excreta rather recently left by a bird on a leaf is well known. There is a pure white deposit in the center, thinning out round the margin, while in the central mass are dark portions variously disposed; as the leaf is rarely horizontal, the more liquid portions run for some distance. Now, this spider one might almost ima-



FROM A PRINT FURNISHED BY THE WRITER.

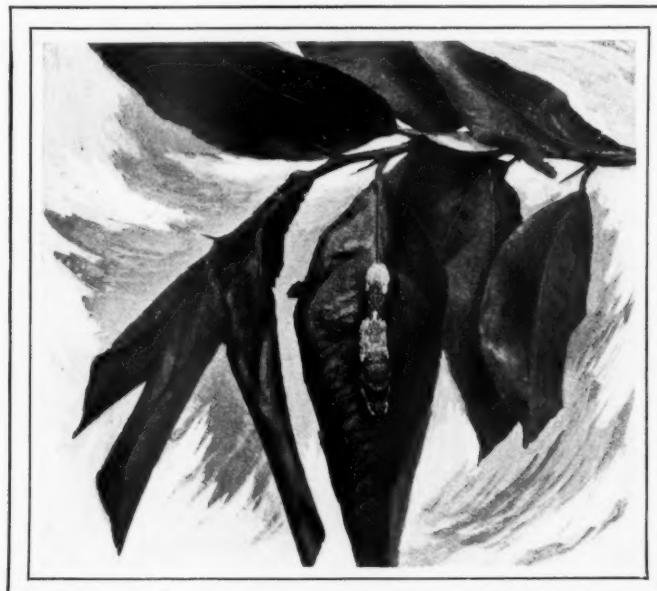
BIRD-DROPPING SPIDER REMOVED  
FROM ITS WEB.  
(*Ornithoscatoides decipiens*.)

gine to have in its rambles "marked and inwardly discerned" what it had observed, and had set about practising the wrinkles gained; for it first weaves a small irregular patch of white web on some prominent leaf, then a narrow streak laid down toward its margin, ending in a small knob; it then takes its place on the center of the irregular spot on its back, crosses its black-angled legs over its thorax, and waits.

It is obvious that the Javanese spider plays the rôle of a wolf in sheep's clothing. We next come to a case of a timid, harmless insect which dons a similar garb merely to shield itself from its natural enemies, which are, in all probability, the very animals the excreta of which it resembles. This case was observed by Henry Drummond:

I shall refer to another . . . form, which for cool Pharisaism takes the palm from every creeping or flying thing. I first saw this *menteur à triple étage* on the Tanganyika plateau. I had lain for a whole week without stirring from one spot—a boulder in the dried-up bed of a stream. . . . A canopy of leaves arched overhead, the home of many birds, and the granite boulders of the dry stream-bed, and all along the banks, were marked with their white droppings. One day I was startled to see one of these droppings move. It was a mere white splash upon the stone, and when I approached I saw I must be mistaken; the thing was impossible; and now it was perfectly motionless. But I certainly saw it move, so I bent down

and touched it. It was an animal. Of course it was as dead as a stone the moment I touched it, but one soon knows these impostures, and I gave it a minute or two to become alive—hastily sketching it meantime in case it should vanish through the stone, for in that land of wonders one really never knows what will happen next. Here was a bird-dropping suddenly become alive and moving over a rock; and now it was a bird-dropping again; and yet, like Galileo, I protest that it moved. It would not come to, and I almost feared I might be mistaken after all, so I turned it over on its side. Now should any skeptic persist that this was a bird-dropping, I leave him to account for a bird-dropping with six legs, a head, and a segmented body. Righting the creature, which showed no sign of life through all this ordeal, I withdrew a few paces and watched developments. It lay motionless on the stone, no legs, no head, no feelers, nothing to be seen but a flat patch of white—just such a patch as you could make on the stone in a second with a piece of chalk. Presently it stirred, and the spot slowly sidled across the boulder until I caught the impostor and imprisoned him for my cabinet. I saw in all about a dozen of these insects after this. They are about half the size of a fourpenny piece, slightly more oval than round, and as white as a snowflake. This whiteness is due to a number of little tufts of delicate down growing out from minute protuberances all over the back. It is a fringe of similar tufts round the side that gives the irregular margin so suggestive of a splash; and the under surface of the body has no protec-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WRITER.  
"ORANGE-DOG" CATERPILLAR ON ORANGE-LEAVES.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WRITER.  
"ORANGE-DOG" CATERPILLAR ON PRICKLY-ASH.

tion at all. The limbs are mere threads, and the motion of the insect is slow and monotonous, with frequent pauses to impress surrounding nature with its moribund condition. Now unless this insect with its color and habit were protectively colored, it simply would not have a chance to exist. It lies fearlessly exposed on the bare stones during the brightest hours of the tropical day, a time when almost every other animal is skulking out of sight. Lying upon all the stones round about are the genuine droppings of birds; and when one sees the two together it is difficult to say whether one is most struck with the originality of the idea, or the extraordinary audacity with which the rôle is carried out.

But one need not go all the way to Java or to South Africa in search of insects like those just described. One of our moths, the "beautiful wood-nymph" (*Euthisanotia grata*), a day-flying form that may sometimes be seen resting with closed wings on the leaves of wayside bushes, is, when in this condition, a perfect copy of a bird-dropping. The caterpillar of our Southern "orange-dog" butterfly (*Papilio Cresphontes*) has a triple repertoire of protection: when resting on the leaves it closely resembles a bird-dropping both in form and coloration, when on the mottled bark it is almost invisible, and at all times when irritated it is able to extrude from its neck a forked orange-red gland which diffuses a rank and offensive odor through the air.

Apparently in direct contrast to the cases

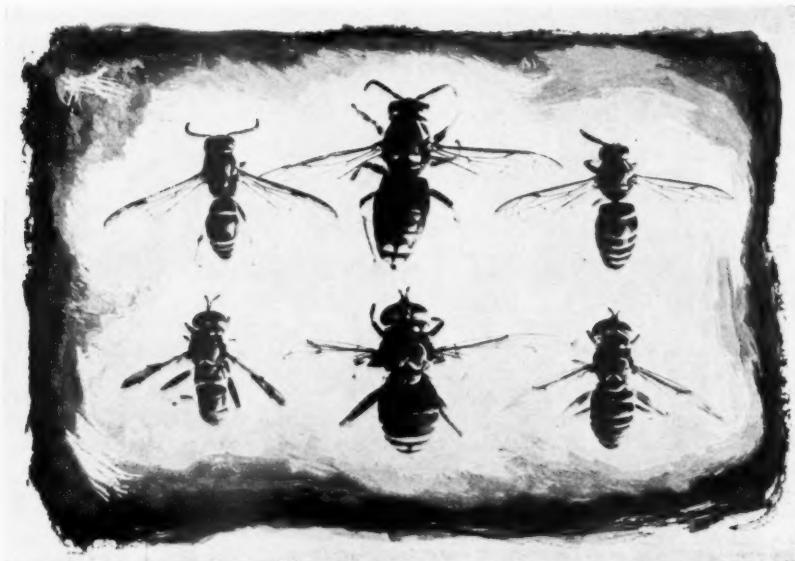
of protective resemblance like those just considered stands another group of cases which are not themselves deceptions, but nevertheless may serve as the starting-point for the development of a remarkable series of animal impostures. Protectively colored animals have, as a rule, somber tints and a tendency toward quiescence and the "feigning of death" when disturbed. But the very antithesis of this condition is found in a host of animals which have brilliant and garish colors and a tendency to behave in a careless or even provoking manner. This behavior, also, must be regarded as purely instinctive and without consciousness of the results achieved.

Naturalists were puzzled to account for this conspicuous coloring and behavior till the theory of warning characters was suggested by Mr. H. W. Bates in 1861. It was observed that bold and gaudy animals often exhibit properties that make them very distasteful to their enemies. They are either furnished with painful stings, with poisonous fangs, with sharp spines, or with pungent and nauseating secretions. Loud colors and fearless behavior serve as indices of these properties and insure to the animal possessing them a certain immunity from attack. Such immunity is far from being absolute, but it is nevertheless sufficient to secure the perpetuation or even the predominance of a species.

The warning pattern is typically an alternation of bands of a light and a dark color in violent contrast. The usual colors are black and white, black and yellow, black and orange—more rarely black and crimson. As types of animals possessing such patterns we may cite the wasps and hornets with their black-and-yellow livery, the poisonous king-snakes with their alternating rings of black, yellow, and crimson, and the skunk with its white and black stripes. In their development along this line the insects again surpass all other animals. The insects are, moreover, almost the only animals which, starting from this basis of warning color, have developed still another category of imitations, namely, those of mimetic resemblance. Mimetic animals are those which have come to resemble animals that possess warning colors without themselves exhibiting disagreeable traits. The mimics occupy the same geographical area as their models and associate with them, deriving a certain immunity from destruction on account of the disreputable company with which they must be confounded by their enemies. Up to the present time the butterflies, mainly of the tropics, have furnished most of the materials for the study of mimicry. Certain butterflies with disagreeable secretions, with

warning colors and slow flight, are copied extensively by harmless species often belonging to very different natural families. The most extraordinary instance of this kind is an African butterfly (*Papilio Merope*) which ranges from Abyssinia and Madagascar southward to the Cape of Good Hope and westward across the continent. Over this wide area it conforms in coloration and even in the shape of its wings to at least three different conspicuously colored butterflies belonging to groups characterized by the possession of disagreeable properties.

There are, however, other groups of insects among which mimicry may be nearly or quite as perfectly developed as among butterflies. Such cases may be discovered by any one who watches attentively the insects that visit the goldenrods, thoroughworts, and asters that bloom during the late summer and early autumn along the country roadsides in our Northern States. The observer will be surprised at the great number of different wasps and bees that have donned the black-and-yellow warning dress, but if he looks very carefully he will be still more surprised to see now and then some harmless two-winged fly in the same black-and-yellow uniform, piping, humming, and gamboling over the blossoms like its stinging models.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WRITER.

WASPS AND THEIR IMITATORS.

Upper row, wasps that are imitated: *Odynerus capra*, *Vespa maculata*, *Vespa vidua*.  
 Lower row, flower-flies that mimic the wasps: *Spilogomyia quadrisignata*, *Spilogomyia maculata*,  
*Spilogomyia longicornis*.



DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.  
A REPULSIVE BUT HARMLESS AUSTRALIAN LIZARD.  
(*Moloch horridus*.)

Among these flies few are more perfect likenesses of the wasps than the rather rare species of *Spilomyia*. Three of the species (*Spilomyia fusca*, *quadrifasciata*, and *longicornis*) mimic respectively three common wasps, namely, the bald-faced hornet (*Vespa maculata*), a solitary wasp (*Odynerus capra* and its allies), and the yellow-jacket (*Vespa vidua* and its allies). The close resemblance between these mimics and their models has been produced, first, by a further perfecting of the black-and-yellow markings so frequently seen in the flower-fly family, to which *Spilomyia* belongs; secondly, by a darkening of the front borders of the single pair of wings of the *Spilomyia* so that they resemble the folded two pairs of wings of the resting wasp; and, third, by the development of a peculiar instinct which impels the fly to keep twitching its wings alternately when it settles on a flower. This last peculiarity is a rather awkward but nevertheless very effective imitation of the busy movements of the wasps. A further resemblance is brought out when the *Spilomyia* is seized with the fingers, for it at once emits a sharp wasp-like hum and curves the tip of its defenseless abdomen as if to sting.

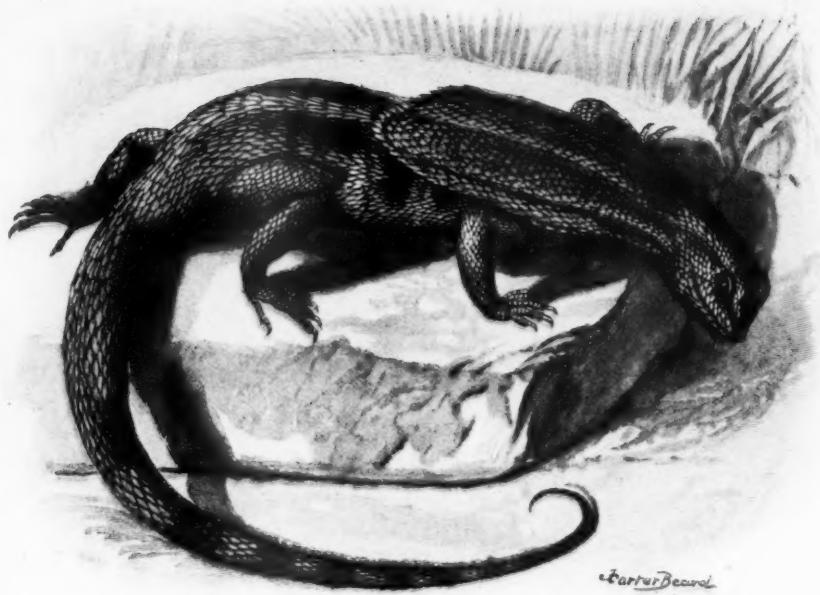
There can be little doubt that the acquisition of mimetic resemblance is circuitous and fraught with difficulty. The animal has to become like another animal, like an active, living model capable of performing complicated movements. It must copy the

color-pattern, manner of flight, attitude—in a word, all the manifold peculiarities which go to make up the habitus of its prototype. The mimic must, moreover, be capable of living in the same environment and of occupying the same station as its model. All this would seem to be far more difficult than acquiring a resemblance to the surrounding soil or vegetation, with their irregular outlines and deceptive lights and shadows.

It is interesting to note that mimetic animals are usually very rare as compared with their models. This has been explained as a necessity, since any considerable increase in the number of the individuals of a mimetic species would probably soon lead to the detection of the fraud and the destruction of the species by its natural enemies.

It should also be noted that all mimetic resemblances are purely superficial and visible, and never extend to the internal structure of the mimic. Although even an entomologist may be deceived into mistaking the *Spilomyia* for a wasp, a moment's examination of its wing-nervures or its mouth-parts or its feelers will convince him that it is a true flower-fly.

Striking specific cases of mimicry, like that of *Spilomyia*, probably arise from the more generalized color and form resemblances of harmless animals to whole groups of animals with true warning colors. Thus *Spilomyia* and some other strongly mimetic

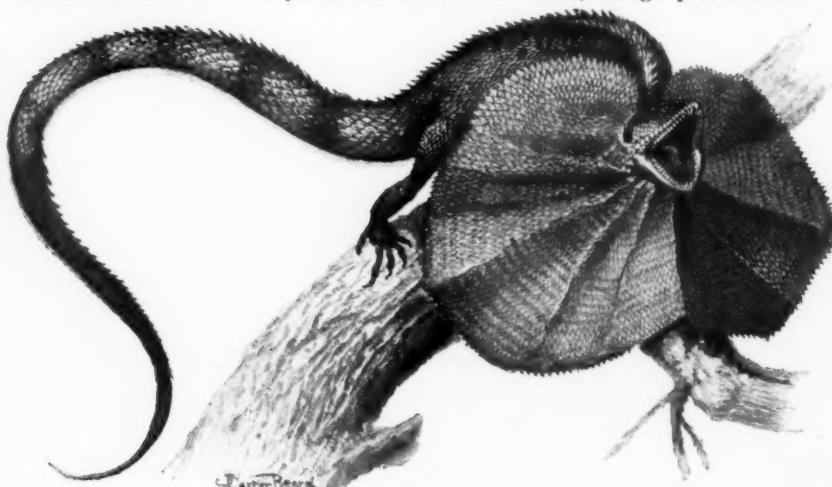


DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.  
AUSTRALIAN LIZARD WITH NECK-FRILL LYING BACK.  
(*Chlamydosaurus Kingi*.)

flower-flies are, as it were, only the crests of waves that rise from a host of vague and imperfect wasp-like color-approximations throughout nearly the whole family of the flower-flies.

It would seem that the resources of nature must be exhausted with the production of

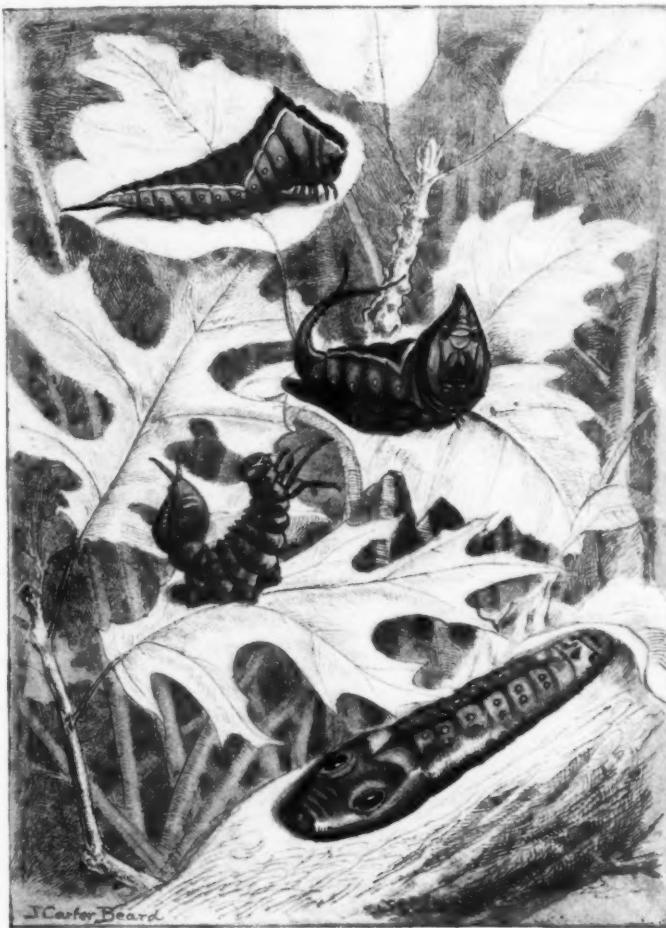
these various protective, warning, and mimetic devices. But this is not the case. There are at least two other kinds of animal imposture which cannot be included in the above-considered categories without giving rise to confusion. First, there are several animals which, though provided with dis-



DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.  
AUSTRALIAN LIZARD WITH NECK-FRILL ERECTED.  
(*Chlamydosaurus Kingi*.)

agreeable properties, nevertheless mimic other similarly protected and conspicuously colored forms. This kind of resemblance, which has been called Müllerian to distin-

should facilitate the education of insect-eating birds and reptiles and distribute the amount of destruction necessary to the formation in the young birds of the association



DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

SCARE-ORGANS AMONG INSECTS.

Two upper figures: larva of the puss moth (*Dicranura viluta*), and the same when disturbed. Third figure from the top: larva of the lobster-moth (*Stauropus fagi*). Lowest figure: larva of the green-clouded swallowtail butterfly (*Euphaeades troilus*).

guish it from the typical or Batesian variety of mimicry above considered, has been observed in tropical butterflies almost exclusively, although it is probable that the colors of many wasps may belong to the same category. Fritz Müller has tried to trace the development of these resemblances to the advantages that would result from the adoption of a very similar warning pattern by several species in the same locality. This

of bad taste with warning colors over a greater number of species, thus reducing the death-rate for any given species.

The last remaining group of animal impostures may be said to include all those cases of really inoffensive animals which nevertheless assume colors or attitudes that surprise or terrify. The colors may be of the warning pattern, but they cannot be regarded as mimetic unless they are supposed to resemble

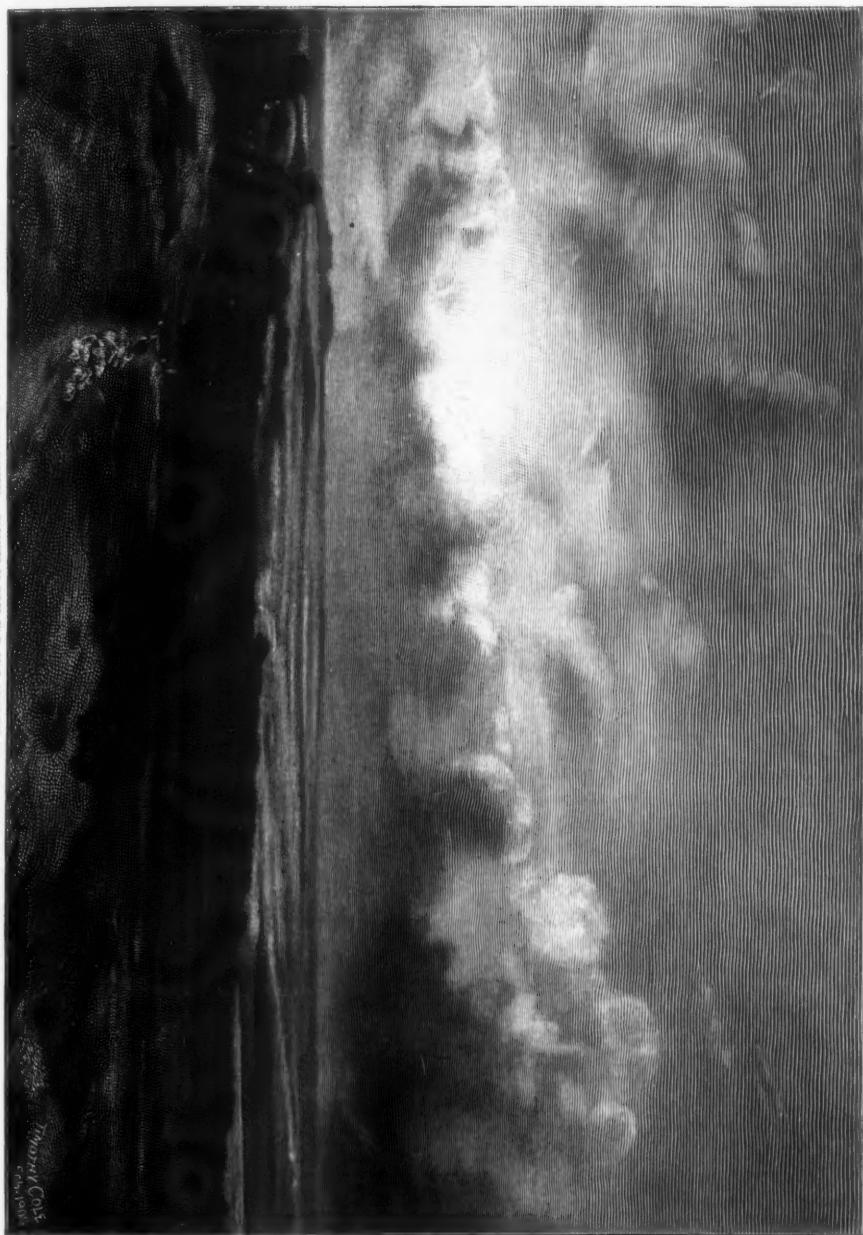
the colors of some extinct model of which we have no knowledge, nor are they to be confounded with true warning colors *sensu stricto*, since they are not accompanied by unpleasant qualities. The same is true of the attitudes of many of these and similar animals. The puffing of chameleons, the erection of hairs and feathers in angry mammals and birds, and the spreading of special frills in some lizards are mere pretenses in animals incapable of inflicting serious injury. A striking instance of this method of intimidating enemies is exhibited by an Australian lizard (*Chlamydosaurus Kingi*). When not provoked this animal seems to be meek and inoffensive, although it sometimes grows to a length of more than three feet. It is of a light-brownish color with darker markings. The male has a huge crenated throat-frill, beautifully decorated with various tints of yellow, scarlet, and steely blue. When brought to bay, however, *Chlamydosaurus* at once transforms itself into the most fiend-like of reptiles. Rising on its hind legs, it opens its mouth and displays the serrated rows of small white teeth, which, however, have never been known really to bite any one. At the same time it expands its extraordinary frill, which, when at rest, lies folded in four plaits on each side of its body. If the sudden opening of this umbrella fails to drive away the intruder, the reptile dashes at its enemy and lashes about so vigorously with its long scaly tail that dogs which are not afraid to attack even larger lizards are only too glad to beat a hasty retreat.

But even small animals like insects resort to similar impostures. Peculiar forms, attitudes, and colors, like those of the caterpillars in the accompanying illustration, are probably efficient means of protecting many harmless and exposed species. One of the best instances of this kind is the caterpillar of the persimmon moth (*Citheronia regalis*). This is the largest of our caterpillars, attaining a length of from four to six inches when full-grown. Its body is green, but it bears on the segments just back of the head a number of long and thorny orange-red tubercles, which it erects and brandishes from side to side when disturbed. Though perfectly harmless, this menacing attitude has convinced the Southern negro that the animal is more poisonous than the rattlesnake, and has earned for it the sobriquet of the "hickory-horned devil."

As examples of warning color unaccompanied by unpleasant properties, but still not

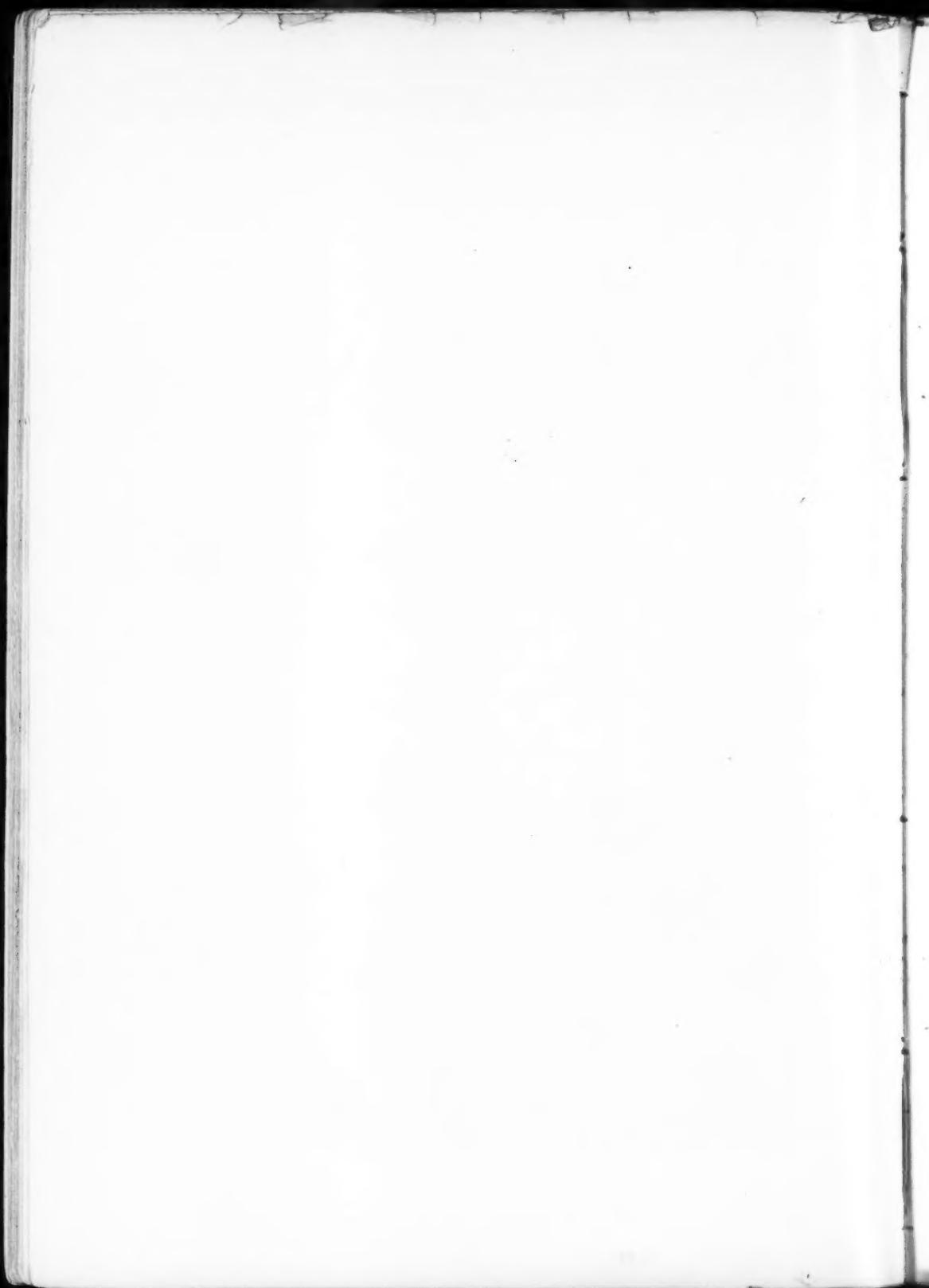
of the mimetic type, two of our North American moths may be cited. The writer while riding through the deserts of Wyoming some years ago was impressed with the day-flying moths (*Pseudohazis*) flitting leisurely along near the ground or resting fully exposed on the glaucous spikes of the sage-brush. Besides a few desert birds these moths seemed to be the only living objects in the landscape. They had black-and-white wings and black-and-orange bodies. So striking was this case of apparent warning color that the writer after much hesitation decided to ascertain by means of the only available experiment whether the insect really possessed the "nauseous properties" so generally assumed in such cases by writers on the subject of animal coloration. He dismounted from his horse and proceeded to masticate the body of one of the moths. To his astonishment, the little flavor that it contained was mild and pleasant—one might almost say, nut-like. It may be argued that the birds and lizards of the desert have a more discriminating taste than the writer, but this is rendered doubtful by a second experiment. Another day-flying moth (*Alypia octomaculata*), common in our Eastern States, has deep-black wings, each adorned with a pair of large yellow spots, and there is a dash of orange on its legs. It certainly cannot be a mimetic species, as there is no other day-flying moth which could serve as its model. Several of these alypias were given to some lizards that had previously been well fed on house-flies and could not therefore be very hungry. The moths were seized at once and devoured with evident signs of relish. Obviously the lizard and the writer had similar tastes.

One or two swallows do not make a summer, and a couple of experiments do not upset the theory of warning colors,—for the mastication of a yellow-jacket would probably convince any doubter to the contrary,—but they do indicate that naturalists should be more careful in imputing "nauseous or disagreeable properties" to some conspicuously colored animals. It might be suggested that if every field-entomologist could only bring himself to repeat the writer's experiment on *one* of many cases of "flaunted nauseousness," and place his taste-impressions on record, we should in the course of time have a really valuable body of evidence, for we can hardly assume that beasts, birds, and reptiles can find things "nauseous" which are quite tasteless or even pleasant to the human palate.



TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.  
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE BATH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. PAINTED BY JOHN CONSTABLE.



## A LION AMONG LADIES.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,  
Author of "The Confounding of Camelia."

WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

**H**E was not a very big lion if one judged him by another standard than that of a facile popularity; but although his name was known to everybody, and his books were read by everybody all over the world, his was no garish and rather humiliating publicity; for even by the very fastidious of his own craft—and he could count himself among the greatly fastidious, though not among the fastidiously great—even by these he was thought to be, in his own little way, a very worthy little lion indeed. Cyril Grennell's books were slight, but graceful; they blended happily a humorous cynicism and a buoyant touch of romantic idealism: the cynicism was never petty, the romanticism was vital and personal; they owed their charm—like a not quite first-rate Romney, as it were—to a glance, a poise.

Then he had written a really delightful volume of verses, more mannered, more artificial than the novels, lacking entirely the clear calm of a great simplicity, but sweet, subtle, eminently quotable, and preëminently quoted.

Perhaps in a hundred years Cyril Grennell would not be remembered, but he was sure of being famous for twenty. Where he failed as an artist he succeeded as a man: he was clever, generous, and kind; he gave an impression of latent bigness—latent because in his very highly civilized environment nothing ever happened to call out large measures. He was very good-looking and rather quiet, but his quiet seemed to sympathize with and not to repress volubility; he usually elicited volubility. People talked a great deal to him, flattered him a great deal, and he liked this, for he was tolerant, not easily bored,—indeed, the people who talked to him were rarely stupid; if they were, there was a certain amusement in that, too,—and he liked flattery, for he was rather vain; but since he was humorous as well, he quite recognized his own vanity and always knew when he was being flattered. It was agreeable to be

overvalued when one was in no danger of losing one's own discrimination; Cyril Grennell's was acute and unfailing.

He was a bachelor; he lived in a delightful little house in Westminster, and he had made by his books a large fortune—disproportionate, perhaps, to the value of his work, but not altogether ironic in magnitude.

As for the ladies, there were hundreds of them, for his books especially appealed to women, and among the many with whom he dined and teaed, at whose country houses he stayed, and who talked a great deal to him, were three who talked to him most often and most intimately, whose dinners he went to and whose houses he visited most frequently, and who thought of him as their lion preëminently. It was not, really, that he was more eager about them: he was not very eager about anybody, made no efforts, keeping efforts for his books; but these three ladies were especially and successfully eager about him. They were Mrs. Allison, Lady Darcy, and Miss Taunton.

Miss Taunton, to begin with the last-named lady, was eager for all lions in an impersonal way. Her father, with whom she lived, was a clever M.P., her house and her parties were large and significant, and as Miss Taunton herself was a rich and handsome young woman, taking herself and her celebrities with surpassing seriousness, these personages were not at all unwilling to gratify her taste for their companionship.

Mrs. Allison, on the other hand, was not at all, apparently, an eager person. She was very fashionable, extraordinarily pretty, and vaguely, dimly indifferent to all things, people, and lions in general: but of this lion in particular she was very fond; indeed, she often wondered whether she were in love with him, for she was of a sentimental, artificially melancholy disposition, much given to analyzing her emotions and to getting as many of them as possible into her life.

But Grennell always thought of Lady Darcy as his particular friend, taking the word in a light, easy, inexacting sense. Lady

Darcy was always graceful, always charming, always sympathetic. Sympathy, indeed, was Lady Darcy's strong point; she sympathized with every one distinguished enough to be sympathetic. She was the modern lion-hunter in the modern, more subtle sense of the obsolete term. Where Miss Taunton was crude and obvious, Lady Darcy was exquisite. She was unobtrusively alluring. She never let you feel that she wanted you, but she never failed to make you feel that you wanted her. She fitted in; she suggested; she understood. She adapted herself to everybody, but then how delicately careful was she to be consistent with each individual! Among all the really confusing array of genius that surrounded her, she never confused, never forgot with whom she must be grave, with whom gay; and if Cyril Grennell found her tender, sweetly humorous, gently idealistic, he never saw her brilliantly, bitterly pessimistic with Mr. Groby, —a hedonistic philosopher who could find in life no pleasures to attach to his theories,—nor showing an irradiated interest in High-church principles as expounded by young Lord Robert Haigh. Lady Darcy was helped in her effectiveness by softly intent eyes, that either brooded or sparkled upon you, delicate, irregular features,—her crooked smile was delicious,—and one of the prettiest drawing-rooms in London as a background for the pastel tints of her coloring.

These three ladies were near, dear, and acid friends. Their relations consisted chiefly in a smiling contest. This contest had many phases, but of late it had centered determinedly about Cyril Grennell. It was not that any one of them was in love with the man, though, as has been said, Mrs. Allison sighed slightly in that direction; but Miss Taunton was determined on the largest claim in the lion, Mrs. Allison in the man, and Lady Darcy in both man and lion. A soft, balmy determination was Lady Darcy's, and her larger aim was, on the whole, the most successful. Mrs. Allison was so enchantingly pretty that it was difficult for a man, indolent and, though fundamentally indifferent, superficially susceptible, not to flirt slightly but constantly with her. Grennell liked to hear her talk, not listening much to the words, and liked to read his poetry aloud to her. He frankly loved reading his own poetry aloud,—he read it well,—and seeing her eyes, like two deep-blue flowers, bloom into lovelier, sillier sweetness.

And Miss Taunton was so practical in her determination that his indifference was often

captured; then, too, one met everybody one wanted to meet there. But it was to Lady Darcy that he read his manuscripts, Lady Darcy whose suggestions he sometimes followed, Lady Darcy he most enjoyed talking to, and in whose serene and fragrant drawing-room he preferred to loiter; and there was therefore something peculiarly ironic in the fact that Cyril Grennell should finally fall in love, not with Lady Darcy, but in her drawing-room. Lady Darcy was an American and a widow. She had married, a good many years ago (the advent of Barbara Blount made her realize disagreeably how many, for Barbara's mother had been her schoolmate), Sir Alured Darcy, a young Englishman, not so important as she had imagined when she married him, but serving well enough, during the following years of her life in England, as a solid sort of lantern for sheltering and defining, by contrast, his wife's brilliancy. Sir Alured had died some years before, and since then Lady Darcy's rays had beamed forth lanternless and effulgent. She had not the faintest idea of incurring an eclipse when she asked Barbara to spend the winter with her; Lady Darcy would not have welcomed a competitor. The thought, gracefully arranged, was usually with her that she must now marry again, and far more significantly; she was no longer the indiscriminating little New-Yorker of three-and-twenty years ago. Cyril Grennell hardly entered the lists in a matrimonial capacity; he was very well as dearest and decorative drawing-room friend, as celebrity very, very well, and as such she intended to keep him when Sir Alured's more propitious successor should be chosen. And yet, though she would not choose Cyril Grennell, she did not at all wish somebody else to choose him; above all, she did not wish him to choose somebody else. She could have borne to see him captured—there was a pathos in that—rather than pursuer; but it was as pursuer that she was to see him. It would have been impossible for her so to foresee him, since, as has been said, Lady Darcy felt that Barbara could in no way compete with her. Barbara was young, that was her only advantage—adubious one, as Lady Darcy knew with the full serenity that her experience had given her; and Barbara was hardly charming; she was not at all complex; there was nothing in the least alluring about her. She had come to Europe to golf at St. Andrews; incidentally she had brought a letter to Lady Darcy, and the friends with whom she came were Lady Darcy's friends as well;

so after the golfing purpose had been accomplished she and Lady Darcy met in London. "A nice, clear, clean, freckled girl who cares chiefly for golfing"—so Lady Darcy had summed her up, and, so summing, she had, naturally, child of a dead friend as Barbara was, asked her to pass the winter with her. Barbara was not inaptly so summed; the summing was correct, but incomplete. She cared for golf, for music, and for slum children. She was something more than nice, though she was thoroughly that, and Cyril Grennell thought her, when he first saw her in Lady Darcy's drawing-room on a December afternoon, a great deal more than clear, clean, and freckled.

Barbara had a pale skin, sun-browned and—it certainly was noticeable—thickly freckled. Her eyes, fringed with black lashes, were deeply blue, their look widely, contemplatively direct. From the fine oval of her forehead her black hair was drawn smoothly back and rolled in a heavy knot at the nape of her neck. Her teeth were rather crooked, but very white, and the long line of her lips was beautiful. The lift in the bridge of her nose and the steadiness of her eyes seemed to express the pluck and unflinching determination one felt in her. One saw her riding at an ominous fence, or driving a golf-ball with a well-trained, unerring swing of her shoulders, or marching, gaitered and short-skirted, regardless of torrents of rain, across a Scotch moor; but one did n't see her—at least Lady Darcy did n't—as charming anybody, especially any fastidious celebrity who—again in Lady Darcy's thoughts—cared chiefly for appreciation in a dim, enchanted London drawing-room. To Lady Darcy she was not there at all as a harmony, merely as an almost jarring, funnily abrupt note, and it was without the least prophetic inner warning that she watched Cyril and Barbara shake hands. Barbara was already, after only four days, rather tired of Lady Darcy and of her celebrities. She felt, not at all shamefacedly, very placidly indeed, that they would find her dull, and that she would probably find uninteresting all in them to which she was capable of attaining. It was always, Barbara reflected, a bore to be out of one's milieu, and the present milieu not only bored, but irked her. Lady Darcy seemed only to know people whom everybody knew—who were illuminated, in a sense, by general recognition; and it was not so much the prospect of a continued contact with these luminous personages that irked Barbara as a dislike for her hostess's delicate

but noticeable (for our young lady was clear-sighted) over-emphasis in her treatment of them; her adaptings; her right things, always said so rightly to only the right people that, in Barbara's eyes, they ceased to be right. And seen through this medium of Lady Darcy's too effective charm, the personages all looked, to Barbara, vain, self-conscious, posturing people. They capped one another's epigrams; they smiled exaggeratedly; they were all too aware, as it were, that everything they said might very well serve to be put into a memoir; there was an atmosphere as of playing up to a level, as though the writers of memoirs were among them, listening—the atmosphere, thought Barbara, of a salon that is only a salon with an effort. She was not sure that she would care for or appreciate an effortless, a spontaneous salon, with the dew on it, like a flower: that was her own deficiency; but she certainly did n't care for this dewless, artificial production. So on this afternoon of meeting, Barbara, after shaking hands with Cyril Grennell, leaned back in her chair, a straight-backed chair near a small table, and resting one arm on this table, her knees crossed, she observed him with something of the detached observation one sees in a child's face when it is allowed to come down to tea in the drawing-room among its mother's guests. Here was another person who was to mean nothing to her, another figure in the picture-book Lady Darcy opened before her.

Cyril Grennell was a large man of about thirty-five, already rather stout. He lounged a little as he sat, his elbows on the arms of his chair, his hands lightly clasped—delicate, long-fingered hands. His head was finely shaped, the dark hair clustering too poetically for Barbara's taste,—her fondness for symphonies did not extend to a musician's license in the length of hair,—the line of his profile was delightful, and his brown eyes—the lids almost closed over them when he smiled—were kind and clear and humorous. He looked very impressionable, but, even more than impressionable, he looked calm.

"Mr. Grennell and I always talk shop," Lady Darcy said to Barbara. "I flatter myself that my little drawing-room *is* shop—is n't it, Mr. Grennell?"

They were talking of Grennell's last book; she was talking, rather. "The greatest novel of the past decade," she said, putting cream and sugar in Grennell's tea—the observant Barbara noted these details.

Barbara did not know much about the



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"LADY DARCY STILL TALKED OF THE LAST BOOK . . . WHILE SHE SIPPED HER TEA."

books of the past decade, but she knew that his was not the greatest of them, and she glanced at him quickly to see if his calm showed a hint of irony; but he took the well-sugared, well-creamed tea in silence, making no disclaimer. Mr. Grennell, however, was not thinking about his book and its place; he was thinking that Lady Darcy's nose was decidedly too small and short. It was the defect, to him, of her graceful, intelligent head, and to-day, as she slightly irritated him, he noticed it. He was also thinking about the silent, freckled American girl with the beautiful mouth and black-fringed eyes. He asked her presently how she liked London in winter, and she answered—feeling that he was kindly trying to include her, and perhaps trying, too, she hoped, to evade shop—that she had seen it only in winter; it was her first visit to England; she had only been to the Continent before. "One does n't like any city much in winter," she added. Grennell demurred, with a smile, that at all events London, even in winter, had its resources, and Barbara, smiling too, answered that the nicest thing was not to need resources. Then the talk drifted away from her, and she was left on the beach, as it were, listening to the sound of its waves. Lady Darcy still talked of the last book, leaning back in a Watteau-like gown among cushions while she sipped her tea. She described the impression made upon her by the scene in which the heroine discovered the clay feet of her idol. "How you *know*, how you understand!" she said. "I hardly breathed through it."

Once or twice Grennell looked at Barbara, and she, from looking at Lady Darcy as she listened to her, turned her eyes on him; then he would smile at her, and she would feel that she liked him in spite of the last novel.

"Do you know," said Lady Darcy, laughing gently, "that some books I can only bear to read in certain surroundings? With Dante it must be night, late night, and I must be alone; I only read Keats near a river—I must see the shine and hear the running; Meredith I like with snow falling and fire-light; and when I read you I must have roses near me, white roses. I really have put down a new book of yours, and waited—imagine waiting for one of your books, and infer the force of my feeling!—waited while white roses were looked for and found."

Mr. Grennell's brown eyes, still smiling, had been upon Barbara while Lady Darcy spoke. "I must remember and send you a box of roses with my next book," he said; and then,

to Barbara, "What sort of surroundings do you like when you read?"

"I really don't care much about reading," Barbara confessed cheerfully.

"Barbara does her reading while her partner at golf plays," laughed Lady Darcy.

"Oh, not then, certainly!"

"And when you do read, under what conditions do you like it best?" Grennell persisted.

"Being tired and eating apples; those are ideal conditions for reading, I think."

"Imagine eating apples over 'A Quest and a Query'!" cried Lady Darcy. "Now, Barbara, that taste of yours must lead to all sorts of restrictions, for some books would simply not be read while apples were being eaten."

"Yes; I don't like books that make me forget to take the next bite."

Barbara's laugh and look made Grennell find this chaffing charming; at the same time he wondered whether she read his books with apples, and whether, over them, she forgot to take the next bite.

Lady Darcy, too, wondered how far apples and how far art counted in Barbara's scheme of things. She asked her that evening, when Mr. Grennell and the people who had afterward come in were gone, whether she liked his books. Barbara had to pause for a moment of recollection, excusing herself with, "There are so many clever novels nowadays."

"Not many so clever as his." Lady Darcy's eyes were rather reproachful in their amusement. "You don't mean to say, you dear barbarian, that you have read him and forgotten him?"

"Call me *épicière*, and be done with it; I have read him, yes, and not cared about him. Is n't he rather thin—and tinkling?"

Lady Darcy stared at her for some silent moments; she was wondering how much stupidity—or what standard—this might indicate.

"I am afraid you have never really felt him," she said.

"I am dreadfully limited in my literary tastes," said Barbara; "they hardly go beyond Charles Lamb and Chaucer."

Lady Darcy was inclined to think that she was limited, but not exactly stupid.

The next time Grennell met Lady Darcy—she was unaccompanied—at an afternoon reception, he said to her: "What an enchanting face your Miss Blount has!"

Lady Darcy, serenity itself, yet did not quite like this; it was unexpected.

"She is at Wimbledon to-day, playing golf; she found some people to go with her. She is *une jeune fille farouche*," said Lady Darcy, with a smile.

"Yes, I can see that—in a strong, sweet sense."

Lady Darcy liked this less.

"She is singularly—how shall I say it?—unmodified—untempered. She has gathered no harmonies around her. She strikes one steady note—yes, strong and sweet if you will; but one longs for the chord of a many-sided, much-meaning personality. She has no tastes, no appreciations."

"That is piquant, you know."

"She does n't appreciate you in the least, dear friend," said Lady Darcy, looking into his face for a response to her own amusement. "Imagine! she does n't like your books!"

Grennell suddenly felt that he was finding this piquant in a more piercing sense than the word usually implies. He had never before met a woman—especially a woman with a face he found enchanting—who had not appreciated his books, or, at least, liked without appreciating them. All the women he knew were divided into the two categories; he sometimes, tired of unflagging discrimination, thought he liked those of the latter, more crude, category best. Barbara might really have belonged to it; might really have gone on enjoying her apple and his books with equal cheerfulness: he did not ask her to forget to take the next bite; but that he should neither share honors with the apple, nor make her forget it, was rather ruffling. Much amused at himself, Grennell yet recognized that he was really disturbed and anxious.

The next time he met Barbara,—it was at an evening party, and in her long, straight gown of white she looked as much herself, as truly her own one note, as in serge coat and skirt,—his amusement at himself grew, for he could not help leading the talk round to his own books. The amusement was for his own vanity in caring, yet, as he felt, the vanity could not be deep, since he in no way disliked Miss Blount for the unflattering opinion he expected to elicit from her; it would really be funny to elicit it—to see how she would state it.

"I hardly ever read novels," said Barbara, with some wonder, some disquiet, at his persistence. She had tried to talk of people, of scenery, of dogs and horses; but he continued to talk of books.

"What do you read?" he asked. "You are

tired sometimes, and what do you read then, if there are apples at hand to inspire you?"

"Well, history, I rather like history, and astronomy," said Barbara, rather vaguely, as she stood straight and slender in her white dress and looked at him with her contemplative blue eyes. Grennell returned their look with one slightly challenging, and from their limpid depths a flicker of amusement answered him.

"I mean literature in a more strictly esthetic sense," he said; "poetry, for instance, and novels. Surely you read poetry? At all events, you must read Browning: I know that all American girls read Browning—in clubs."

"Oh, they read Maeterlinck nowadays, I believe," said Miss Blount; "but I don't belong to any clubs for reading."

"You read Browning and Maeterlinck at home, then?"

"Sometimes." Barbara looked away now, suddenly remembering, with really a sense of embarrassment, that Mr. Grennell wrote poetry, too—involved, distinguished, and highly conscious poetry, which she had read,—for, though she belonged to no clubs, she did sometimes read more than Charles Lamb and Chaucer,—poetry that had bored her. Barbara's tastes were truly limited, but, within these limits, they were fastidious.

"Do you know that I write poetry?" Grennell asked.

"Oh, yes; of course I know that."

"When you stop to think of it?" She looked at him. "When I stop to think of it," she assented.

"And you have not stopped often?"

She kept silence, her eyes on him.

"And do you know why I am behaving with such dogged egotism?"

"Why?" asked Barbara, her mouth curving.

"Because I am determined to make you say what you think of my books."

Barbara began to laugh. "I can't imagine why," she exclaimed, adding more gravely, for she hoped he would not force her to say what she really thought of them, "But, truly, I hardly ever read novels or poetry."

"Come, every one has read my novels; surely you have."

"Yes, I have; but I don't remember them very well." Barbara grew rather red as she said it, though she still looked him in the eye with a look that seemed to lay the blame of her confusion upon him, its cause.

"There, I know what I wanted to know."

"It is unkind of you, because, of course,

you can't care a penny for my remembering or forgetting."

"I do care."

"And I don't pretend to have any taste: I like the blue vases one can get at Liberty's for a shilling just as well as priceless hawthorn porcelain. You see, I am a Philistine."

"Ah! if I could believe that your forgetfulness of my work proved you one! But I suspect you further; I suspect that, candid as you are, you are not completely candid, and that you don't think yourself a Philistine because of your forgetfulness. I don't believe that you test your taste by my work." His smile was now so oddly charming, seemed, so oddly, to surrender all claim before her, that Barbara found herself staring at him, quite held by it.

"No," she said at last, "I don't think of you as a blue hawthorn—though, if you were, I probably would n't know it."

"I believe you would know it. Come and have an ice," said Grennell.

NEXT day Lady Darcy gave a ladies' luncheon. Mrs. Allison and Miss Taunton were there, among other people, and they were all talking of "A Quest and a Query."

Miss Taunton was extremely voluble and emphatic. In five minutes she could mention the last play, the last book, the last picture, and the latest theory of life. Her environment had rubbed off on her so thickly that she could hardly be blamed for fancying herself clever; but she was not clever, possessing merely a great faculty for a selective imitativeness.

Mrs. Allison's eyes and lips had been sung by more than one poet. She was not at all imitative; she was, in her way, discriminating, although her taste made usually for elimination rather than appreciation. Mrs. Allison said of Miss Taunton that she played the game of life only with borrowed counters. Mrs. Allison gave the impression of leaning back, indifferent to the game, asking for no counters and keeping her own to herself. To-day she said languidly, about the new novel:

"He read most of it to me in manuscript; I suggested several touches—in the love-scene. So good of him—to let my little flowers bloom in his great garden."

"Yes, he is so good in that way; it is more as if, in finishing the chasing and chiseling of a wonderful *objet d'art*, he accepted some tiny gem and set it in the pattern. I remember,"—Lady Darcy smiled with gentle remi-

niscence,—"in Rome last year, we talked together over the first idea of the book. I really saw him molding it before me."

Mrs. Allison's wistful eyes were now fixed vaguely and unheedingly, as though the game were worthy of no counter of hers, while Miss Taunton said: "It is so odd, Damier and Sir Percy and Grafton Lockley dined with us last night, and all were talking of the book, and really, do you know, each one expressed some part of what I have said about it."

"All your facets rounding before you in the perfected jewel," murmured Mrs. Allison, not quite pleasantly, while Miss Taunton went on: "It is so curious in a sympathetic milieu how thoughts anticipate one another. The book is the embodiment of the effort, the craving, of the modern soul toward the ideal."

"Ah, he never distorts his representation of things with a theory," said Mrs. Allison. "The book is a love-story pure and simple."

"Ah, but his work is full of symbolism, as all great work is," cried Miss Taunton. "Grafton Lockley said last night that symbolism was the most typical phase of modern art." And as Mrs. Allison made no reply, Miss Taunton pursued, turning to Barbara: "You have read the book, Miss Blount?"

"Yes," said Barbara, hastening now to place herself in their eyes and forestall amazement by adding, "I don't care for novels."

"For none?" asked Miss Taunton.

"Well, not for Mr. Grennell's," Barbara was forced to add.

"You cannot care for life, then," said Mrs. Allison, dreamily; "his books palpitare with life—are life."

"Barbara sees life very simply," said Lady Darcy, smiling at her young guest. "She gets her impression and acts—does n't reflect upon it; and she does n't care to have life seen and interpreted by some one else: she is n't esthetic."

"Radley Cust thinks it Cyril Grennell's best book," said Miss Taunton, her eyes still severely fixed on Barbara's face.

"Surely you care for, feel his poetry, Miss Blount," said Mrs. Allison.

"But surely, even now, that does n't count as great." Barbara rebelled a little, though quite willing to be dubbed unesthetic; but there were other standards than hers by which Cyril Grennell must be thought second-rate.

"I don't care for what counts as great; I

care for what makes me feel—that is the end of all art," said Mrs. Allison, pensively.

Miss Taunton threw at her: "Sensation—notion—emotion—I don't know that I agree with that theory." And then, to Barbara: "But indeed his poetry does count; did n't you see Mark Ronnet's recent review of it?"

"I don't know who Mark Ronnet is," said Barbara, rushing, now, determinedly on her fate. "Does not to know him argue one's self unknown?"

"It does rather," said Miss Taunton.

Barbara felt that she was now decidedly placed, and though she felt it placidly, a real liking that had come to her for the man made her regret that in the eyes of these his friends she had been made to take toward him an attitude of antagonism. Frankness had been, with him, so oddly pleasant that it had almost seemed, in the sympathy it made between them, to give her the claim of a real friendship upon him, and Barbara could almost have laughed at herself on realizing, as she helped herself to mayonnaise, that what really rankled was the clash of her claim with theirs, they so well armed, all marching under the same flaring banner of friendship.

Meanwhile Miss Taunton, turning from her as she might have turned from the tying and labeling of an uninteresting parcel of household goods, was saying: "I met Carter Colney at the Rowleys' yesterday; he is coming to talk with me about my Manet tomorrow. *C'est si amusant*, that is Carter Colney's favorite phrase; it is only in the emphasis that he varies his criticisms. Why is it that one can talk of pictures so much more expressively in French?"

"Carter Colney can, perhaps," said Mrs. Allison; "the language does his thinking for him. All one can say of Carter Colney is, *C'est si amusant*."

"Ah, more than that, really more!" Lady Darcy's gentle urgency interposed. "Under the commonplace little dilettante one feels in Carter Colney a striving personality—one feels, so oddly at times, the flutter of ideals."

"Ah, my dear, but with you everybody has strivings," said Mrs. Allison, "and I own that if it were only the fashion Carter Colney would talk the most flagrant Ruskinese. But you make everybody believe they have a soul—does n't she?" She turned to Barbara. "Or do golfers ever feel the need of one? Such a delicious merging in the mere sensation of life that must be! the splendid

unintelligence of it! You care so much for golf, don't you?"

Barbara at this looked reflectively at her, having always to give herself several moments for the recognition of spite; and coming now to the conclusion that the spite and its speaker were both rather little, she only answered, "Yes, I do like it," evading the question of the soul.

It was later in the winter that she met Grennell one day at a concert in Queen's Hall. She had come alone. Lady Darcy was the *intime* of several great musicians; they played their compositions to her in the dusk, and she knew just what to feel while they played, and just how to express it: but she had not much time to go to music—it must come to her; so Barbara had driven alone through a fog that made Regent street phantom-like. Queen's Hall was dim, and the orchestra like a painting by Carrière. On taking her stall, she saw Grennell beside her. She was glad to see him, her gladness showing in her smile and in the hearty clasp of the hand she gave him.

"So you are fond of music, too!" he said.

"Did you think I only cared for golf? My tastes are not quite so narrow."

"You never talked of music."

"It is such a pity to do that, I think," said Barbara, with a laugh slightly malicious.

"Now, I can't agree with you there; if two people are sympathetic—the talk should be a tête-à-tête, I grant you—they may talk of anything, even music. I suppose," he added, as she smilingly reflected, "you never read my sonnet on Brahms. We are to hear Brahms to-day; it made me think of it." It was really unconsciously this time that Grennell returned to the subject of his art. He was so accustomed to talk it over with delighted listeners, the glow of pleasure at seeing Barbara there—at having her to himself for the next two hours—was so genial, and he so deeply loved this particular sonnet, that the words came out impulsively. Barbara was touched, more touched still when she saw the great man flush a little after having spoken.

"I don't think I ever did," she said, and then, slightly flushing herself, so out of her usual orbit was it to ask such a thing, she added, "Can't you say it to me?"

It was entirely to please him that she asked it, for, to tell the truth, she did not care to hear the sonnet.

"Well, I have the horrible habit of reciting my own poetry—when people care to hear it." Barbara to the full appreciated

the modesty of that "when," the homage to her it implied. "You don't care much, I know, but I really think you would like this, so I will indulge the habit." He indulged.

Barbara did rather like the sonnet; she recognized its charm, its finish, its sincerity, but in the rather painful struggle that went on within her between her desire to please him — her friend, as she felt, her kind new friend — and her honesty, she was forced to recognize as well her own inability to do more than "rather" like it.

"Awfully good," she said. These words exactly expressed its effect upon her; she softened their inelegance by smiling upon him. The words chilled and the smile charmed him. It was like a tumble, but into a bed of mignonette. She added after a moment — a moment only long enough for him to make the simile: "And it is quite true that if two people are sympathetic they can talk of anything without belittling it — cheapening it."

"But I am not sympathetic, therefore it does n't apply to our case, O most sincere of damsels?"

"Oh, how unfair!" Barbara cried, half laughing, yet half hurt. "I am not sympathetic to you, but you are to me."

"How is that possible?" Grennell asked, with a gravity that strove for lightness. "How can I be sympathetic to you when you dislike all the results of me — all I signify?"

"I don't think your books are all you signify — if that is what you mean," said Barbara, again blushing a little, but as a school-boy, forced to give his ideas form, might blush. "Your books are only a little part of you; you are not, as some French critic I once read said of a great writer, — and in a most complimentary sense, — 'génélette pour deux sous.' And if you think that of your books, that they are all you signify, how can I be sympathetic to you, if I don't care about what to you is so significant?"

"You are sympathetic to me because I feel that you do care about things that are much more significant to me than the things I signify."

"That is very involved," said Barbara, smiling, feeling, though, as if in an echo of the great tumult of the tuning orchestra, a vague tumult in herself; "but I do see clearly my own conviction, that you signify much more than your books, and even if they signify as much as you do, I should not like you a bit better. I care so little for books, you see, that they don't to me mean anything of the people who write them."

"You are essentially sympathetic, then, since I don't care anything at all for my books —" Grennell paused, "compared to the things you mean," he found courage to say.

"Oh, but I mean hardly anything!" laughed Barbara, with a frank pleasure that showed her interpretation of his words to have been very simple.

He hardly dared, yet, to emphasize them.

Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" began, and he and Barbara, in the solemn flood of intellect and high emotion that swept around them, smiled at one another while they listened, smiles showing now a sure and happy recognition of each other's feeling, for they were at last feeling something together. When they were parting, Grennell said to her: "May I come and play golf with you some day? Do you still go to Wimbledon?"

"Whenever I can find any one to take me and play with me. Would you, really? Would n't it be a martyrdom — bore you dreadfully?"

"Ah, you did not realize how many things there were we could sympathize about!" said Grennell. "I am an excellent golfer."

So Barbara found him.

This surprising friendship Lady Darcy, Mrs. Allison, and Miss Taunton looked at with wonder, perplexity, but with not too much perturbation. After all, golf could not count as more than a temporary link. They even spoke of it to one another, and they all spoke of it to Grennell; but indirectly, and through laughing allusions — as one might playfully mention the uncomplimentary frankness of an *enfant terrible* — to Barbara's tastelessness in respect of his work.

"There is much complexity in the nature of a great artist," Lady Darcy said to Mrs. Allison. "I have had to recognize that my friendship cannot respond to all the wants of Cyril Grennell's. There is the child, the boy, the simple joy of the game, in him, and to that want my little Barbara can respond."

"The want seems a large one. Are they always together? I never see him here now — unless she is." Mrs. Allison was willing to pass over her own irritation in order to ask this barbed question.

"A good deal together; and Barbara, one sees, has not made an effort; she has let him join the game — that is all; she never asked him to."

It was this fact that rather rankled in Lady Darcy's bosom, but she was anxious to point it out as an object-lesson to Mrs. Allison, and added: "That is so new to him. He

meets so few women who are not eager; few so frankly indifferent to all his real claims."

"Few so stupid as Miss Blount, you mean?" asked Mrs. Allison.

"Ah, my dear, stupidity that smiles on such lips is an added charm," Lady Darcy replied. It was odd to be using Barbara as a weapon. At the same time, though perplexed, Lady Darcy, as we have said, was not seriously perturbed.

One day in early April Grennell came eagerly into her drawing-room; his coming, of late, had been something of a rarity.

Lady Darcy welcomed him with a quiet warmth that showed no hint of reproach.

"I want to read you something," he said to her. She was alone; Barbara had gone off to the slums. "A little poem; the best thing I have ever done."

He and Barbara had played golf the afternoon before, and the poem was inspired by Barbara. He knew that he loved her, definitely and finally. He even wondered if she did not know it; he intended, at all events, that she soon should. But he had not thought of reading the poem to her. Since that rebuff—with not a hint in it of the usual pain of a rebuff—at Queen's Hall, his art had seemed to sever all possibility of connection with Barbara, except, in this instance, the initial connection of inspiration. The inspiration was hers, the poem something away from her, from himself, even, when compared with the intensity of the feeling that had caused it. He was quite able now to regard it with detachment, and very eager to read it to an appreciative listener.

The poem was really exquisite; the best thing, as he said, that he had done.

It might have been a love-poem; it might have been the poem of a lofty friendship; it was to a woman and a woman's influence—Barbara's influence, such unconscious influence! Her meaning to his life was so far greater, higher, than any he had known, so far greater and higher than any poem that expressed it, that on this lower level of his art he read the poem to Lady Darcy, not thinking of her at all except as audience, on that lower level. But Lady Darcy, deliciously reassured as to all past doubts and wonders, thought the poem written to her and for her. She smiled, even blushed a little, when he had finished it.

"That is a crown you have set on my life," she said, putting out her hand and taking the manuscript from him.

Grennell controlled the expression of a

shock. He was rather horrified. At the same time, in a minute, his quick feeling for odd psychological situations found amusement in this one. What was of reality in the poem was Barbara's; the poem itself, the artistic result of the feeling she inspired, was hardly Barbara's: it was art's, the world's, Lady Darcy's, for, after all, did it not belong to its artistic appreciator? The bother was that her appreciation was perhaps more than artistic; but Grennell, essentially lacking in personal vanity, put this thought aside. Certainly, too, as an expression of friendship she might claim it. A friendship so pictorial merely, so on the surface of things as theirs, might yet serve as a sketch for the finished picture; he could not refuse to give her the picture.

Lady Darcy, however, was not the first listener to the verses. Grennell had met Mrs. Allison at a party the night before, and he had recited them to her. Her partner for the next dance had come for her, and she had not claimed them; but her look, the smile that had dwelt on him, Grennell suddenly remembered now, and with some vexation.

Later in the afternoon he dropped in at Miss Taunton's. She had asked him to come and meet several very large lions—in this way Miss Taunton attracted many lions. Her drawing-room was full of them this afternoon, and Miss Taunton's face flexibly reverting from eager smiles to reflective solemnity; for the herding of lions was a serious matter—they would always roar to the wrong people.

She effected the meeting of Grennell and the proper person, and Grennell stayed till late, finding pleasure with the greater man. He was left alone with Miss Taunton.

"Have you written anything lately?" she asked him in the capable, apprising voice that suggested the questioning of a kindly and interested physician.

Grennell willingly repeated his poem.

"Oh, charming! exquisite!" she cried.

He had retained enough of the warning impression of the previous recitation to repeat it this time in a manner that could leave no loophole of a possibility for personal application, and Miss Taunton evidently made none such.

"You must write that down for me: it doubles its value for me to have it in your writing." And while speaking these strictly veracious words Miss Taunton practically set pen and paper before him. "I must show that to Anatole Beaulieu; he comes to us for a week to-morrow," she said.

That evening Lady Darcy, aware of a little inner triumph, but not at all suspecting in Barbara any feeling that the triumph could wound, must read to her the poem. "Was it not dear of him?" she said. "Of course he has written me little things before,—I showed you the rondeau on my birthday,—but nothing like this; it sums up all our friendship. I told him that he had crowned my life."

On hearing the verses Barbara felt perplexed, hurt, even angry. She had not yet realized in Grennell the full feeling that the poem expressed, and yet, especially since the delightful windy afternoon of the day before at Wimbledon, she had certainly felt a deep conviction that there was something entirely exclusive about their friendship, that he was more her friend than anybody else's, and there had been elation in the conviction. Now it was as if he had suddenly pushed her outside a circle that she had never asked to enter, never wished to, indeed—the circle of his art. It was hard to be excluded by him, but worse still to be excluded from that preëminent place in his liking, as she must be if he could like Lady Darcy so much. She felt herself flushing while Lady Darcy read, but she was quite able to see that the poem was indeed the best thing he had done, and, as she was a very truthful girl, she said, "It is beautiful." She wrote, however, a short note to Cyril Grennell telling him that she could not go to Wimbledon the next day, and he replied by a note begging her, at all events, to meet him in the afternoon in Kensington Gardens. Barbara left her decision vague. When the afternoon came she was still undecided as to whether Cyril Grennell had any right to ask her to meet him in Kensington Gardens, although, after all, they had spoken of taking a walk there and seeing the almond-trees in bloom. Upon this indecision Mrs. Allison entered. She and Lady Darcy were going together to a mammoth bazaar and coming back to tea. Barbara witnessed their meeting.

"I must tell you," Lady Darcy said, drawing on her gloves, "Cyril Grennell has done the dearest thing: written me the most exquisite verses on our friendship, the influence of my life on his—a sort of 'Vita Nuova' of friendship. I told him that he had crowned my life. I'll read you the verses when we can be quiet—after tea."

Mrs. Allison looked fixedly at her friend for a moment.

"A poem to your friendship?" she said. "Ah, yes; Cyril is extremely articulate,—it's

his *métier*, is n't it?—he puts all the phases of his feelings into words. He—it is almost a sacred thing, but I can speak of it to you and Miss Blount—he expressed the pathos, the beauty, of another feeling to me—recited to me a poem—that—well, really, even knowing Cyril Grennell as I do, I had not suspected such depths of emotion in him."

"Really!" Lady Darcy controlled her disagreeable surprise. "Yes; as you say, he is very articulate. As for emotion, though, his, I think, is never more than passing, superficial; he holds his intellectual finger on his emotional pulse, and keeps up the half-artificial feeling only long enough to record the beats."

Waging dulcet warfare, they left the room. Barbara, with wrathful precipitancy, prepared for a walk, but whether to Kensington Gardens she was not quite sure. It was a sunny spring afternoon, and in Rotten Row she met Miss Taunton and M. Beaulieu—a very disagreeable-looking Frenchman, Barbara thought, with a fat, pale-brown face and prominent eyes.

"Have you seen Mr. Grennell's last poem?" Miss Taunton cried.

"Which last one?" asked Barbara. "He seems to have written so many lately."

"Well, this is the very last. He wrote it down for me—imagine my pride in it! For it is really the finest thing he has done—the rhythm, the color, the form. *N'est-ce pas*, M. Beaulieu, *gâ fait époque*?"

"C'est bien, très bien," said the Frenchman.

"And what other has he written lately?" Miss Taunton added.

"He wrote one, a very beautiful one, to his friendship for Lady Darcy, and one to Mrs. Allison."

Miss Taunton at this looked rather checked and chilled. "To them, you say? Well, mine really may have been said to be to me, since he brought it *tout chaud du four*, as it were. He has been distributing sweet-meats all around; has he given you one, too?"—Miss Taunton smiled a little at the question,—"a ballad to golf? He might have done that."

"He has n't; the bonbon-box was exhausted when it came round to me."

Barbara walked on, determinedly now, into Kensington Gardens. Chiefly, she told herself, was she thinking it would be nice to go back to America in a fortnight. She turned her thoughts upon some girl friends she would now soon see. One loved golf, one music, and one slum children. But under this

anticipation throbbed the ache of a wound—of three wounds. She was walking on the grass under the budding trees when Grennell met her, and Barbara noted the eagerness of his grave, glad smile. "Everybody's smile," she thought. He took the hand she passively held out, and gazed at her with the gaze she had come to feel hers exclusively.

"I wondered if you would come," he said, "since you did n't care for Wimbledon."

"Yes, we can take our walk," said Barbara, with a soberness that corrected the elation of his look.

"I have been waiting for an hour," he said, as they walked over the grass toward the Serpentine, "and thinking about you. Do you realize, I wonder, how much I think about you?"

"But you think about so many people—so much," said Barbara, with no affectation of mystery, in a voice, indeed, that plainly expressed a hurt.

Grennell felt the change at once, and wondered what it portended, quite forgetting Lady Darcy, Mrs. Allison, and Miss Taunton.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I don't think of many people so much—of no one so much."

"They think you do."

"And as I give false impressions I am false myself?" His pained voice hurried on: "I am too demonstrative, too responsive, but, really, I am not false."

They had reached the Serpentine. Barbara, murmuring, "Oh, I am sure you are not that," had stooped and taken up a handful of pebbles. She skimmed one over the shining surface of the water. "I only wanted to say," she went on, selecting another stone and sending it after the first with a fine accuracy, "that you must n't be more demonstrative than you mean—because I don't like it."

Grennell was silent for a moment, looking at the delicately firm line of her profile on the sky. Barbara continued, slowly, automatically, and with great precision, to throw her pebbles.

Now that she was with him, the effect of their past friendship was so great that, despite the poems, she could not for a moment suspect him of the fatuity of misunderstanding her; she felt that he did understand her—understand that it was of too much demonstration and not of a lack of meaning that she complained.

"I mean a great deal more than I have ever dared to express," he said at last.

Barbara, clutching her pebbles tightly and

standing still, looked for a silent moment at the sky.

"Yet," she said, making an effort to speak steadily—"yet you can write poems, beautiful poems, to everybody; and you never wrote me one—and you say we are such friends—" she broke off, turning her face from him.

"Barbara," he exclaimed, "would you have read it, cared for it, if I had?"

"Of course I would, if it were written to me"; and as she now looked at him, with a proud simplicity, he saw that her blue eyes were full of tears.

"My dearest Barbara!" he cried, enraptured.

"How can you say that to me, how dare you say it, when you have written such a poem to Lady Darcy,—it is beautiful,—and another to Miss Taunton, and another, a love-poem it seems, to Mrs. Allison?" A tear rolled down her cheek, but her voice was angry.

Grennell burst into a joyous laugh. "It is the same poem! You inspired it!"

"I?" cried Barbara, letting her pebbles slide from her hand.

"You inspired it," said Grennell, capturing both her hands and looking with tender humor at the tear. "I did n't think of showing it to you, knowing how little you cared for my poems. I read it to Lady Darcy, and she thought it meant for her; I could n't undeceive her. You are the real, the poem only the picture of the real, and Lady Darcy the mirror to which my artist vanity went for a reflection of my picture. You see, there was no one else to claim it, and as, after all, it was of very secondary importance to me, and as she has been a good friend, I was forced to let her keep it."

"But Mrs. Allison—the love-poem—"

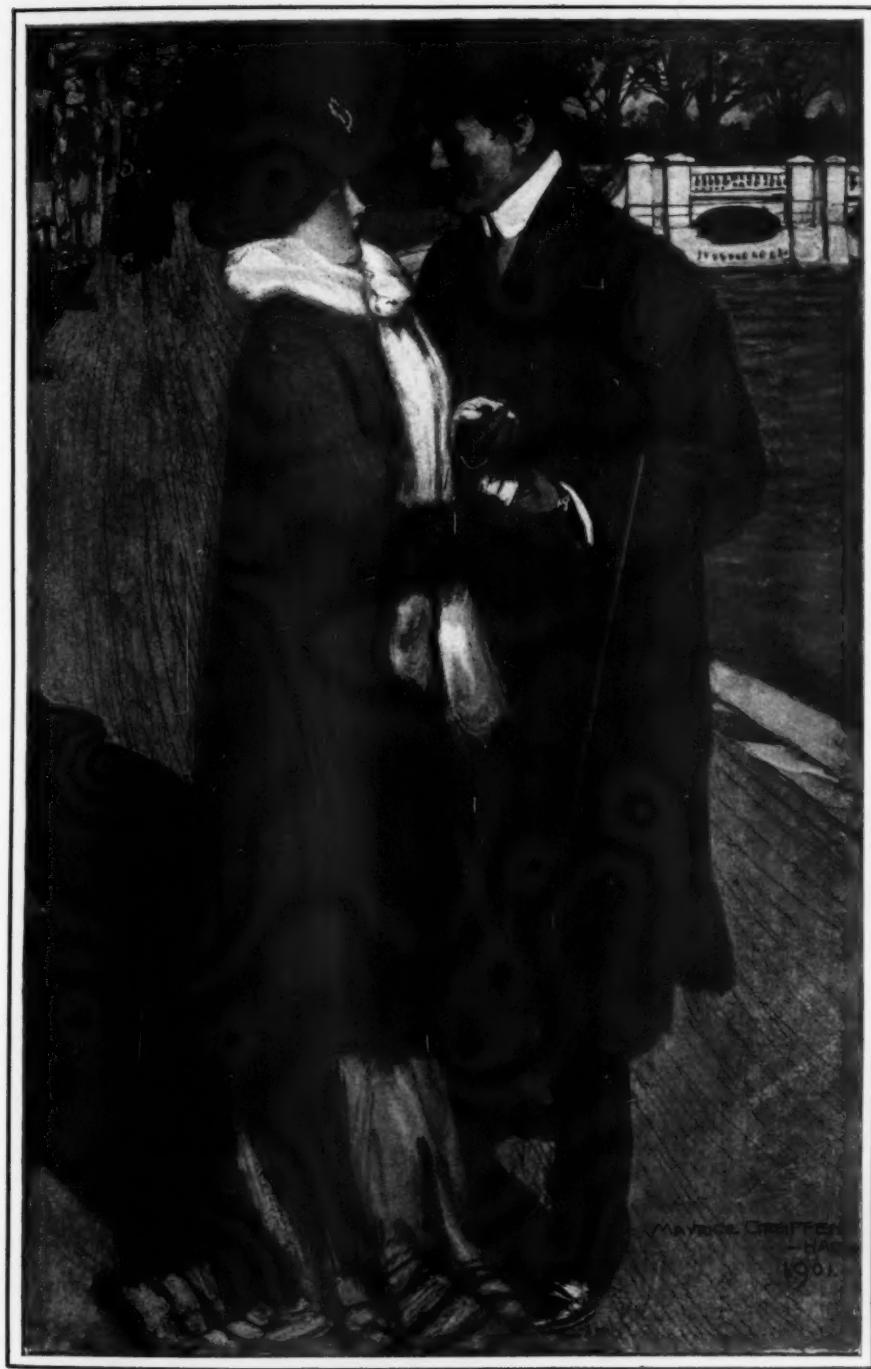
"The same poem. I repeated it to her and to Miss Taunton. You see, it's my chef-d'œuvre; I'm proud of it. Neither claimed it, neither has any right to claim it; the only right is yours. It is your poem if you want it."

"Oh, I don't want that poem now; I would n't care for a poem that three other people could think theirs."

"May I write you a poem that only you could think yours?"

"How could I recognize it?" Barbara asked, smiling a little now. "Yours is such an adaptable muse!"

"You would have to recognize it, because it would be to Barbara, and tell her that I love her."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"YOU INSPIRED IT," SAID GRENNELL, CAPTURING BOTH HER HANDS."

"But do you?" cried Barbara.

"Can you imagine that I would push poetic license so far?"

"But don't you push it so far? Don't you? Perhaps they think you love them!"

"They can't think it. Let us go to Lady Darcy; I will explain about the poem—your poem."

"But that would be brutal, because the mistake is your fault, not hers."

"I won't be brutal. Let's go to her. We can argue en route," said Grennell.

MEANWHILE Miss Taunton, much vexed by the thought that the poem had been written to Lady Darcy, was also hastening toward that lady's. She found her with Mrs. Allison, just returned from their bazaar and alighting at the door. Lady Darcy had been saying: "I almost cried, I assure you, when he read it to me. It was like the meeting of two souls after death—radiant recognition."

"The poem he wrote to me," said Mrs. Allison, "is full of life—and for life; there is nothing mystical about it."

"Our relationship has always been—I have felt it—of a kind that might well outlast this phenomenal existence," Lady Darcy was saying as they went up the steps and found Miss Taunton standing to receive them.

"Talking about the poem?" said Miss Taunton, cheerfully. The door was opened, and they went up to the drawing-room. "It is the poem, I suppose, for he always reads his new things to me, and I heard only one. Anatole Beaulieu is delighted with it."

"Indeed, he may have recited to you the poem he wrote to me," said Lady Darcy.

"He did not say it was to you."

"Naturally," said Lady Darcy, pouring out the tea.

"I believe they are all the same," Miss Taunton declared.

"Not mine," said Mrs. Allison, with a quiet smile. Indeed, neither she nor Lady Darcy suspected the truth. Lady Darcy had not been able from Grennell's manner of reciting the poem to attach any amorous significance to it, and in her description of it to Mrs. Allison had given her own impression of ethereal platonic. Mrs. Allison's quick scent for the emotional and sentimental had interpreted the poem as a love-poem only; and though she had not really imagined—Grennell's manner had not allowed it—the poem to be addressed to her, Lady Darcy's proud possessoryship had fired her to a similar claim; she was almost convinced by now that

it was a real one, and she was quite convinced that Grennell would not dislike a sentimental dallying about such interpretation. Lady Darcy by no means suspected that her poem was Mrs. Allison's as well, and Mrs. Allison's poem had grieved and angered her; but now a hope that Mrs. Allison's pretensions were baseless rose in her.

"I have mine here," she said, taking the paper from a book beside her, where it lay in readiness for frequent display. "It is in his own handwriting, you see."

"So is mine," said Miss Taunton. "He wrote it down from memory."

"Mine is the original manuscript, just as he brought it to me. He went on to you after leaving me yesterday," said Lady Darcy, quietly, but, as even Miss Taunton felt, decisively.

"He did not write mine at all," said Mrs. Allison, while Miss Taunton took the poem and glanced over it.

"Yes, it is the same," she declared, "and yours, too, is probably the same, Mrs. Allison, and the whole thing impersonal; one so easily misinterprets poetical license." And in her emphatically modulated voice Miss Taunton read out the verses.

Mrs. Allison's first sensation was one of mortification and wounded pride. Though perhaps not hers, the thought that such verses applied to Lady Darcy was bitter indeed. But in a moment she was armed, able to listen with a placid indifference, and when Miss Taunton had finished she said softly and vaguely: "Ah, that is different, quite, quite different."

"How does yours begin, Mrs. Allison?" asked Miss Taunton, who would have felt herself less slighted had there been one poem only, instead of two, not written to herself.

"Ah, you will excuse me, it is not a poem to be repeated to other people," said Mrs. Allison, with a smile ineffable in gentleness. "I don't think he would like me to do that."

Lady Darcy, making, for once, common cause with Miss Taunton against this intolerable arrogation, exchanged glances with the younger woman. It was a thoughtful glance; it only hinted, "Is she telling the truth?" Miss Taunton's glance was frankly irritated, frankly distrustful.

Upon this situation entered Barbara Blount and Cyril Grennell, who, on the walk home, had talked the matter out to perfect confidence.

Miss Taunton plunged at him with: "Oh, Mr. Grennell, you, as its author, will eluci-

date the mystery. How many poems did you write? and to whom? I don't make any claim; I only ask you to bring the new thoughts to me—whoever may have inspired them. This one Lady Darcy inspired, I feel quite sure, since she does." (Miss Taunton had taken sides definitely.) "But we are all rather muddled. How many poems were there?"

Lady Darcy, feeling her champion brutal, began a deprecating murmur that drowned Mrs. Allison's swift "Mr. Grennell will put my poem aside," and Grennell, not hearing her, flushing a little, yet conscious of intrinsic innocence, advanced, saying: "Mea culpa. I hope you will all claim the poem in what it implies of friendship and appreciation. Lady Darcy has been my friend for the longest time." He smiled at her. "The chief claim is certainly hers, and the poem I gave to her; but it was really written to Miss Blount. I could not tell you that, not knowing whether she would accept its meaning. And knowing, too, that whatever she might feel about the meaning she would not care to hear the poem, I never read it to her; she does not care about my poetry, you know."

Mrs. Allison had listened in a tumult of horror at the unforeseen revelation that more than threatened her. There was no time to lose; she sprang at desperate measures. Better to throw herself on Grennell's mercy than to be branded before Lady Darcy and that hateful, that diabolical Taunton girl. "But Miss Blount's poem, Lady Darcy's poem, Miss Taunton's poem, the poem perhaps that none will care to keep since all can claim, is not mine, Mr. Grennell." Sitting with a lovely ease of attitude, she smiled steadily at him. "You have not forgotten my poem, I am sure. Miss Taunton has just read us the other poem; it is not the one you recited to me."

For one moment, a black one to Mrs. Allison, Grennell stared, at a loss. Then, in a flash, glancing at the faces of Lady Darcy and Miss Taunton, he understood. Would Barbara? He looked at her; her eyes were lifted to his, enigmatic for once. Yet there was Mrs. Allison, helpless before her foes; the lie must be uttered, and Barbara must forgive it—forgive it because it was a lie. "Ah, yes," he said, "the little poem of the other day; no, I had not forgotten. Your little poem, Mrs. Allison, was different."

"You will want to talk to each other," said Lady Darcy, when Mrs. Allison and Miss

Taunton were gone—Miss Taunton, in her discomfiture at what she saw in Grennell's glad look at Barbara, almost forgetting that she had made of Mrs. Allison an implacable enemy, and Mrs. Allison, under her serenity, suffering the most severe pangs of humiliation that she had ever known. Lady Darcy smiled as she spoke, though with something of an effort, adding, "And, as a result of the talk, may I be able, I wonder, to offer congratulations?"

"I hope so," said Grennell.

But Barbara was afraid he had been brutal. She held Lady Darcy by the hand, still more afraid of seeming offensively generous.

"It was your poem, really—no one appreciated it as you did. He felt it was yours—for the same reasons that you did."

"Ah, my dear, it was rather a scentless rose I took from him—I see now that I took what had not been offered," said Lady Darcy, going out. And it was the only reproach, if it might be called one, that she ever uttered to Grennell.

When they were alone, Grennell said to Barbara, not daring, really, to take her hand, to kiss her, until all was clear, "It was the same poem, you know."

"Yes, I know it was. Why did she get—into such an awful bunker?"

"There had evidently been a contest for ownership."

Barbara sat down on a sofa, and, folding her arms, fixed her eyes on him with something of sternness.

"Are n't you ruined, ruined for life," she asked him, "with all these contests over you, and all because you write little books and little poems? Oh, yes, it was a pretty poem! But to think that I joined the contest, too!"

"Ah, not for the poem's sake! Was n't it for mine?" pleaded Grennell. "And I'm not spoiled, really I am not; if I have lazily liked flattery, only see, Barbara, how I love frankness."

"And a lie!" she sighed, allowing him to take her hand.

"I had to shelter her—own that!"

"You hardly did. She knew that they knew that it was the same poem. She did n't deserve help, and yet, it was so terrible for her, I almost wish that you had helped her more effectively, felt sooner that she needed help. It was Miss Taunton I wanted to shake and slap."

"You delicious Barbara!"

"I was dreadfully sorry for them all, except Miss Taunton, and so ashamed of my

horrid little triumph—that I had n’t wanted. But, you know, they *are* silly, I must say it, and why have you read your poems and talked over yourself with them?"

"Never myself, only my poems, and you discriminate between the two. But I will never read my poems to any one but you, Barbara—if, indeed, you will let me read them to you."

"Ah, I can’t promise that!" said Barbara. The laughter and the tenderness grew in her eyes as she added: "How brutal I am

to you! Is it natural antagonism to the environment I found you in still showing itself—a feeling that I must punish you for allowing all these pseudo-affections to cling about you? I won’t punish you any more—I won’t, really." She gave him both of her hands in saying it. "And one of your poems—one of your poems at least—I will read."

"Which one, dearest?" Grennell asked.

And Barbara answered: "The one you will write to Barbara, telling her that you love her."

## THE "MILLENNARY" OF KING ALFRED AT WINCHESTER.

BY LOUIS DYER.

THIS opening year of our century, with which began in England the reign of Edward VII, is not to pass by without its midsummer commemoration at Winchester of the thousandth anniversary—millenary the wise call it—of King Alfred’s death and the accession of his son Edward, surnamed "the Elder." Alfred’s capital was Winchester, not London, for he was king, not of England, but of Wessex, an England of England knit together in the southwest by Alfred’s heroism. Here was a compacted body politic, first fashioned under Alfred’s rule by and for English-speaking people. Alfred’s wise administration and ungrudging self-devotion not only welded together six English counties more or less in the southwest, but grouped Essex and Kent, not to speak of Mercia, around this nucleus of Wessex. Thus we can see that there is a certain poetical truth in the well-known contention that Alfred was the first king of all the English, although, as a matter of fact, Edward, his son, really was the first to reap the full benefit of Alfred’s great consolidation of English power. Alfred made possible a federated England over which Edward the Elder was the first to rule.

This reflection makes it a pleasure to record here the expectation that when Alfred is commemorated at Winchester in the present month of July there is to be some account of the beginnings of colonial federation in America by our countryman Mr. John Fiske, who will thus strike a truly appropriate and harmonious American note in the Anglo-Saxon concert which we hope to hear of at Alfred’s capital. The lasting

monument which this Wessex gathering is to consecrate is a remarkable statue of Alfred, larger than life-size, in which his dauntless chieftainship and his almost ascetic self-repression have been idealized with remarkable success. The heroic proportions of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft’s grandly conceived figure, although they make us realize the bravery and the kingly effectiveness of Alfred rather than his political foresight and originality, will also prevent our forgetting the generous and big-hearted tolerance which attached to him many who were not either of his tribe or his race.

Indeed, it was a part of Alfred’s nature not only to tolerate opinions which he could not fully share, but to attach to himself those who were not of his own race, such as "Dubslane, Macbeth, and Maclimun," the three wandering "Scots" (Irishmen) welcomed by him in 891 B.C., Bishop Asser, laboriously lured by Alfred from Wales for his learning’s sake, and many others. All this was made easy for him by the straits into which he was brought by the invading Danes. While Alfred was lurking near Athelney, in the utmost depression of his cause, the fierce feud between the Britons or Welsh and their Anglo-Saxon invaders died down, until those who so long had fought against each other made common cause, at least for the moment, against the new barbarian invader. Thus began, even in Alfred’s time, and a thousand years ago, that practice in assimilating those of another race at which the Anglo-Saxons are now deemed so perfect. When Alfred tried his hand upon the Danish invaders he was



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM E. GRAY OF THE STATUE BY HAMO THORNYCROFT.

COLOSSAL STATUE OF ALFRED THE GREAT, TO BE UNVEILED AT WINCHESTER, ENGLAND.

not at first so successful, in spite of his interest in their spiritual welfare, but finally he made headway even with them, as we know by the terms and the fruits of the treaty of Wedmore. Although Guthorm, baptized as Ethelstan, with Alfred for his godfather, did not keep over-well his part of the agreement, yet the fairness and tolerance exhibited by Alfred bore their fruit. When King Knut finally ruled as a Danish potentate in England, the laws by him sanctioned for England were not Danish laws, but were substantially a reënactment of the laws drawn up by Alfred over a hundred years before.

Thus Alfred contributed not a little to the formation of that type of clearly defined national and political character which so persistently asserted itself in England after the Norman conquest. Nowhere else in European lands outside of England did anything like a national character define itself at such an early period. It is this reflection and the reflection that Alfred by his own character and influence facilitated that blending of British and Anglo-Saxon traits, and the unison of this union with certain elements contributed by the invading Danes, that lend importance to the fact that Alfred lived and died a thousand years ago. That characteristic of political fairness, that power of living and letting live which enabled Saxons, Britons, and Danes to become gradually fused under prevailingly English laws and customs, belongs to English-speaking folk in England and America to-day by a right of inheritance more ancient and immemorial than that from which derive the peculiar characteristics, political or social, of any other leading nationality of Europe. The modern Italian, as such, goes scarcely further back than the Renaissance, when Machiavelli discovered the principle of separate nationalities working in all parts of Europe so as to make equally impossible the church universal and the Holy Roman Empire, of which Germany was still to go on dreaming for so many generations. It was certainly not until long after Alfred's time that the national character of the French

took definite shape. It is therefore no accident which in these latter days has made English speech and English law the rallying-points of extended empires, the British Empire and the United States of America. To the work begun by Alfred a thousand years ago we owe it that under guidance of prevailingly English law and English speech a new race is growing up in America. The very fact that we can say with confidence that the race inhabiting and governing our American United States is not what elsewhere the Anglo-Saxons are, but has once more blended alien elements into something new, means that the faculty for harmonizing various jarring elements possessed by Alfred has come down unimpaired to his American representatives, separated from him by a thousand years, and from his old-time West-ssex dominion by more than twice that number of miles.

One thing is still true of the national and political fabric in America: there has never been any serious question of holding parliamentary debates or of enacting laws in any tongue but the English tongue. Is not this because, wherever English speech and English political customs have prevailed and persisted, there has survived that spirit of fairness which informed King Alfred's enactments? These strove to embody the collective will of those on whom the laws were binding. Alfred's conception of law did not contemplate imposing it from without; it was the natural expression of the sense of right indwelling in the community as a whole. Alfred is at pains also to explain that no new laws have been added by him in place of certain ones of his predecessors, "because I could not know whether those who came after us would approve."

These and the like reflections crowd upon the mind at the suggestion that, in the course of the present month of July, English-speaking people from far and near are expected to gather at Winchester and celebrate the millenary of King Alfred, variously surnamed the "Truth-teller" and the "Great." May America be fully represented there.



## ALFRED.

BY ELLEN DEAN SMITH.

HE neighborhood still talks of Alfred. The farm-hands pass his story on as they lie in the shade through the sweltering summer noons, while the chirp of birds and insects sounds far away through the thick, hot air; and the farmers rehearse it to their children round the stove of a winter evening, before they eat their good-night apples and slip off with their lamps to bed. In the gossipping river town near which it happened it is almost forgotten. Countless fresh tales have come to take its place and crowd it back and out of active memory, though scarcely a decade ago it was on every tongue. His little patch of ground lies fallow: no one has come to take it up. The roof and sides of the black cabin have tumbled, till it is a ruin, like the barn beside it, hidden behind the tall, rank rosin-weeds.

Alfred was a negro, undersized and very black, with a sparse fringe of beard round his chin, and deep creases worn in his little, wry face from perpetual grinning. Nobody ever saw him angry. It took some common sense to carry on a first-class quarrel, so the neighbors said, and Alfred did n't have it.

He had come up the Mississippi on a steamboat soon after the war was over, landed at the first town of any size above St. Louis, and struck back into the country. Three miles from the river, where the steady up grade joins the rolling prairie, he struck Si Gillman's farm, the first outside the town, and here he hired out as farm-hand. Mr. Gillman took him more because he was a freed slave in need of help than because he wanted laborers, and, more for the same reason than because the negro was valuable, he kept him. For the truth was, Alfred knew what he knew, and what he did n't know he could n't or would n't learn. He had his good points, however, for a negro. He was not much of a talker, and if his work suited him, he did not need a darky at each elbow, and a driver with a thong to keep him at it.

When the railroad north was put through, and the sixty-foot cut separated a little triangle of rich prairie-land from the farm

that had been just across the road, and left it high and dry on his side of the track, Alfred moved over and took possession. There was a little shanty, unplastered and unpainted, and black with weather-stain, on the land. Here he started housekeeping, and began raising sweet potatoes for a livelihood. For a negro, he was strangely ungregarious. He never married, and never sought or seemed to care, in the smallest degree, for the companionship of his kind.

But the one characteristic that stamped his personality was his passion for a horse. He manifested it from his first appearance in the neighborhood. Horses were as kith and kin, friends and companions, for him, and to his liking for them he added a keen eye for their good points, and an uncanny penetration of their natures. He was friends with all the farm-horses in a week, and had them all under his control—all except one. There was one large, iron-gray horse that, in all his puttering round the stables and hobnobbing with the other horses, Alfred had no dealings with if he could avoid it. Mr. Gillman noted the fact, and questioned him about it.

"Alfred," he said one day, "why don't you treat Bill as well as you do the other horses?"

"I ain't got no use fer dat hoss, suh; he ain't got a good, reli'ble eye. He hab a bad streak in 'im somewha', sho."

"But, Alfred, I raised him from a colt," laughed Mr. Gillman, "and he 's gentle as a kitten. I would trust a baby with him."

"Can't he'p it, suh. He gwine to smaish up t'ings sometime. He done got it in 'im, yas, suh, 'way down deep in his eye."

And the horse verified Alfred's suspicions. First he ran with the plow, and hurt himself badly. The farmer still claimed his point that he was not ugly, but Alfred chuckled and insisted: "A hoss dat hab got no mo' sense dan to run wid a plow ain't to be trusted, and is gwine to do wuss arter while." Sure enough, soon after he ran away out of pure devilment, smashed the wagon into atoms, and nearly killed the driver. After that Mr. Gillman sold old Bill, and owned that Alfred had his share of horse



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. C. PUTNAM.  
"HE WASHED THEM AND RUBBED THEM AND PETTED THEM LIKE BABIES."

sense, though not the way most folks understood it.

Alfred's reputation in the horse line spread, and he soon came to be neighborhood referee on a horse-deal. When he had once run his hand down an animal's legs, squinted hard at its teeth and eyes, tried its gait and wind on a half-mile stretch, and pronounced it good, the deal was pretty sure to go through. But favorable verdicts with Alfred were few and far between.

Where he got his training was a riddle.

Not in the Missouri corn-fields from which he came, that was certain. It seemed to be in the blood, in the warp and woof of his nature. He was born in Kentucky, so he said, in the blue-grass region, and had been sold from there into Missouri, together with his mother, when he was not much more than a baby. He used to show on rare occasions, when you went to his cabin, an old, buff-faced, scarlet coat, faded and moth-eaten, his most cherished possession. "My grand-fader done wore dat coat," he would explain,

"when he druv de fambly out in de big coach to see young marser's hosses run, 'way back in de ole days in Kentucky, 'fo' I was born."

It was soon after Alfred set up for himself that he bought his "yaller mule." He got him cheap from a dead-beat farmer over in the Missouri bottom, brought him across the river on the ferry-boat, close covered by an old rubber army blanket, though it was July, and led him home after dark to escape a jeering crowd of boys. The mule was the wreck of a once powerful animal, a big bundle of sharp bones, with a scarred and branded yellow hide stretched tight over them. He had great lumps on his fore legs from injuries received long ago, and one ear had lost its spring and stuck straight out instead of standing up, so that the pair put you in mind of the windlass of an old mill with one half missing. Alfred built him a lean-to on one side of his own shanty, fed him and cared for him tolerably well, and got more work out of him than was to be expected, which was not much to boast of. He did the spring plowing, turning up in long rows the yellow-and-brown-streaked earth on Alfred's three-acre tract in time to get all the vines started before hot weather, provided they began betimes; and when the potatoes were dug, he trotted before the loaded wagon, with its wabbling wheels, down into the town, and stood quietly at the gate while Alfred peddled his potatoes from door to door.

There never was anything so good as Alfred's sweet potatoes, so we children used to think, when they came on the table roasted, with their clear brown skins popping off, and letting out that delicious chestnut flavor from the mealy yellow meat inside. Besides, Alfred always managed to have the first sweet potatoes in the market; and he had a way of putting by a part for the winter, and bringing them out, as sound and firm as new, when everybody else's were gone. So his potatoes were always popular.

When we teased the old fellow about his "yaller mule,"—the animal never went by any other name,—he grinned sheepishly and said: "Dat mule am like de nigger: he made to wuck. Sho yo' can't say eder of 'em 's made fer putty."

But if the yaller mule was a trial to his aristocratic horse tastes, Alfred had his compensations. The cost of keep for himself and the mule was light, and sweet potatoes were, for him, a profitable and almost certain crop, and he laid up money. With the first fifty dollars he put by, he bought a horse. Fifty

dollars did not go so far in a horse then as it does now, and the animal was no great bargain; but it was a horse, and, moreover, it was his own. It was then that Alfred's sporting spirit first cropped out. With a pair of light-weight wheels, bought at auction, and some old shafts, he rigged up for himself a sulky, and mounted on the seat in true professional pose, he trotted his new possession, to the exclusion of all common occupations. The farmers laughed at him, and with a good farm-team easily left him far behind in a cloud of dust. But the first horse was merely his china nest-egg. With his next fifty dollars and the first horse thrown in, he bought a second, this time an animal with good points.

The Mississippi river-bottom was not the place for fine horses. Most of them, like Alfred's yaller mule, were made for use and not for ornament. They were apt to have big feet and ill-shaped bodies and tired eyes long before they were old in years. But occasionally there was a farmer, well-to-do enough to look beyond the needs of every day, who loved a horse for its own sake; and now and then a townsman picked up an animal that came from Maine or Kentucky and had good racing blood in its veins. At any rate, the race-course down on the flats by the river below the town was a lively place when the Fourth-of-July races came round. Alfred was always there, you may be sure, early and on the front row, and rode with the jockeys and ran with the horses in spirit, and went home at night worn out.

Somehow he got wind of every good bit of horse-flesh within a radius of thirty miles, and he scoured the country after bargains. What the neighbors called his "sprees" were horse-hunting expeditions, when the horse fever came on him, and he harnessed up and went where impulse drove him. He was gone a day, a week, on one occasion a whole month, and nobody thought to see him back again. The spirit might strike at planting-time, in weeding season, or at harvest; it made no matter: he went, and stayed till it wore him out. Exactly where he went, or what he did, nobody knew. They only knew that he came back, generally with one or more brand-new horses and without the one with which he started, and that he was very meek and diligent for a long time afterward.

It would have gone hard with the sweet potatoes when Alfred went on a "spree," had not nature made them hardy, and it would have gone still harder with the yaller mule, had it not been for Mr. Gillman. Happening

over one day to return a borrowed hoe, he found Alfred's little shanty deserted, with the door and window wide open to the weather, and his mule tied up in the shed, half dead for food and water. He scolded the negro roundly when he came back two days later, chuckling over his purchase of a big bay mare, but he did it more from principle than because he put faith in the effects. For it had not taken his old employer ten years to learn that Alfred was absolutely fire-proof to scoldings. You might storm at him till you were black in the face, and see him grinning at you still, and feel sure he had not absorbed one word. He could not be made over in the least particular by either cruelty or kindness. But Si Gillman had a tender heart, and he took to watching the smoke that came from the stovepipe in the roof that served Alfred for a chimney, and was just visible between the tall white maples round his porch. When for two evenings in succession no smoke came from the stovepipe, he went to look after the yaller mule.

Though Alfred treated the yaller mule as less than a fellow-animal, he evened up by treating his horses far better than he did himself. He built them stable larger and tighter than his own house, with big box-stalls and whole glass windows and a huge padlock on the door. He washed them and rubbed them and petted them like babies, and never worked them, only "exe'cised" them in season and out. Up to the year of our story he had never owned a horse worthy the name of a trotter, but he trained them all to the profession, none the less. He was very likely to dart at you, full tilt, from out a cloud of yellow dust, as you were driving along a level stretch of country road of a summer evening, astride his sulky, with head up and arms and legs straight out, as jockey-like as circumstances would allow. The click of his horses' feet on the hard macadam streets of the town came to be unmistakable, for nobody drove as Alfred did, and there was a joke among the farmers that he kept the road by his place worn smooth for half a mile each way. In time he came to be a standing joke to everybody generally, and any new developments were promptly and charitably put down to "just Alfred."

There came a new development one fall, when Alfred had been something over twenty years in the neighborhood, and was beginning to grow old, though only the creases in his face showed it. He came home one day from a protracted "spree" with a splendid blooded mare, a five-year-old, jet-

black, with the one white star between the eyes, and worthy of her registered pedigree from the tips of her pointed ears to the "go" in her nervous little heels. Her new owner gave nearly all he possessed for her,—four good horses, more than he had ever owned before, and a snug sum in cash,—but he gained in pride and self-esteem all and more than he was out of pocket. There remained now only one stone to add to life's pinnacle of success—to put her on the track.

I took advantage of a freeze one day late in February, and drove out the three miles between the town and Alfred's little farm. We had had an open winter, with the pasty yellow mud hub-deep on the country roads, and but little intercourse with the country people was possible. To the bad going I attributed Alfred's non-appearance with his usual late sweet potatoes.

"Well, de fact is," he said apologetically, "I done forgot all 'bout 'taters. Seems like I can't t'ink o' nuthin' jes now 'cep'in' my Honey. Hab yo' seed my Honey? Well, yo' jes come 'long wid me."

He grinned till his face looked all mouth, and beckoned me along to the stable. I stopped to pat the yaller mule's scratchy black nose sticking out of his lean-to by the house, but he did not take it graciously: he was not used to petting.

Alfred's "Honey" was a beauty, long and slender-bodied, with the small, delicate ears and limbs of the thoroughbred, a fine, full forehead, and soft, dark, watchful eyes. She whinnied at Alfred's footstep and ran her slim nose down into his deep jersey pocket after sugar.

"My Honey and me 's gwine to trot to gedder, dat we air, down at de park in de Fo'th-o'-July races. And we gwine to win, too, ain't we, Honey? Sho as sho, dat we air."

The old fellow fairly radiated joy all over. One could not help absorbing more or less of it when one was with him. One was sorry he was so small and could not hold more.

It was scarcely two weeks later that the news came of his loss. His stable had burned to the ground, and his splendid horse had burned with it. It required little guessing to fix upon the origin of the fire. Undoubtedly a spark, blown from the red-hot funnel of an engine puffing up the heavy grade, had been caught by the high March wind and driven in at the open hay-loft window or among the dry shingles of the roof. It happened at night, and when Alfred,

wakened by the neighing of his horse, rushed to her rescue, the upper story of his barn was burning fiercely. There was ample time, however, to save the horse, if she would have been saved. But the noble animal was crazed by fear, and did not know the voice of her master when he came to help her. In vain he coaxed and pleaded, blindfolded her, scolded, and, in his frenzy, even struck her: she would not move. Men from the nearer houses gathered, one by one, all eager to give their help, yet powerless to find a means. Alfred stayed by his darling, while the sparks fell thick about him and the smoke was choking, his arms around her neck, till they dragged him out, scarcely ten seconds before the roof fell in about her. He sat down on his door-sill, still and speechless, and watched the flames pile up higher and then die down, while tears of pity streamed from the eyes of the crowd of half-dressed men and boys gathered in the glare.

His misfortune prostrated poor Alfred, crushed everything within him except his sporting blood; that was as strong as life itself. He fell into a stupid, dreamy state, from which nothing seemed to rouse him. The spring came on, but he did not heed the damp smell of cold ground warming up that had meant planting-time. His field went unplowed, his seed-potatoes rotted in the cellar. He sat generally all day outside his cabin, following the sun round the three sides, and going in when it set. The redbird went half mad with joy on the top of the nearest tree; the robin threw his whole soul into his love-song; and the wren that had built in the angle of his down spout for years came back and trilled, as glib as a music-box, in his ears. But where each sound had spoken to something inside him before, and had come to mean each a special stage of sweet potatoes, they meant nothing to him now.

Most remarkable of all, however, he took to coddling the yaller mule. He fed him on the best of food, spent hours in rubbing him down from head to foot, bedded him soft at night, and led him up and down the road for exercise. He did it all automatically, as though he was wound up and could not stop. There was not a spark of feeling in it, but the yaller mule did not miss that; affection would have been thrown away on one of his make-up. He took it all stoically, as he took everything in life. But his lean old sides took on a half-inch layer of meat, and his bristly hide showed a hint of gloss in spots,

and his rheumatic legs grew limber, as they had not been in years. The neighbors declared he actually kicked up his heels and ran when he was turned out to pasture in the field he used to plow.

The Fourth of July came, proverbially hot and dusty. The thermometer stood at 90° on the shady side of the street long before noon, and the dust was three inches deep on a level. There was a blistering breeze that came and went in jerks, and piles of thick white clouds in the southwest that meant thunder-storms later in the day. Early in the morning, heavy farm-wagons, drawn by lathering, dust-covered horses, with father, mother, and baby on the seat, and brothers and sisters, children and hired men, ranged on parallel boards in the back, began rumbling into town, along the country roads leading from the bottom-lands below and the prairie behind and up the river. Before noon the straggling procession of steaming men and horses, sun-umbrellas and limp flags, was over, and the crowd began to gravitate toward the race-track on the flat below the town. Every available bit of shade under the big elm-trees along the road was spread with picnickers, and what was to be the shady side of the high board fence round the track was lined with wagons, the horses tied to the back end. The peddlers of pink and white pop-corn, lemonade, chewing-gum, and fans assembled and wrangled for first place at the gates. By one o'clock the big, open trolley-cars began running down, packed to the steps, and unloading the smarter-looking townspeople.

The crowd streamed through the wide gates and took position, some few on the sheltered grand stand, the most on the tiers of open seats that rose to right and left of it. By half-past two, the bill-poster time for the show to open, there was not a square foot of room for man or sun-umbrella to be found, and beyond the fence was a ring of the well-to-do townspeople, who had driven down to see the fun from their carriages. From the ring the audience looked like a black sky of umbrellas, with colored spots thrown out against it.

The bicycle races led off, but the interest was largely local among the towns-people; more than that, they were too quickly over to more than whet the keen edge of the crowd's expectancy, and induce them to furl their sun-umbrellas. Next came the trotting race. Probably not six people among the onlookers remembered that this was to have been Alfred's race, though the negro was

well known to most of them. He himself was not there. Mr. Gillman had tried to coax him into going, hoping that the sight of horses might rouse his old self again; but Alfred had only shaken his head and grinned.

The audience did not manifest a lively interest in the race at first; it was taking its first lemonade after pop-corn, and had not yet begun on chewing-gum. The keenest interest was reserved for the running races that were to follow, on which most of the bets were staked. But the countless false starts at last won attention, and now the eye of the crowd was focused on the yellow and the blue jockeys as they passed the judges' stand on the last round, their horses neck and neck, the other five contestants following some six lengths behind.

Suddenly a cry was raised by the spectators farthest round to the right, low at first and inarticulate, then swelling as more and more marked the cause. Through a side entrance a third way round the course, in the direction in which the jockeys were going, there dashed a new contestant in the race, a brawny yellow mule, hitched to a rickety sulky, and on the seat a small figure in a scarlet, buff-trimmed coat. It was Alfred and his yaller mule, nobody who knew either of them could feel a moment's doubt. Clad in the treasured grandfather's coat, the long tails flapping wildly out behind, he was leaning forward over the mule, brandishing the stump of an old buggy-whip; while the mule, stung to effort by the blows and

stimulated by the yelling mob, with his ears at right angles, his tail up, and his nose poked forward, was striking out at a long, rickety stride that made the wabbling sulky lunge from wheel to wheel.

The crowd, yelling like mad, part in derision, part in glee, scented danger and caught its breath. For there was danger. Each jockey was intent upon his work. They were bunching together for the final struggle, their horses all on fire. The judges stood appalled, too dazed to sound the halt. When the foremost two of the jockeys, not half a length apart, caught sight of Alfred, they were close upon him, too close to pause or turn. The mule and his toppling rig held to the middle of the track; there was only one course — to pass him. The first jockey shaved by on the left in safety; but the mule swerved an inch or two in his course, and the second, shooting by on the right, struck the wheel of the wabbling sulky and smashed it into splinters. A storm of dust and oaths rose simultaneously. The jockeys swept by, somehow, and on to the finish, but the crowd did not heed them. High in the column of dust on the other side of the ring they saw the heels of a yellow mule and bits of wreckage flying, and flashes of a scarlet coat.

Help came promptly from all quarters, but, for Alfred, it came too late. The heels of his mule had done their work.

The race was called off, and it was not run over. Nobody but the jockeys knew who won it, and they could not agree.



## THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY CONTROVERSY.

### II. THE INTERVENTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY GROVER CLEVELAND,  
Ex-President of the United States.<sup>1</sup>

**I**N dealing with the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, I have thus far reviewed certain incidents terminating in 1893 in which these two countries as the parties primarily concerned were participants. We have now, however, reached a stage in the affair which requires a recital of other facts which led up to the active and positive interference of our own government in the controversy. In discussing this branch of our topic it will be necessary not only to deal with circumstances following those already narrated, but to retrace our steps sufficiently to exhibit among other things the appeals and representations made to the government of the United States by Venezuela, while she was still attempting to arrive at an adjustment with Great Britain.

I have already referred to the first communication made to us by Venezuela on the subject. This, it will be remembered, was in 1876, when she sought to resume negotiations with Great Britain, after an interruption of thirty-two years. I have also called attention to the fact that coincident with this communication Venezuela presented to Great Britain a willingness to relax her insistence upon her extreme boundary claim, based upon alleged right, and suggested that a conventional line might be fixed by mutual accord.

This beginning of Venezuela's appeals to us for support and aid amounted to little more than a vague and indefinite invitation to give her our countenance and sympathy in her efforts to settle her differences with her contestants, with an expression of a desire that we would take cognizance of her new steps in that direction. I do not find that any reply was made to this communication.

Five years afterward the Venezuelan

minister in Washington presented to Mr. Evarts, then our Secretary of State, information he had received that British vessels had made their appearance in the mouth of the Orinoco River with materials to build a telegraph-line, and had begun to erect poles for that purpose at Barima: and he referred to the immense importance to his country of the Orinoco; to the efforts of his government to adjust her difficulty with Great Britain, and to the delays interposed; and finally expressed his confident belief that the United States would not view with indifference what was being done in a matter of such capital importance.

Mr. Evarts promptly replied, and informed the Venezuelan representative that "in view of the deep interest which the Government of the United States takes in all transactions tending to attempted encroachments of foreign powers upon the territory of any of the republics of this continent, this Government could not look with indifference to the forcible acquisition of such territory by England, if the mission of the vessels now at the mouth of the Orinoco should be found to be for that end."

Again, on the thirtieth day of November, 1881, our minister to Venezuela reported to Mr. Blaine, who had succeeded Mr. Evarts as Secretary of State, an interview with the President of Venezuela at his request, in which the subject of the boundary dispute was discussed. The question was spoken of by the President as being of essential importance and a source of great anxiety to him, involving a large and fertile territory between the Essequibo and Orinoco, and probably the control of the mouth and a considerable portion of the latter river; and he alleged that the policy of Great Britain, in the treatment of this question, had been delay—the interval being utilized by gradually but steadily extending her interest and authority into the disputed territory; and "that, though the rights of Venezuela were clear and indisputable, he questioned her ability, unaided by some friendly nation, to maintain them."

<sup>1</sup> This is the full text, hitherto unprinted, of a lecture delivered at Princeton University, on March 28, 1901. The first lecture, on "The Long-standing Dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela," appeared in the June CENTURY.—THE EDITOR.

In July, 1882, Mr. Frelinghuysen, successor to Mr. Blaine, sent to our minister to Venezuela a despatch to be communicated to the government of the republic, in which he stated that, if Venezuela desired it, the United States would propose to the government of Great Britain that the boundary question be submitted to the arbitrament of a third power.

It should be here recalled that a proposition for arbitration had been made by Venezuela to Great Britain in February, 1881, and that Great Britain had refused to accede to it.

In July, 1884, Mr. Frelinghuysen sent a confidential despatch to Mr. Lowell, our minister to Great Britain, informing him that Ex-President Guzman Blanco, who had recently been accredited as a special envoy from Venezuela to Great Britain, had called on him relative to the objects of his mission, in respect of which he desired to obtain the good offices of this government, and that doubtless he would seek to confer with Mr. Lowell in London. He further informed Mr. Lowell that he had told the Venezuelan envoy that, "in view of our interest in all that touches the independent life of the Republics of the American Continent, the United States could not be indifferent to anything that might impair their normal self-control"; that "the moral position of the United States in these matters was well known through the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine," though formal action in the direction of applying that doctrine to a speculative case affecting Venezuela seemed to him to be inopportune, and therefore he could not advise Venezuela to arouse a discussion of that point. He instructed our minister to show proper consideration to the Venezuelan envoy, and to "take proper occasion to let Lord Granville know that we are not without concern as to whatever may affect the interest of a sister Republic of the American Continent and its position in the family of nations."

In July, 1885, the Venezuelan minister to the United States addressed a communication to Secretary of State Bayard, setting forth the correspondence which had already taken place between our government and that of Venezuela touching the boundary dispute, and referring to the serious condition existing on account of the renewed aggressions of Great Britain.

Mr. Bayard thereupon sent a despatch on the subject to Mr. Phelps, our diplomatic representative to England, in which, after

stating that the Venezuelan government had never definitely declared what course she desired us to pursue, but, on the contrary, had expressed a desire to be guided by our counsel, he said: "The good offices of this Government have been tendered to Venezuela to suggest to Great Britain the submission of the boundary dispute to arbitration; but when shown that such action on our part would exclude us from acting as arbitrator, Venezuela ceased to press the matter in that direction"; and the next day after writing this despatch Mr. Bayard informed the Venezuelan minister that the President of the United States could not entertain a request to act as umpire in any dispute unless it should come concurrently from both contestants.

In December, 1886, the American minister to Venezuela addressed a despatch to Mr. Bayard, in which he represented that matters looked very angry and threatening in Venezuela on account of fresh aggressions on the part of Great Britain in the disputed territory; and he expressed the fear that an open rupture might occur between the two contesting countries. He inclosed a statement made by the Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs, containing a list of grievances, followed by this declaration: "Venezuela, listening to the advice of the United States, has endeavored several times to obtain that the difference should be submitted to the award of a third power. . . . But such efforts have proven fruitless, and the possibility of that result, the only one prescribed by our constitution, being arrived at, becomes more and more remote from day to day. Great Britain has been constant in her clandestine advances upon the Venezuelan territory, not taking into consideration either the rights or the complaints of this Republic." And he adds the following declaration: "Under such circumstances the Government has but two courses left open: either to employ force in order to recover places from which force has ejected the Republic, since its amicable representations on the subject have failed to secure redress, or to present a solemn protest to the Government of the United States against so great an abuse, which is an evident declaration of war—a provocative aggression."

Thereupon, and on the twentieth day of December, 1886, a despatch was sent by Mr. Bayard to Mr. Phelps, in which the secretary comments on the fact that at no time theretofore had the good offices of our government been actually tendered to avert a rupture between Great Britain and Venezuela, and that

our inaction in this regard seemed to be due to the reluctance of Venezuela to have the government of the United States take any steps having relation to the action of the British government which might, in appearance even, prejudice the resort to our arbitration or mediation which Venezuela desired; but that the intelligence now received warranted him in tendering the good offices of the United States to promote an amicable settlement of the difficulty between the two countries, and offering our arbitration if acceptable to both countries—as he supposed the dispute turned upon simple and readily ascertainable historical facts.

Additional complaints against Great Britain in the matter of further increasing her trespasses on Venezuelan territory were contained in a note from the Venezuelan minister to Mr. Bayard, dated January 4, 1887. I shall only quote the following passage:

My Government has tried all possible means to induce that of London to accept arbitration, as advised by the United States; this, however, has resulted in nothing but fresh attempts against the integrity of the territory by the colonial authorities of Demerara. It remains to be seen how long my Government will find it possible to exercise forbearance transcending the limits of its positive official duty.

Pursuant to his instructions from Mr. Bayard, our minister to Great Britain formally tendered to the English government, on the eighth day of February, 1887, the good offices of the United States to promote an amicable settlement of the pending controversy, and offered our arbitration if acceptable to both parties.

A few days afterward Lord Salisbury, on behalf of Great Britain, replied that the attitude which had been taken by the President of the Venezuelan republic precluded her Majesty's government from submitting the question at that time to the arbitration of any third power.

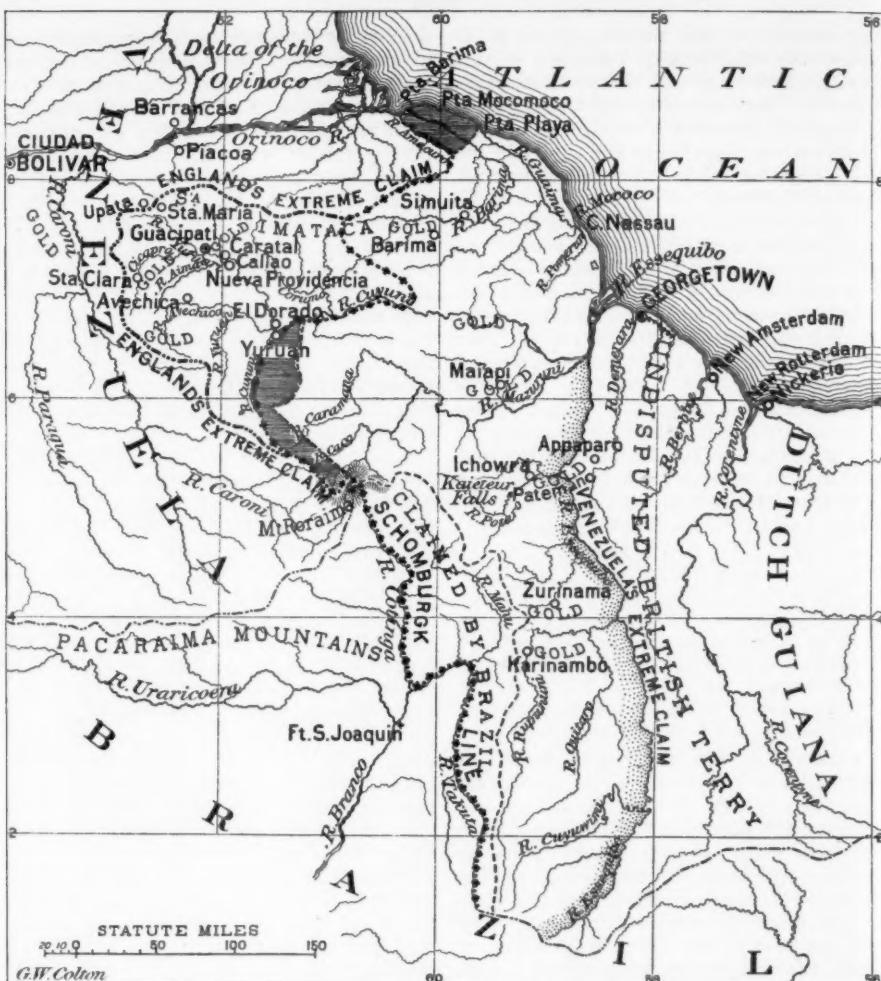
The fact that Lord Salisbury had declined our offer of mediation and arbitration was promptly conveyed to the government of Venezuela; and thereupon, on the fourth day of May, 1887, her minister at Washington addressed another note to our Secretary of State indicating much depression on account of the failure of all efforts up to that time made to induce Great Britain to agree to a settlement of the controversy by arbitration, and expressing the utmost gratitude for the steps taken by our government in aid of those efforts. He also refers to the

desire his government once entertained that, in case arbitration could be attained, the United States might be selected as arbitrator, and to the fact that this desire had been relinquished because the maintenance of impartiality essential in an arbitrator would "seriously impair the efficiency of action which for the furtherance of the common interests of America, and in obedience to the doctrine of the immortal Monroe, should possess all the vitality that the alarming circumstances demand"; and he begs the secretary to instruct our representative in London "to insist, in the name of the United States Government, upon the necessity of submitting the boundary question between Venezuela and British Guiana to arbitration."

I have heretofore refrained from stating in detail the quite numerous instances of quarrel and collision that occurred in and near the disputed territory, with increasing frequency, during this controversy. One of these, however, I think should be here mentioned. It seems that in 1883 two vessels belonging to English subjects were seized and their crews taken into custody by Venezuelan officials in the disputed region, for alleged violations of the laws of Venezuela within her jurisdiction; and it appears, further, that English officials had assumed, without any judicial determination and without any notice to Venezuela, to assess damages against her on account of such seizure and arrests in an amount which, with interest, amounted in 1887 to about forty thousand dollars. On the seventh day of October in that year, the governor of Trinidad, an English island near the mouth of the Orinoco, in a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Venezuela, declared that her Majesty's government could not permit such injuries to remain unredressed, or their representations to be disregarded any longer, and thereupon it was demanded that the money claimed, with interest, be paid within seven days from the delivery of said letter, which concluded as follows:

Failing compliance with the above demands Her Majesty's Government will be reluctantly compelled to instruct the Commander of Her Majesty's naval forces in the West Indies to take such measures as he may deem necessary to obtain that reparation which has been vainly sought for by friendly means; and in case of so doing they will hold the Venezuelan Government responsible for any consequences that may arise.

Venezuela did not fail to appreciate and frankly acknowledge that, in her defenseless



MAP OF THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

The Schomburgk line is laid down on this map in conformity with the claims of Great Britain as to its proper position. By the arbitration Great Britain has lost the two strips of land within that line indicated on the map by shaded sections, one at the mouth of the Orinoco and the other between Yuruan and Mount Roraima. These shaded sections comprise about 5000 square miles, an area a trifle larger than the State of Connecticut, and represent what Venezuela has gained in territory within the Schomburgk line as defined by Great Britain. Venezuela's political gain consists in the complete control of the mouth of the Orinoco, which is the natural outlet to nearly all of Venezuela and a large part of Colombia.—EDITOR.

condition, there was no escape from the payment of the sum which England, as a judge in its own cause, had decreed against her. The President of the republic, however, in a prompt reply to the governor's note, characterized its terms as "offensive to the dignity of the nation and to the equality which, according to the principles of the rights of nations, all countries enjoy without any regard to their strength or weakness." There-

upon he sought the good offices of our minister to Venezuela in an effort to procure a withdrawal of the objectionable communication. This was attempted in a note sent by the American minister to the governor of Trinidad, in which he said:

I hope your Excellency will permit me to suggest, as a mutual friend of both parties, the suspension or withdrawal of your note of the 7th instant, so that negotiations may at once be opened

for the immediate and final settlement of the aforementioned claims without further resort to unpleasant measures. From representations made to me, I am satisfied that if the note of the 7th instant is withdrawn temporarily even, Venezuela will do in the premises that which will prove satisfactory to your Government.

A few days after this note was sent, a reply was received in which the governor of Trinidad courteously expressed his thanks to our minister for his good offices, and informed him that, as the government of Venezuela regarded his note of October 7 "as offensive, and appeared desirous of at last settling this long-pending question in a friendly spirit," he promptly telegraphed to her Majesty's government asking permission to withdraw that note and substitute a less forcible one for it; and that he had just been informed by his home government in reply that this arrangement could not be sanctioned.

Our minister reported this transaction to his home government at Washington on the fourth day of November, 1887, and stated that the money demanded by Great Britain had been paid by Venezuela under protest.

Venezuela may have been altogether at fault in the transaction out of which this demand arose; the amount which England exacted may not have been unreasonable; and the method of its assessment, though not the most considerate possible, has support in precedent; and even the threat of a naval force may sometimes be justified in enforcing unheeded demands. I have not adverted to this incident for the purpose of inviting judgment on any of its phases, but only to call attention to the fact that it was allowed to culminate with seemingly studied accompaniments of ruthlessness and irritation, at a time when a boundary question was pending between the two nations, when the weaker contestant was importuning the stronger for arbitration, and when a desire for reconciliation and peace in presence of strained relations should have counseled considerateness and magnanimity—all this in haughty disregard of the solicitous and expressed desire of the government of the United States to induce a peaceful adjustment of the boundary dispute, and in curt denial of our request that this especially disturbing incident should be relieved of its most exasperating features.

In the trial of causes before our courts, evidence is frequently introduced to show the animus or intent of litigating parties.

Of course we are not necessarily obliged

to adopt the following language of the Venezuelan minister, addressed to our Secretary of State, when reporting the anticipated arrival of a British war-steamer to enforce the demand of Great Britain:

Such alarming news shows evidently that the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, encouraged by the impunity on which it has counted until now for the realization of its unjust designs with regard to Venezuela, far from procuring a pacific and satisfactory agreement on the different questions pending with the latter, is especially eager to complicate in order to render less possible every day that equitable solution which has been so fully the endeavor of my people.

On the fifteenth day of February, 1888, the Venezuelan minister, in communicating to our government information he had received touching a decree of the governor of Demerara denying the validity of a contract entered into by the government of Venezuela for the construction of a railway between certain points in the territory claimed by Venezuela, commented on the affair as follows:

England has at last declared emphatically that her rights are without limit, and embrace whatever regions may be suggested to her by her insatiate thirst for conquest. She even goes so far as to deny the validity of railway grants comprised within territory where not even the wildest dream of fancy had ever conceived that the day would come when Venezuela's right thereto could be disputed. The fact is that until now England has relied upon impunity. She beholds in us a weak and unfriended nation, and seeks to make the Venezuelan coast and territories the base of a conquest which, if circumstances are not altered, will have no other bounds than the dictates of her own will.

Mr. Bayard, in a despatch transmitting this to our minister to England, says that our government has heretofore acted upon the assumption that the boundary controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela was one based on historical facts, which without difficulty could be determined according to evidence, but that the British pretension now stated gives rise to grave disquietude, and creates the apprehension that their territorial claim does not follow historical traditions or evidence, but is apparently indefinite. He refers to the British Colonial Office list of previous years, and calls attention to the wide detour to the westward in the boundaries of British Guiana between the years 1877 and 1887, as shown in such record. He suggests that our minister "express anew to Lord Salisbury the great

gratification it would afford our Government to see the Venezuelan dispute amicably and honorably settled by arbitration or otherwise," and adds: "If indeed it should appear that there is no fixed limit to the British boundary claim, our good disposition to aid in a settlement might not only be defeated, but be obliged to give place to a feeling of grave concern."

It was about this time that the Venezuelan minister, in a note expressing his appreciation of our kind efforts to bring about a settlement of the boundary dispute, made the following statement:

Disastrous and fatal consequences would ensue for the independence of South America if, under the pretext of a question of boundaries, Great Britain should succeed in consummating the usurpation of a third part of our territory, and therewith a river so important as the Orinoco. Under the pretext of a mere question of boundaries which began on the banks of the Essequibo, we now find ourselves on the verge of losing regions lying more than five degrees away from that river.

On the first day of May, 1890, Mr. Blaine, the successor of Mr. Bayard as Secretary of State, instructed Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, the American minister to England, "to use his good offices with Lord Salisbury to bring about the resumption of diplomatic intercourse between Great Britain and Venezuela as a preliminary step toward the settlement of the boundary dispute by arbitration." He was also "requested to propose to Lord Salisbury, with a view to an accommodation, that an informal conference be had in Washington or in London of representatives of the three powers." The secretary added: "In such conference the position of the United States is one solely of impartial friendship toward both litigants."

In response to this instruction Mr. Lincoln reported to Mr. Blaine an account of a personal interview with Lord Salisbury. In this interview his Lordship said that her Majesty's government had not for some time been keen in attempts to settle the dispute, in view of their feeling of uncertainty as to the stability of the present Venezuelan government and the frequency of revolutions in that quarter; but that he would take pleasure in considering our suggestion after consulting the Colonial Office, to which it would first have to be referred. Mr. Lincoln, in giving his impressions derived from the interview, says that "while Lord Salisbury did not intimate what would probably be the nature of his reply, there was certainly nothing unfavorable in his manner of

receiving the suggestion"; and he follows this with these significant words: "If the matter had been entirely new and dissociated with its previous history, I should have felt from his tone that the idea of arbitration in some form, to put an end to the boundary dispute, was quite agreeable to him."

On the 26th of May, 1890, Lord Salisbury addressed a note to Mr. Lincoln in reply to the representations he had made, in which his Lordship stated that her Majesty's government was at that moment in communication with the Venezuelan minister in Paris, who had been authorized to express the desires of his government for the renewal of diplomatic relations, and to discuss the conditions on which it might be effected; that the terms on which her Majesty's government considered that a settlement of the question in issue between the two countries might be made, had been communicated to Venezuela's representative; that his reply was still awaited, and that the British government "would wish to have the opportunity of examining that reply, and ascertaining what prospect it would afford of an adjustment of existing differences, before considering the expediency of having recourse to the good offices of a third party."

No mention was made, in this communication, nor at any time thereafter, so far as I can discover, of Mr. Blaine's proposal of a conference between representatives of the three nations interested in an adjustment.

Lord Salisbury, in a despatch to the English representative at Washington, dated November 11, 1891, states that our minister to England had, in conversation with him, renewed, on the part of our government, the expression of a hope that the government of Great Britain would refer the boundary dispute to arbitration; that his Lordship had expressed his willingness to submit to arbitration all the questions which seemed to his government to be fairly capable of being treated as questions of controversy; that the principal obstacle was the rupture of diplomatic relations caused by Venezuela's act; and that before the government of Great Britain could renew negotiations they must be satisfied that those relations were about to be resumed with a prospect of their continuance.

While our government was endeavoring to influence Great Britain in the direction of fair and just arbitration, and receiving for our pains only barren assurances and delaying excuses, the appeals of Venezuela for help, stimulated by alleged constantly

advancing English pretensions, were incessantly ringing in our ears.

I shall refrain from even the mention of a number of these appeals, and pass to a representation which was made by the Venezuelan minister at Washington on the thirty-first day of March, 1894, to Mr. Gresham, who was then our Secretary of State. In this communication the course of the controversy and the alleged unauthorized acts of England from the beginning to that date were rehearsed with circumstantial particularity. The conduct of Great Britain in refusing arbitration was again reprobated, and pointed reference was made to a principle which had been asserted by the United States, "that the nations of the American continent, after having acquired the liberty and independence which they enjoy and maintain, were not subject to colonization by any European power." The minister declares that "Venezuela has been ready to adhere to the conciliatory counsel of the United States that a conference, consisting of its own Representative and those of the two parties, should meet at Washington or London for the purpose of preparing an honorable reestablishment of harmony between the litigants," and that "Great Britain has disregarded the equitable proposition of the United States."

On the thirteenth day of July, 1894, Mr. Gresham sent a despatch to Mr. Bayard, formerly Secretary of State, but at that time our ambassador to England, inclosing the communication of the Venezuelan minister, calling particular attention to its contents, and at the same time briefly discussing the boundary dispute. Mr. Gresham said:

The recourse to arbitration first proposed in 1881, having been supported by your predecessors, was in turn advocated by you, in a spirit of friendly regard for the two nations involved. In the meantime successive advances of British settlers in the region admittedly in dispute were followed by similar advances of British Colonial administration, contesting and supplanting Venezuelan claims to exercise authority therein.

He adds: "Toward the end of 1887, the British territorial claim, which had, as it would seem, been silently increased by some twenty-three thousand square miles between 1885 and 1886, took another comprehensive sweep westward to embrace" a certain rich mining district. "Since then," the secretary further states, "repeated efforts have been made by Venezuela as a directly interested party, and by the United States as the impartial friend of both countries, to bring

about a resumption of diplomatic relations, which had been suspended in consequence of the dispute now under consideration."

This despatch concludes as follows:

The President is inspired by a desire for a peaceful and honorable adjustment of the existing difficulties between an American state and a powerful transatlantic nation, and would be glad to see the reestablishment of such diplomatic relations between them as would promote that end. I can discover but two equitable solutions to the present controversy. One is the arbitral determination of the rights of the disputants as the respective successors to the historical rights of Holland and Spain over the region in question. The other is to create a new boundary-line in accordance with the dictates of mutual expediency and consideration. The two Governments having so far been unable to agree on a conventional line, the consistent and conspicuous advocacy by the United States and England of the principle of arbitration, and their recourse thereto in settlement of important questions arising between them, makes such a mode of adjustment especially appropriate in the present instance; and this Government will gladly do what it can to further a determination in that sense.

In another despatch to Mr. Bayard, dated December 1, 1894, Mr. Gresham says:

I cannot believe Her Majesty's Government will maintain that the validity of their claim to territory long in dispute between the two countries shall be conceded as a condition precedent to the arbitration of the question whether Venezuela is entitled to other territory, which until a recent period was never in doubt. Our interest in the question has repeatedly been shown by our friendly efforts to further a settlement alike honorable to both countries, and the President is pleased to know that Venezuela will soon renew her efforts to bring about such an adjustment.

Two days afterward, on December 3, 1894, the President's annual message was sent to the Congress, containing the following reference to the controversy:

The boundary of British Guiana still remains in dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela. Believing that its early settlement on some just basis alike honorable to both parties is in the line of our established policy to remove from this hemisphere all causes of difference with powers beyond the sea, I shall renew the efforts heretofore made to bring about a restoration of diplomatic relations between the disputants and to induce a reference to arbitration—a resort which Great Britain so conspicuously favors in principle and respects in practice, and which is earnestly sought by her weaker adversary.

On the twenty-second day of February, 1895, a joint resolution was passed by the

Congress, earnestly recommending to both parties in interest the President's suggestion "that Great Britain and Venezuela refer their dispute as to boundaries to friendly arbitration."

A despatch dated February 23, 1895, from Great Britain's Foreign Office to the English ambassador at Washington, states that on the twenty-fifth day of January, 1895, our ambassador, Mr. Bayard, had, in an official interview, referred to the boundary controversy, and said "that his Government would gladly lend their good offices to bring about a settlement by means of an arbitration." The despatch further stated that Mr. Bayard had thereupon been informed that her Majesty's government had expressed their willingness to submit the question, within certain limits, to arbitration, but could not agree to the more extensive reference on which the Venezuelan government insisted; that Mr. Bayard called again on the twentieth day of February, when a memorandum was read to him concerning the situation of the matter, and a map shown him of the territory in dispute; that at the same time he was informed that the Venezuelans had recently made an aggression upon the territory of English occupation, and, according to report, ill-treated some of the colonial police stationed there, and that it was the boundary defined by the Schomburgk line which had thus been violated in a marked manner by the Venezuelans.

This despatch concludes as follows:

On Mr. Bayard's observing that the United States Government was anxious to do anything in their power to facilitate a settlement of the difficulty by arbitration, I reminded his Excellency that although Her Majesty's Government were ready to go to arbitration as to a certain portion of the territory which I had pointed out to him, they could not consent to any departure from the Schomburgk line.

It now became plainly apparent that a new stage had been reached in the progress of our intervention, and that the ominous happenings of a few months had hastened the day when we were challenged to take our exact bearings, lest we should miss the course of honor and national duty. The more direct tone that had been given to our despatches concerning the dispute, our more insistent and emphatic suggestion of arbitration, the serious reference to the subject in the President's message, the significant resolution passed by Congress earnestly recommending arbitration, all portended a growth of conviction on the part of our gov-

ernment concerning this controversy, which easily developed pronounced disappointment and anxiety when Great Britain, concurrently with these apprising incidents, repeated in direct and positive terms her refusal to submit to arbitration except on condition that a portion of the disputed territory which Venezuela had always claimed to be hers should at the outset be irreversibly conceded to England.

During a period of more than fourteen years our government, assuming the character of a mutual and disinterested friend of both countries, had, with varying assiduity, tendered its good offices to bring about a pacific and amicable settlement of this boundary controversy, only to be repelled with more or less civility by Great Britain. We had seen her pretensions in the disputed regions widen and extend in such manner and upon such pretexts as seemed to constitute an actual or threatened violation of a doctrine which our nation long ago established, declaring that the American continents are not to be considered subjects for future colonization by any European power; and we had, nevertheless, hoped, during all these years, that arrangement and accommodation between the principal parties would justify us in keeping an appeal to that doctrine in the background of the discussion. Notwithstanding, however, all our efforts to avoid it, we could not be unmindful of the conditions which the progress of events had created, and whose meaning and whose exigencies inexorably confronted us. England had finally and unmistakably declared that all the territory embraced within the Schomburgk line was indisputably hers. Venezuela presented a claim to territory within the same limits, which could not be said to lack strong support. England had absolutely refused to permit Venezuela's claim to be tested by arbitration; and Venezuela was utterly powerless to resist by force England's self-pronounced decree of ownership. If this decree was not justified by the facts, and it should be enforced against the protest and insistence of Venezuela and result in the possession and colonization of Venezuelan territory by Great Britain, it seemed quite plain that the American doctrine which denies to European powers the colonization of any part of the American continent would be violated.

If the ultimatum of Great Britain as to her claim of territory had been so well supported as to appear to us hardly doubtful, we might have escaped the responsibility of

insisting on an observance of the Monroe Doctrine, and have still remained the disinterested friend of both countries, contenting ourselves with benevolent attempts to reconcile the disputants. We were, however, far from discovering such satisfactory support in the evidence within our reach. On the contrary, we believed that our acquiescence in Great Britain's pretensions would amount to a failure to uphold and maintain a principle universally accepted by our government and our people as vitally essential to our national integrity and welfare. Arbitration, for which Venezuela pleaded, would have adjudged the exact condition of the rival claims, would have forever silenced Venezuela's complaints, and would have displaced by conclusive sentence our unwelcome doubts and suspicions; but this Great Britain had refused to Venezuela, and thus far had also denied to us.

Recreancy to a principle so fundamentally American as the Monroe Doctrine, on the part of those charged with the administration of our government, was of course out of the question. Inasmuch, therefore, as all our efforts to avoid its assertion had miscarried, there was nothing left for us to do consistently with national honor but to take the place of Venezuela in the controversy, so far as that was necessary, in vindication of our American doctrine. Our mild and amiable proffers of good offices, and the hopes we indulged that at last they might be the means of securing to a weak sister republic peace and justice, and to ourselves immunity from sterner interposition, were not suited to the new emergency. In our advanced position, sympathy for Venezuela and solicitude for her distressed condition were no longer to constitute the motive power of our conduct, but were to give way to the duty and obligation to protect our own national rights.

Mr. Gresham, who since the fourth day of March, 1893, had been our Secretary of State, died in the latter days of May, 1895. His love of justice, his sympathy with every cause that deserved sympathy, his fearless and disinterested patriotism, and his rare mental endowments, combined to make him a noble American and an able administrative officer. To such a man every phase of the Venezuelan boundary dispute strongly appealed; and he had been conscientiously diligent in acquainting himself with its history and in considering the contingencies that might arise in its future development. Though his death was most lamentable, I

have always considered it a providential circumstance that the government then had among its cabinet officers an exceptionally strong and able man, in every way especially qualified to fill the vacant place, and thoroughly familiar with the pending controversy—which seemed every day to bring us closer to momentous duty and responsibility.

Mr. Olney was appointed Secretary of State early in June, 1895; and promptly thereafter, at the suggestion of the President, he began, with characteristic energy and vigor, to make preparation for the decisive step which it seemed to our government could not longer be delayed.

The seriousness of the business we had in hand was fully understood, and the difficulty or impossibility of retracing the step we contemplated was thoroughly appreciated. The absolute necessity of certainty concerning the facts which should control our conduct was, of course, perfectly apparent. Whatever our beliefs or convictions might be, as derived from the examination we had thus far given the case, and however strongly we might be persuaded that Great Britain's pretensions could not be conceded consistently with our maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, it would, nevertheless, have been manifestly improper and heedless on our part to find conclusively against Great Britain, before soliciting her again and in new circumstances to give us an opportunity to judge of the merits of her claims through her submission of them to arbitration.

It was determined, therefore, that a communication should be prepared for presentation to the British government through our ambassador to England, detailing the progress and incidents of the controversy as we apprehended them, giving a thorough exposition of the origin of the Monroe Doctrine, and the reasons on which it was based, demonstrating our interest in the controversy because of its relation to that doctrine, and requesting her Majesty's government, from our new standpoint and on our own account, to join Venezuela in submitting to arbitration their contested claims to the entire territory in dispute.

This was accordingly done; and a despatch to this effect, dated July 20, 1895, was sent by Mr. Olney to her Majesty's government through Mr. Bayard, our ambassador.

The Monroe Doctrine may be abandoned; we may forfeit it by taking our lot with na-

tions that expand by following un-American ways; we may outgrow it, as we seem to be outgrowing other things we once valued, or it may forever stand as a guaranty of protection and safety in our enjoyment of free institutions; but in no event will this American principle ever be better defined, better defended, or more bravely asserted than was done by Mr. Olney in this despatch.

After referring to the various incidents of the controversy, and stating the conditions then existing, it is declared:

The accuracy of the foregoing analysis of the existing status cannot, it is believed, be challenged. It shows that status to be such, that those charged with the interests of the United States are now forced to determine exactly what those interests are and what course of action they require. It compels them to decide to what extent, if any, the United States may and should intervene in a controversy between, and primarily concerning, only Great Britain and Venezuela, and to decide how far it is bound to see that the integrity of Venezuelan territory is not impaired by the pretensions of its powerful antagonist.

After an exhaustive explanation and vindication of the Monroe Doctrine, and after claiming that aggressions by Great Britain on Venezuelan soil would fall within its purview, the despatch proceeds as follows:

While Venezuela charges such usurpation, Great Britain denies it; and the United States, until the merits are authoritatively ascertained, can take sides with neither. But while this is so,—while the United States may not, under existing circumstances at least, take upon itself to say which of the two parties is right and which is wrong,—it is certainly within its right to demand that the truth be ascertained. Being entitled to resent and resist any sequestration of Venezuelan soil by Great Britain, it is necessarily entitled to know whether such sequestration has occurred or is now going on. . . . It being clear, therefore, that the United States may legitimately insist upon the merits of the boundary question being determined, it is equally clear that there is but one feasible mode of determining them, *viz.*, peaceful arbitration.

The demand of Great Britain that her right to a portion of the disputed territory should be acknowledged as a condition of her consent to arbitration as to the rest, is thus characterized:

It is not perceived how such an attitude can be defended, nor how it is reconcilable with that love of justice and fair play so eminently characteristic of the English race. It in effect deprives Venezuela of her free agency and puts her under virtual duress. Territory acquired by reason of it will be as much wrested from her by the strong

hand as if occupied by British troops or covered by British fleets.

The despatch, after directing the presentation to Lord Salisbury of the views it contained, concluded as follows:

They call for a definite decision upon the point whether Great Britain will consent or decline to submit the Venezuelan boundary question in its entirety to impartial arbitration. It is the earnest hope of the President that the conclusion will be on the side of arbitration, and that Great Britain will add one more to the conspicuous precedents she has already furnished in favor of that wise and just mode of settling international disputes. If he is to be disappointed in that hope, however,—a result not to be anticipated, and in his judgment calculated to greatly embarrass the future relations between this country and Great Britain,—it is his wish to be made acquainted with the fact at such early date as will enable him to lay the whole subject before Congress in his next annual message.

The reply of Great Britain to this communication consisted of two despatches addressed by Lord Salisbury to the British ambassador at Washington for submission to our government. Though dated the twenty-sixth day of November, 1895, these despatches were not presented to our State Department until a number of days after the assemblage of the Congress in the following month. In one of these communications Lord Salisbury, in dealing with the Monroe Doctrine and the right or propriety of our appeal to it in the pending controversy, declares: "The dangers which were apprehended by President Monroe have no relation to the state of things in which we live at the present day." He further declares:

But the circumstances with which President Monroe was dealing and those to which the present American Government is addressing itself have very few features in common. Great Britain is imposing no "system" upon Venezuela and is not concerning herself in any way with the nature of the political institutions under which the Venezuelans may prefer to live. But the British Empire and the Republic of Venezuela are neighbors, and they have differed for some time past, and continue to differ, as to the line by which their dominions are separated. It is a controversy with which the United States have no apparent practical concern. . . . The disputed frontier of Venezuela has nothing to do with any of the questions dealt with by President Monroe.

His Lordship, in commenting upon our position as developed in Mr. Olney's despatch, defines it in these terms: "If any independent American state advances a demand for

territory of which its neighbor claims to be the owner, and that neighbor is a colony of an European state, the United States have a right to insist that the European state shall submit the demand and its own impugned rights to arbitration."

I confess I should be greatly disappointed if I believed that the history I have attempted to give of this controversy did not easily and promptly suggest that this definition of our contention fails to take into account some of its most important and controlling features.

Speaking of arbitration as a method of terminating international differences, Lord Salisbury says:

It has proved itself valuable in many cases, but it is not free from defects which often operate as a serious drawback on its value. It is not always easy to find an arbitrator who is competent and who, at the same time, is wholly free from bias; and the task of insuring compliance with the award when it is made is not exempt from difficulty. It is a mode of settlement of which the value varies much according to the nature of the controversy to which it is applied and the character of the litigants who appeal to it. Whether in any particular case it is a suitable method of procedure is generally a delicate and difficult question. The only parties who are competent to decide that question are the two parties whose rival contentions are in issue. The claim of a third nation which is unaffected by the controversy to impose this particular procedure on either of the two others cannot be reasonably justified and has no foundation in the law of nations.

Immediately following this statement his Lordship again touches upon the Monroe Doctrine for the purpose of specifically disclaiming its acceptance by her Majesty's government as a sound and valid principle. He says:

It must always be mentioned with respect, on account of the distinguished statesman to whom it is due and the great nation who have generally adopted it. But international law is founded on the general consent of nations; and no statesman, however eminent, and no nation, however powerful, are competent to insert into the code of international law a novel principle which was never recognized before, and which has not since been accepted by the Government of any other country. The United States have a right, like any other nation, to interpose in any controversy by which their own interests are affected; and they are the judge whether those interests are touched and in what measure they should be sustained. But their rights are in no way strengthened or extended by the fact that the controversy affects some territory which is called American.

In concluding this despatch Lord Salisbury declares that her Majesty's government "fully concur with the view which President Monroe apparently entertained, that any disturbance of the existing territorial distribution in that hemisphere by any fresh acquisitions on the part of any European state would be a highly inexpedient change. But they are not prepared to admit that the recognition of that expediency is clothed with the sanction which belongs to a doctrine of international law. They are not prepared to admit that the interests of the United States are necessarily concerned in any frontier dispute which may arise between any two of the states who possess dominions in the Western Hemisphere; and still less can they accept the doctrine that the United States are entitled to claim that the process of arbitration shall be applied to any demand for the surrender of territory which one of those states may make against another."

The other despatch of Lord Salisbury, which accompanied the one upon which I have commented, was mainly devoted to a statement of Great Britain's side in the boundary controversy; and in making such statement his Lordship in general terms designated the territory to which her Majesty's government was entitled as being embraced within the lines of the most extreme claim which she had at any time presented. He adds:

A portion of that claim, however, they have always been willing to waive altogether; in regard to another portion they have been and continue to be perfectly ready to submit the question of their title to arbitration. As regards the rest, that which lies within the so-called Schomburgk line, they do not consider that the rights of Great Britain are open to question. Even within that line they have on various occasions offered to Venezuela considerable concessions as a matter of friendship and conciliation and for the purpose of securing an amicable settlement of the dispute. If, as time has gone on, the concessions thus offered have been withdrawn, this has been the necessary consequence of the gradual spread over the country of British settlements, which Her Majesty's Government cannot in justice to the inhabitants offer to surrender to foreign rule.

In conclusion his Lordship asserts that his government has

repeatedly expressed their readiness to submit to arbitration the conflicting claims of Great Britain and Venezuela to large tracts of territory which from their auriferous nature are known to be of almost untold value. But they cannot consent to entertain, or to submit to the arbitration of an-

other power or of foreign jurists however eminent, claims based on the extravagant pretensions of Spanish officials in the last century and involving the transfer of large numbers of British subjects, who have for many years enjoyed the settled rule of a British colony, to a nation of different race and language, whose political system is subject to frequent disturbance, and whose institutions as yet too often afford very inadequate protection to life and property.

These despatches exhibit a refusal to admit such an interest in the controversy on our part as entitled us to insist upon an arbitration for the purpose of having the line between Great Britain and Venezuela established; a denial of such force or meaning to the Monroe Doctrine as made it worthy of the regard of Great Britain in the premises; a fixed and continued determination on the part of her Majesty's government to reject arbitration as to any territory included within the extended Schomburgk line. They further indicate that the existence of gold within the disputed territory had not been overlooked; and, as was to be expected, they put forward the colonization and settlement by English subjects in such territory during more than half a century of dispute, as creating a claim to dominion and sovereignty, if not strong enough to override all question of right and title, at least so clear and indisputable as to be properly regarded as above and beyond the contingencies of arbitration.

If we had been obliged to accept Lord Salisbury's estimate of the Monroe Doctrine, and his ideas of our interest, or rather want of interest, in the settlement of the boundary between Great Britain and Venezuela, his despatches would have certainly been very depressing. It would have been unpleasant for us to know that a doctrine which we had supposed for seventy years to be of great value and importance to us and our national safety was, after all, a mere plaything with which we might amuse ourselves; but that our efforts to enforce it were to be regarded by Great Britain and other European nations as meddlesome interferences with affairs in which we could have no legitimate concern.

The reply of the English government to Mr. Olney's despatch, whatever else it accomplished, seemed to absolutely destroy any hope we might have entertained that, in our changed relations and upon our independent solicitation, arbitration might be yielded to us. Since, therefore, Great Britain was unwilling to coöperate with Vene-

zuela in setting on foot an investigation of their contested claim, and since prudence and care dictated that any further steps we might take should be proved to be as fully justified as was practicable in the circumstances, there seemed to be no better way open to us than to inaugurate a careful independent investigation of the merits of the controversy, on our own motion, with a view of determining as accurately as possible, for our own guidance, where the divisional line between the two countries should be located.

Mr. Olney's despatch and Lord Salisbury's reply were submitted to the Congress on the seventeenth day of December, 1895, accompanied by a message from the President.

In this message the President, after stating Lord Salisbury's positions touching the Monroe Doctrine, declared:

Without attempting extended argument in reply to these positions, it may not be amiss to suggest that the doctrine upon which we stand is strong and sound, because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation, and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures. If the balance of power is justly a cause for jealous anxiety among the governments of the Old World and a subject for our absolute non-interference, none the less is the observance of the Monroe Doctrine of vital concern to our people and their Government.

Speaking of the claim made by Lord Salisbury that this doctrine had no place in international law, it is said in the message: "The Monroe Doctrine finds its recognition in those principles of international law which are based upon the theory that every nation shall have its rights protected and its just claims enforced."

Referring to the request contained in Mr. Olney's despatch that the entire boundary controversy be submitted to arbitration, the following language is used:

It will be seen from the correspondence here-with submitted that this proposition has been declined by the British Government upon grounds which in the circumstances seem to me to be far from satisfactory. It is deeply disappointing that such an appeal, actuated by the most friendly feelings toward both nations directly concerned, addressed to the sense of justice and to the magnanimity of one of the great powers of the world, and touching its relations to one comparatively weak and small, should have produced no better results.

The course to be pursued by this Government in view of the present condition does not appear to admit of serious doubt. Having labored faith-

fully for many years to induce Great Britain to submit their dispute to impartial arbitration, and having been finally apprised of her refusal to do so, nothing remains but to accept the situation, to recognize its plain requirements, and deal with it accordingly. Great Britain's present proposition has never thus far been regarded as admissible by Venezuela, though any adjustment of the boundary which that country may deem for her advantage and may enter into of her own free will cannot, of course, be objected to by the United States. Assuming, however, that the attitude of Venezuela will remain unchanged, the dispute has reached such a stage as to make it now incumbent upon the United States to take measures to determine with sufficient certainty for its justification what is the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana. The inquiry to that end should, of course, be conducted carefully and judicially; and due weight should be given to all available evidence, records, and facts in support of the claims of both parties.

After recommending to the Congress an adequate appropriation to meet the expense of a commission which should make the suggested investigation and report thereon with the least possible delay, the President concluded his message as follows:

When such report is made and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela.

In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred, and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow.

I am, nevertheless, firm in my conviction that while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization, and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice, and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness.

The recommendations contained in this message were acted upon with such promptness and unanimity that on the twenty-first day of December, 1895, four days after they were submitted, a law was passed by the Congress authorizing the President to appoint a commission "to investigate and report upon the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana," and making an ample appropriation to meet the expenses of its work.

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On the first day of January, 1896, five of our most able and distinguished citizens were selected to constitute the commission; and they immediately entered upon their investigation. At the outset of their labors, and on the fifteenth day of January, 1896, the president of the commission suggested to Mr. Olney the expediency of calling the attention of the governments of Great Britain and Venezuela to the appointment of the commission, adding: "It may be that they would see a way entirely consistent with their own sense of international propriety to give the Commission the aid that it is no doubt in their power to furnish in the way of documentary proof, historical narrative, unpublished archives, or the like." This suggestion, on its presentation to the government of Great Britain, was met by a most courteous and willing offer to supply to our commission every means of information touching the subject of their investigation which was within the reach of the English authorities; and at all times during the labors of the commission this offer was cheerfully fulfilled.

In the meantime, and certainly as early as February, 1896, the question of submitting the Venezuelan boundary dispute to arbitration was again agitated between the United States and Great Britain.

Our ambassador to England, in a note to Lord Salisbury, dated February 27, 1896, after speaking of such arbitration as seeming to be "almost unanimously desired by both the United States and Great Britain," proposed, in pursuance of instructions from his government, "an entrance forthwith upon negotiations at Washington to effect this purpose, and that Her Majesty's Ambassador at Washington should be empowered to discuss the question at that capital with the Secretary of State." He also requested that a definition should be given of "settlements" in the disputed territory which it was understood her Majesty's government desired should be excluded from the proposed submission to arbitration.

Lord Salisbury, in his reply to this note, dated March 3, 1896, said:

The communications which have already passed between Her Majesty's Government and that of the United States have made you acquainted with the desire of Her Majesty's Government to bring the difference between themselves and the Republic of Venezuela to an equitable settlement. They therefore readily concur in the suggestion that negotiations for this purpose should be opened at Washington without unnecessary delay. I have

accordingly empowered Sir Julian Pauncefote to discuss the question either with the representative of Venezuela or with the Government of the United States acting as the friend of Venezuela.

With this transfer of treaty negotiations to Washington, Mr. Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the ambassador of Great Britain to this country, industriously addressed themselves to its conclusion. The insistence of Great Britain that her title to the territory within the Schomburgk line should not be questioned, was no longer placed by her in the way of submitting the rights of the parties in the entire disputed territory to arbitration. She still insisted, however, that English settlers long in the occupancy of any of the territory in controversy, supposing it to be under British dominion, should have their rights scrupulously considered. Any difference of view that arose from this proposition was adjusted without serious difficulty, by agreeing that adverse holding or prescription during a period of fifty years should make a good title, and that the arbitrators might deem exclusive political control of a district, as well as actual settlement, sufficient to constitute adverse holding or to make title by prescription.

On the 10th of November, 1896, Mr. Olney addressed a note to the president of the commission which had been appointed to investigate the boundary question on behalf of our government, in which he said: "The United States and Great Britain are in entire accord as to the provisions of a proposed treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela. The treaty is so eminently just and fair as respects both parties—so thoroughly protects the rights and claims of Venezuela—that I cannot conceive of its not being approved by the Venezuelan President and Congress. It is thoroughly approved by the counsel of Venezuela here and by the Venezuelan Minister at this Capital." In view of these conditions he suggested a suspension of the work of the commission.

The treaty was signed at Washington by the representatives of Great Britain and Venezuela on the second day of February, 1897. No part of the territory in dispute was reserved from the arbitration it created. It was distinctly made the duty of those appointed to carry out its provisions, "to determine the boundary-line between the Colony of British Guiana and the United States of Venezuela."

The fact must not be overlooked that, notwithstanding this treaty was promoted and negotiated by the officers of our gov-

ernment, the parties to it were Great Britain and Venezuela. This was a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as the work accomplished was thus saved from the risk of customary disfigurement at the hands of the United States Senate.

The arbitrators began their labors in the city of Paris on the thirteenth day of June, 1899, and made their award on the third day of October in the same year.

The line they determined upon as the boundary-line between the two countries begins in the coast at a point considerably south and east of the mouth of the Orinoco River, thus giving to Venezuela the absolute control of that important waterway, and awarding to her valuable territory near it. Running inland, the line is so located as to give to Venezuela quite a considerable section of territory within the Schomburgk line. This results not only in the utter denial of Great Britain's claim to any territory lying beyond the Schomburgk line, but also in the award to Venezuela of a part of the territory which for a long time England had claimed to be so clearly hers that she would not consent to submit it to arbitration.

Thus, we have made a laborious and patient journey through the incidents of a long dispute, to find at last a peaceful rest. As we look back over the road we have traversed, and view again the incidents we have passed on our way, some may be surprised that this controversy was so long chronic, and yet, in the end, yielded so easily to pronounced treatment. I shall attempt no explanation of this condition. I know that occasionally some Americans of a certain sort, who were quite un-American when the difficulty was pending, have since been very fond of lauding the extreme forbearance and kindness of England toward us in our so-called belligerent and ill-advised assertion of American principle. Those to whom this is a satisfactory explanation are quite welcome to it.

My own surprise and disappointment have arisen more from the honest misunderstanding and the dishonest and insincere misrepresentation, on the part of many of our people, regarding the motives and purposes of the interference of the government of the United States in this affair. Some conceited and doggedly mistaken critics have said that it was dreadful for us to invite war for the sake of a people unworthy of our consideration, and for the purpose of protecting their possession of land not worth possessing. It is certainly strange that

any intelligent citizen, professing information on public affairs, could fail to see that when we aggressively interposed in this controversy it was because it was necessary in order to assert and vindicate a principle distinctively American, and in the maintenance of which the people and government of the United States were profoundly concerned. It was because this principle was endangered, and because those charged with administrative responsibility would not abandon or neglect it, that our government interposed to prevent any further colonization of American soil by a European nation. In these circumstances neither the character of the people claiming the soil as against Great Britain, nor the value of the lands in dispute, was of the least consequence to us; nor did it in the least concern us which of the two contestants had the best title to any part of the disputed territory, so long as England did not possess and colonize more than belonged to her—however much or however little that might be. But we needed proof of the limits of her rights in order to determine our duty in defense of our Monroe Doctrine; and we sought to obtain such proof, and to secure peace, through arbitration.

But those among us who most loudly reprendered and bewailed our vigorous assertion of the Monroe Doctrine were the timid ones who feared personal financial loss, or those engaged in speculation and stock-gambling, in buying much beyond their abil-

ity to pay, and generally in living by their wits. The patriotism of such people traverses exclusively the pocket nerve. They are willing to tolerate the Monroe Doctrine, or any other patriotic principle, so long as it does not interfere with their plans, and are just as willing to cast it off when it becomes troublesome.

But these things are as nothing in comparison with the sublime patriotism and devotion to their nation's honor exhibited by the great mass of our countrymen—the plain people of the land. Though, in case of the last extremity, the chances and suffering of conflict would have fallen to their lot, nothing blinded them to the manner in which the integrity of their country was involved. Not for a single moment did their government know the lack of their strong and stalwart support.

I hope there are but few of our fellow-citizens who, in retrospect, do not now acknowledge the good that has come to our nation through this episode in our history. It has established the Monroe Doctrine on lasting foundations before the eyes of the world; it has given us a better place in the respect and consideration of the people of all nations, and especially of Great Britain; it has again confirmed our confidence in the overwhelming prevalence among our citizens of disinterested devotion to American honor; and last, but by no means least, it has taught us where to look in the ranks of our countrymen for the best patriotism.

### A MASQUERADE.

BY THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.

Dawn came across the star-strewn way  
In mask and domino of gray;  
A most demure and Quaker day—  
Cold, unbeguiling.

I marveled, as I watched her there,  
What folly ever named her fair,  
She with her dour, forbidding air,  
Prim and unsmiling.

But even as I watched her, lo!  
Down dropped her mask and domino.  
Oh, golden hair! Oh, face aglow!  
Oh, youth unfading!

Oh, rosy mouth with laughter set!  
Oh, roguish eyes of violet!  
Why, who had guessed the sweet coquette  
Was masquerading!

## A HOPE DEFERRED.

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

**M**ISS SABINA dropped a lump of sugar into each of the little cups and poured the coffee with a pretty carefulness, handing one across the table and rising with a grace that was almost girlish.

"Shall we drink it on the porch?" she asked, in her gentle, deprecating voice with the minor tone in it, that one associated with her as closely as her gray dress, her quaint old-fashioned rings, and the faint odor of dried rose-leaves—not attar or essence of rose, but dried rose-leaves—that went with her when she walked.

For ten years she had asked this question, pleasantly, deferentially; and for ten years M. Laroche had taken his cup, preceded her to the door that opened directly on the piazza, bowed low as he held it for her to pass, and exclaimed with an ever-fresh enthusiasm, "Ze porrch, by all means!"

It was a pleasant porch with a climbing vine and a box of scarlet geraniums, and directly in front of it a little unfenced green with a small fountain—the park of the street, which was one of those clean and faded byways of a rapidly growing city that surprise the discoverer with a sense of what the old town used to be two generations ago. The rumble of the city died away before one entered Maple Avenue; the women sat and gossiped on the stoops; the children played happily in the park; the late afternoon seemed almost rural as the sun slanted through the maples that shaded either side of the narrow, dusty road.

Miss Sabina finished her coffee and wiped her fingers daintily. In the fading glow her pale hair turned almost golden and her soft cheeks took a deeper tint—one realized what a charmingly pretty girl she must have been. She looked long at the green before them and broke the friendly silence:

"How well the grass is looking, monsieur, for this time of year!"

M. Laroche beamed expressively on the grass. "But how charrming, Mlle. Sabine, and how green! It is also neat—so neat!"

Miss Sabina sighed.

"I suppose that in England it is much,

much finer," she said softly. "I suppose we have n't the least idea of the parks there—one must see them."

M. Laroche shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, ze parrks! *C'est possible*—it may be. But zey are damp, verry damp—*n'est-ce pas?*"

Miss Sabina smiled gently to herself, with eyes that saw beyond the little green.

"And the abbeys, monsieur! Westminster and Oxford and Melrose! Only think of standing—of *my* standing—by Melrose Abbey!"

M. Laroche raised his brows eloquently and appeared lost in contemplation of the picture.

"Ah, yes! Indeed!" he sighed. "Zat is a great abbey—*Mel-h-rose!*"

"And London, monsieur, and the Tower! And Fleet street, and Piccadilly, and the Strand! How strange it is to feel that you know them so well, that you love them so well, and yet that you 've never seen them! When we used to play, my cousins and I, in Grandfather Endicott's house, and choose what pictures we would have, I always took 'Melrose Abbey from the South' and a big engraving of Windsor Castle. The children used to laugh at me, but I always chose them. Cousin Frank used to tease me and say that I 'd never get there, and that girls could n't travel around like boys. Grandmother Endicott, too, she was so cold and distant toward me; you see, she hated poor mother so. When Cousin Frank's will was read she was very, very angry. I don't know whether I told you that she said quite publicly that it was absurd for a woman of my age to be so crazy for traveling. I thought that rather unkind, for she 's been so much herself. But then, she 's so old, perhaps she 's not quite responsible. She 's eighty-four, you know."

"Ah," said M. Laroche, with admiration, "she is verry old, verry old indeed, your grandmozzzer!"

He was as charmingly attentive, as gallantly interested, as if he had not heard it all before, a hundred times over. Every movement of his expressive, whimsical face meant courteous regard; every attitude of

his figure, a little bent now, in clothes a little shabby, but so exquisitely mended and brushed and polished that the necessity for such artistic care seemed almost fortunate, expressed close and deferential sympathy with the eager, vivid soul beside him.

And the interest might well have been unfeigned, for under those smooth gray folds beat a vigorous, determined heart that forty years of denial and monotony could not still nor tame. The soft, calm eyes of this New England spinster had never looked beyond her native town; but in fancy she had voyaged the seas for years, and in her dreams she wandered through strange and wonderful streets of foreign lands and heard the speech of all the peoples of the world. No school-boy was ever more thirsty for the ends of the earth than she; this little stay-at-home knew all the routes by sea and land, and delighted in the customs of the fortunate dwellers in the places of her lifelong desire.

To-night her hand shook as she laid the coffee-cup aside, and the flush in her cheeks did not die with the sunset. A twinge of remorse defied her tremulous joy; a nervous fear of her unworthiness came over her, and it was with an uncertain voice that she approached her friend.

"It seems as if I were almost too old, monsieur. Perhaps some younger person ought to have it, after all. I've gone on so long without it—

"I asked Mr. Alden about it last Sunday, after morning service. I said it seemed dreadful to be so perfectly happy, and Cousin Frank just dead! But how can I help it? Frank knew just how I'd feel. It's just as he said: 'When I go to heaven, Sabina shall go to Europe, if she's alive, and I don't know which of us'll be the happier.' And then to think of Miss Ellsworth and her friends going, and wanting me to go with them—it seemed too good to be true! I asked Mr. Alden if he thought Grandmother Endicott ought to have said the will was blasphemous, and he said no, that it was a nice will and a kind one. And I nearly cried right there. I could just get out, 'Oh, Mr. Alden, you don't know what this means to me—you don't know!' and then I had to run right away, or I'd have broken down."

M. Laroche nodded sympathetically. "Zat is a good man, M. Aldenne, *très aimable*—most kind. I sink every one likes heem. It is but yesterday zat he has asked me, 'And where do you go when Mees Sabina is away, monsieur? You will not find anozzer

soch landlady, hein? I sink not.' He is a kind man."

"Miss Ellsworth wanted me to take some German lessons, and there was a 'Life of Goethe' she wanted me to read. But I could n't do that. The time's so short now. And I'm too old to go to school again. So I just had to tell her then and there.

"'Miss Ellsworth,' I said, 'it is n't quite the same with me as 't is with you. You've been before and you know all the places from experience, not just as I do from books, so I'm glad to go with you. But I must tell you, Miss Ellsworth, that I'm not going to learn, the way you are. I'm just going for pleasure and happiness and comfort, and nothing else. You know how it is with me. All my life I've had to stay right here, and I could only live decently and as father would have wanted me to live—we're Endicotts, you know, if we are the poor branch—by scrimping and saving and being very, very careful, and making things last. Almost the last thing poor father said to me was to keep things up.'

"'There's just enough, Sabina, if you're careful, to do it,' he said. "I want you should always have the house neat, and a good, plain, nice little dinner with the silver, and a cup of coffee after, and a bottle of wine kept, in case mother should ever come in. And the engravings and the pianoforte and those mahogany things, and the mother-of-pearl cabinet—never let 'em go, Sabina. When they come in to our funerals I don't want anybody to be ashamed of the Endicotts—it's a gentleman's house."

"'So I've kept everything up,' I said, 'though many's the time I'd have given the world to let Hannah go, and do for myself, and sell the things, and just get to Europe, and tramp through it, if I had to, like those two teachers from your school. But of course 't would have been ridiculous—a woman of my age! And I did n't dare take the money for the funeral and if sickness should come, and go with that, for it would break father's heart—he had it all planned out. And of course a woman does n't need to go—'t is n't as if I were a man—'"

M. Laroche pursed his lips and shook his head thoughtfully.

"But if zat is ze sing you want, what deference is it zat you are not a man?" he asked luminously.

Miss Sabina threw him a grateful glance.

"So you see, Miss Ellsworth," I said, "here's my chance. Now, I don't care if I don't understand them in Paris or Berlin. I

can see them, I can hear them, I can walk on the sidewalks and breathe the air, can't I? I can see the shops and the houses and the palaces and the canals, and how the sky looks there. I can go from one country to another, and be on the ocean, and perhaps I can see the Alps. I don't need to know French and German to appreciate them, do I? I want to just go and drink it in and realize that it's really I—that I'm there. There's only ten weeks or so, and then I'll come home, but I'll live on it all the rest of my life!" Oh, monsieur, what will I care that I have n't any money then?"

Her eyes were glowing, her breath came fast; she was home again, in fancy, with her precious load of memories and experiences, and down on her knees before the treasures that were to adorn her henceforth quiet life.

M. Laroche looked at her with admiration.

"*Ma'm'selle, vous êtes grande dame, vous,*" he said, wondering at the pink flush and the thrown-back head.

She sank back ashamed of such a display of feeling.

"I run on like a chatterbox of a girl," she said shyly. "You'll think I'm a selfish, talkative old thing, monsieur."

He bowed gallantly.

"Zat would never be, Mlle. Sabine," he said. "And your affairs, are zey not mine? But yes! Indeed!"

They sat quietly for a time, in the dusk, watching the evening star grow before them, enjoying the cool stillness and the scent of the freshly watered green. The young people strolling by now and then smiled at them for a contented pair of middle-aged friends, and thought their pleasant quiet the placid repose of those who have tacitly done with life and its strong tides of feeling. They could not know that the woman with the softly parted hair was all a-tremble for romance, thirsty for adventure, Bohemian-souled and utterly fearless; they could not see the heart of the little foreigner with the shabby clothes and gray imperial, how it was eaten up with homesickness and regret—with all his gratitude to his gentle hostess—for France, with her queen city, her familiar sights and smells, her zest and color, and, more than all, the fishing-coast where his mother had rocked him to sleep in sight of the sails.

They sighed together, and blushed, and glanced quickly aside, and Miss Sabina rose hastily and slipped through the long French window.

"Shall I sing?" she asked, not waiting for

an answer to a question of such long usage. While she felt through the dusk to the old pianoforte, M. Laroche lit his cigarette and waited with gentle expectation. The lilacs from the next yard drifted in and met the faint odor from the old china rose-jar that stood on the polished mahogany table inside. The first few notes of the piano carried with them to him who knew the room so well a never-fading picture of the peaceful, old-time parlor: the willow plates in the mother-o'-pearl cabinet, the "Sistine Madonna" and Correggio's "Holy Night," the dim oil-paintings that Great-grandmother Endicott had made so long ago, the bronze Chinese idol that squatted near the rose-jar, the dusky, elusive pier-glass with its dull gilding of another generation and its mysterious, haunting reflections—they were all confused with the tune that Miss Sabina's sweet, reedy voice had so often quavered through—a tune that she would not have known by its title of "Fair Harvard":

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,  
That I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow and to fleet in my  
arms,

Like fairy gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment  
thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

Miss Sabina knew other songs—"When other lips and other hearts," and "Joys that we've tasted," and "Come with thy lute to the fountain"; but into this one she threw most marvelously all the passion of her yet girlish, tender heart; and the yellow keys yielded to her tremulous touch a throbbing, jarring melody that came to the listener like an old perfume from some dusty, just found rose-jar of a long-dead beauty.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear.

M. Laroche smiled.

"And zy chicks onprofenned by a tearr," he repeated softly. "Ah, yes! Indeed!"

No; the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

The last faint quaver died away, there was a light rustle of skirts, and Miss Sabina stood at the window.

"Good night, monsieur," she said softly.

M. Laroche tossed away the end of his cigarette.

"*Vous chantez très bien, mademoiselle,*" he said, with his inimitable bow. "Good night."

And with this, his invariable phrase, he went to his room off the piazza.

MISS SABINA had been waiting a long time when he came to breakfast the next morning, heavy-eyed from a night which he admitted to have been sleepless, and too tired to present his apologies with the whimsical grace that gave his simplest words and acts such a kindly flavor. His hostess watched his untouched plate with concern, and suddenly cut short her small, friendly confidences of ways and means for the summer, struck by his languid manner and weary eyes.

"Why, monsieur, you're eating nothing! Is it the headache again? You surely won't go out to-day and try to teach—it's too much!"

He tried to rally, and smiled bravely at her anxious eyes, made his little negative gesture that was half gratitude to the questioner, and would have turned the talk; but Miss Sabina was alarmed in earnest. The thought that he might be alone and sick in the summer cut sharply for a second, and her quick fancy saw him in the agony of his terrible headaches, housed with strangers, lonely and too proud to ask for help. Her eyes filled with tears, and she leaned impulsively across the table.

"Oh, monsieur, you're ill—you're really ill!" she cried. "Go to the doctor—promise me you'll go! You've not been the same for a week, now, you've been so tired and worn. I've noticed it ever since last week. It was when I first got the notice from Cousin Frank's lawyer that the money was in the bank that you had that terrible headache; don't you know how we sat and talked till so late, and I was so excited? And I've been talking so much and planning so hard that I haven't thought—oh, I'm very selfish, monsieur! It's terrible to think of you being sick just when I'm so happy. You'll go to the doctor? Promise me you will!"

He shook his head.

"But zere is no need for a doctorre, Mlle. Sabine, indeed no! It is only to-day—I am well to-morrow. Not to sleep, it makes one weary for the day—*n'est-ce pas?* It is not a good country for sleep, I have found. In France I have always slept, ah, most easily! But here, no. In France—"

He paused a moment, and the room was

perfectly still. He looked at her, but he did not see her, and Miss Sabina had a strange, swift memory of her little brother who died at school, and the look in his eyes when he cried to be taken home.

It was over in a moment, and M. Laroche shrugged his shoulders lightly.

"One imagines I come to America to sleep, *hein?*" he asked her, with such a humorous, friendly smile that she half forgot her anxiety. But before he left for the old school, where dwindling classes lessened his scanty salary every year, she had made him promise to see the doctor before night.

"And a cup of tea with your lunch—don't forget, monsieur!" she called after him as he walked off—she hated to realize how slowly, nowadays. They were good friends, these two, and they knew it well: if she came back and he was not there—her heart contracted and seemed to wait while she caught her breath and shook the thought away.

"We're not so old as that," she whispered under her breath. "We're not really *old*, either of us!"

All day she thought about him, and to her just quickened sight much that the excitement of the past had made trivial loomed suddenly large before her. She realized how quiet he had grown of late, how seldom he essayed the jokes, the small kindly nonsense, the half-serious homage to her charm of personality that brightened her life so much—that had been, indeed, almost her only social pleasure. It occurred to her that he had been less quick of comprehension than ever before, less ready to follow her mood with that wonderful delicacy of perception that had enabled her—shy, secluded, half troubled at the restlessness of her own eager heart—to talk to him as she had never been able to talk to her only sister. She remembered how every innocent ruse for concealing the scantiness of a meal had succeeded of late, and how unconsciously he had, at any excuse of hers, eaten what he would once have indignantly insisted that she should share. But more than all this, he had talked as he had never talked before of his childhood and his childhood's home. Miss Sabina had learned her Paris well from him long ago. For years in the winter evenings, when they could not enjoy the piazza and the green, they had sat by the Franklin grate in the sitting-room, and she had followed him breathlessly through "Les Misérables,"—his rapid and broken translation heightening incalculably the sense of strangeness and intensity,—or he had led

her about Paris and its outskirts till she had grown to an actual intimacy with that city of his dreams; for hitherto it had been Paris that he had spoken of as his home, where he had lived since he was a boy of ten with his older brother Jules, who had written a "French Grammar for Beginners" and was enrolled by M. Laroche among the great lights of his native literature.

But of late when he spoke of France it was to no city that he carried his eager listener, but a little fishing-village, with the nets drying on the sand, and the setting sun on the sails, and the clatter of his white-capped mother's sabots as she led him down to the beach to kiss his sunburnt father. The rush and clamor of the city streets died away before the sleepy Breton cradle-song, and the lights of the boulevard faded as he watched the stars shine down upon the sea in that land so far from him.

Miss Sabina thought how her father toward the end had told her over and over of the games at school and the holidays at the old Endicott home, and had even described the old play-room to her, as if his mother had never ceased to love him and mend his broken toys. Did men always remember, then, at the end? Did it mean—but she threw it off again and told herself, "We're not so old as that! We're not really old!"

At dinner that night she would have talked of nothing but his health and her fears for his lonely summer, but he would have none of that.

"I do quite well, you shall see, *chère mademoiselle*; I greet you in *ze autom'* at *ze—ze docke*. You are surprise', you do not know me—I am so restored! *Est-ce possible!* *ce pauv' Laroche!* *Comme il se porte bien*—how he is well!"

His expressive pantomime, his laugh, his old kindly smile as he met her eyes, frankly, yet with that confidential regard that seemed to say more than his words, almost deceived her; but even as she laughed, his lids drooped, his smile faded, and he fingered the cloth restlessly under her steady gaze.

"I don't know, monsieur, I don't know," she said, in her soft, troubled minor voice. "You were n't so well this last fall, you know; the heat wore on you dreadfully. I wish you could go away somewhere and rest this summer, and not take those vacation classes—I wish you would!"

He shook his head. "R-h-est? R-h-est?" he said softly to himself, and with the throaty little *r* that was so marked when he was

absent-minded. "In zis country? *Jamais, jamais, mademoiselle*. It is queeck, queeck! *immédiatement*—at once! Teach me zis moment,—it is no matter zat it takes you a lifetime to learn,—teach me zis moment—I mus' know it zis verry day! I mus' run now to something else, but I come ag-again, and you teach me immediately ag-again, for I have forgotten it all. But zere is no time to lose—no, indeed!"

She was amazed at the bitterness of his tone; she could hardly understand, he poured out the words so quickly, but she could see that this was more than a passing irritation, that his years of teaching were beginning to tell on him. Before she could reply he had risen and opened the door, and she found herself passing through to the porch without the formula of invitation that preceded the coffee. When he joined her with the neglected cups the storm had passed, and as he talked quietly of the preparation for the voyage that had formed the subject of their evening conversation for weeks, she could hardly realize the depths of weariness and loathing that the sudden glimpse of exhausted patience had shown her.

That night Miss Sabina did not sing. She played through two or three of the stiff, sweet little preludes, but the lilacs were so strong, the old melodies waked such confused, excited sadness in her, that the songs would not come. The sight of that keen, drooping profile dark against the orange glow reproached her somehow with its loneliness,—how many weeks he would sit alone!—and she rose hastily and went out again.

"You do not sing? You have not *ze mood*, *hein?* *Eh bien*, not to sing, it is well sometimes." . . . And they sat in silence long after the stars came out.

THAT night Miss Sabina slept lightly. Strange, confused dreams, half-conscious delusions, troubled her with voices that she knew were unreal, that yet murmured and muttered and droned, till, in her effort to dismiss them and sink to deeper sleep, she woke with a start. Surely some one was talking! She hesitated, and from somewhere below her came the sound of a voice that rose and fell almost monotonously—not loud, but clear and continuous. Without a moment's hesitation she got out of bed, put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and opening her door quietly, paused a moment at the head of the stairs before going down. Without doubt it was a voice, and only one. The fear that a more timid woman would have felt in the first uncertainty of waking came

to her now with the conviction that this was no thief, no stranger, but her ten years' friend, speaking with a passionate earnestness that terrified her; appealing—to whom?—with a sadness, a despair, that wrung her heart.

She slipped like a shadow down the stair, and crouching on the lowest step, she listened breathlessly for a moment. Ah, yes! It was to her he was talking! Her own name, in his strange, sweet, French handling of it, came to her through the half-open door. She looked through the warped and widened crack at the side, where the light streamed through, unconscious of the time, the place, even of her silent, peering attitude, knowing only that a deep, ominous excitement thrilled her to the very center of her soul.

He had sunk exhausted on the narrow white bed, a thin, pathetic figure in a faded, mended silk dressing-gown, with a tired white face and black eyes that glowed like coals. His hands were clenched between his knees, his head hung upon his breast. His voice was weak and strained now, no longer the deep tone that had waked her, and his quaint broken English, as if he saw her there before him, was sadder than any eloquence.

"But you will go to ze doctore—promise me you will go." Ah, *mon Dieu*, Mlle. Sabine, what good is zat? I want no doctore; me—I want my home! To you, what is it? But only a strange land, a new people, a voyage, and you come back. Ah, me, I am twelve years away! Twelve years away!

"You work too hard, you need rest. I tell heem I must work: I come here to work—would I rest here?

"You must go back to France, you fret yourself too much; you have ze weak heart, monsieur, you are here too long already." *Dame!* Is it zat I stay for my pleasure?

"I have no medicine for you, monsieur; it is not ze doctore nor ze tonique nor ze r-h-est for you—it is to go home. Ze systemme it runs down, down, zen ze heart it grows weak, weak, and zen, monsieur, —*vous savez*, —it stops."

"*Mais*, monsieur, I cannot go, I have not ze money—ze school grows small, I am so often sick." Ah, mademoiselle, figure to yourself! I, Sylvestre Laroche, say zis to a stranger—I speak so!

"It is to regret, monsieur. Zere is no friend—?"

"Monsieur, I have no money but a little; how shall I pay?"

"Ah, Mlle. Sabine, how can I laugh wiz you? How shall I stay alone? But how can

I go? I know so few. I say, 'Lend me money so zat I go home,' and zey say to me, 'Mon Dieu, M. Laroche, how do you pay zis money? To-morrow? Next year?' I do not know. I cannot tell zem."

"And if I go, monsieur, I am well? I need fear no more ze heart?" "Ah, monsieur, who can tell? Maybe yes, maybe no. It is to guard well against ze worry, ze alarrrm, ze queeck starrrt—*vous savez*? Ten years, five years, one year—I cannot tell, monsieur."

"*C'est terrible, n'est-ce pas, Mlle. Sabine?* Vous partez demain. You are so soon gone, and I stay here! And I am twelve years away from home—and I have ze weak heart. Vous me dites 'au revoir,' mademoiselle—moi, je vous dis 'adieu.'

The woman crouching on the stair bit her lip and pressed her finger-nails into her hands to keep back the sobs that shook her. It seemed to her that he must hear the beating of her heart, that every long, hard breath would surely startle him. So helpless, so poor, so horribly, hopelessly sad! She had read of terrible homesickness—the Swiss for his Alps, the peasant for his farm; they seemed romantic, elemental, vague. But this little Frenchman, this dapper chitterer of the light-heartedest language in all the world, did he harbor this tragedy? For to her tender, unworn heart the tragedy was remorselessly clear. This bent figure in its faded dressing-gown; this face almost strange to her in its worn, gray anguish; these nerveless, half-open hands—she read them all too well.

"Oh, no, he must n't—he must n't!" she whispered, and grasped the banisters, and tried to turn away her eyes; for his own filled slowly before her.

She got up the stairs, her fingers in her ears, stumbling over the long wrapper, seeming to herself to wake the house with every misstep. She closed her eyes, not to see that strained, white face, and saw it plainer in the dark. Her thoughts were all a confused pain, an incoherent revolt at the cruelty of it, the helplessness; for what could she do? Even she, who cared for him so,—ah, how she cared!—what could she—

Her hand jumped to her heart and clutched rigidly there; her breath went, and she gasped like the drowning man under the last sucking breaker; her strength left in a great sickening ebb, and she grasped the bedpost with all her might.

"No, no! Oh, no, no!" she cried weakly. "Oh, no!" She felt her way to the bed and

dropped on it, utterly unconscious that she had moved since that wave of desolation broke on her. She seemed to have been standing by the bedpost, grasping it hard and thinking there, for years.

She saw him as he had come to her so long ago: handsome, polite, younger then, and merrier perhaps, with his inimitable bow and the neat printed card:

M. SYLVESTRE LAROCHE,  
Paris.

Irregular Verbs a Specialty.  
Conversation Classes Formed.

How she had admired him! She had felt sure that father would never have objected to his lodging there, recommended by Mr. Alden, too! How amusing he had been, how constantly cheerful; how exquisitely sympathetic when sister died! She could not send him away then.

He had been so gentle, so thoughtful, so interested in all her small affairs, so forgetful of his own. How grateful he was for the slightest attendance when his terrible headaches weakened him for days, and how charmingly he had thanked her for what she had done! Hardly a day during that long winter sickness, when she would have died if left alone to her nervous melancholy, that he did not bring home some flower or bit of fruit. She guessed later what meager lunches had made their purchase possible. One of his pupils would have taken him South for the winter vacation, but he had refused, and stayed with her. And the cold tried him so.

"I shall never forget this, monsieur," she had said, when she found it out; she had not thought to be able to repay that quiet sacrifice.

How sweetly, how sympathetically he had listened to her plans; how he had helped, suggested, advised, admired, and congratulated! The very pattern of her traveling-dress, the marking of her trunk—and he sick for home, dying in a foreign land!

"*C'est terrible, n'est-ce pas, Mlle. Sabine?*"

What was it, that strange pain that never ceased, that hopeful, hopeless yearning? She had never left her home or country: she knew only the happy dream of one day seeing another, not her own, fair, strange, and distant; she was homesick for new lands. Did he feel what she felt—did he feel perhaps more? Her heart cried out that this could not be, but she hushed it, and saw him growing slowly old, old, waiting for the lurking death,—how soon would it come? a

year, a month?—dreaming of France and youth, waking to the dull reality: sitting alone in a strange, cheap boarding-house, while she went gaily from land to land.

"*Vous me dites 'au revoir,' mademoiselle—moi, je vous dis 'adieu.'*"

She knew little French, but she understood that, and as that harsh sob rang in her ears again, as she saw that bent figure, that hopeless face, she knew in one quick, far-seeing flash of bereavement that it was over, that she could bear her own sorrow, but not his; she could stay—she could not let him. Waves of pain broke against her resolution, tugging remonstrance, momentary weakness, passionate prayers to make this happiness possible for both of them, but beneath it all was the certainty: it was done.

SHE met him at breakfast with a nervous flush that hid the pallor of the night, with a voice whose cheerfulness amazed her, with an excitement she had never thought to feel again. He was gaunt and hollow-eyed, and yielded readily to her persuasions to stay at home, rousing himself to assure her that he would allow this small indulgence only because she was going so soon.

"It is but four—five days now, and you are gone, Mlle. Sabine, and zen I shall not want ze vacation, *hein?* So I stay. I have but one class only, and I sink I do not teach it well to-day," he said, with elaborate cheerfulness. She poured the coffee and drank a little of her own.

"I'm not so sure I shall be gone in four or five days, monsieur," she returned easily.

He stared vaguely at her. "No? You wait for some one to take ze place of M. Ellsworth?"

She drew a long breath and clasped her hands beneath the table.

"Monsieur," she said, with an almost humorous smile, "I suppose you'll think I'm a very silly woman, but I can't help it—I've about decided I'm not going at all."

"*Mais, mademoiselle, qu'avez-vous done?* What is zis zat you say? *Mon Dieu!*"

She shook her head.

"You see, I've lived here now more than forty years, and when I came to think of leaving Hannah and the house and father's things,—and the house is n't insured,—and when I remembered how Miss Ellsworth is seasick—"

"*Mais, Mlle. Sabine, ce n'est pas possible;* zis is in fon zat you talk—"

"Indeed, it is not, monsieur; I'm in earnest. You see, I'm at home,"—her voice fell,

and she paused a moment,—“I’m quite safe here. If I should get sick in—in England, who’d take care of me? It is not as if I were young and strong; it is not as if Miss

“Don’t you see, monsieur, what I’m trying to say?” she asked quickly. “Don’t you see that we’ve both been planning wrong? that it’s I who ought to stay, and you who



DRAWN BY KENNETH HAYES MILLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

“WITH AN INARTICULATE CRY SHE SUMMONED HIM BACK.”

Ellsworth was to be with me always. And I can’t speak French or German, and—and all these steamer accidents frighten me terribly! I just lie awake nights imagining—”

“*Mais, mais, Mlle. Sabine—*”

His startled, tired face was too much for her: he was too exhausted to adjust himself to this sudden turn, and some instinct warned her to go straight ahead and say it all, before he had time to notice her dark-ringed eyes and nervous, broken voice.

ought to go? No, no; let me finish! Here am I, a fussy old maid, born and brought up here all my life, silly enough to imagine I could ever really like it away from home. Why, monsieur, do *you* like it away from home? And here are you, who want a vacation, who’d like to see your friends and your family, who’d thoroughly enjoy every minute of it. It’s you who can take Mr. Ellsworth’s berth, dear monsieur! We’re such old friends, you and I—”

"Mlle. Sabine! I take your money, *par exemple!* I go—ah, *jamais de la vie!* *C'est impossible—*"

He dropped his head upon his arms, and she leaned over him, stroking his hair, holding his hands, her timidity utterly gone, her heart carried away and exalted above all girlishness in the magnitude of her love and sacrifice. For this hour he was hers—her child to comfort, her brother to help, her lover, for whom any offering was too small. She was no longer the ignorant, untraveled little spinster: she had flung away all her own hopes and fears to be the life and happiness of one poor soul that had none but her, and at that height the world seems small indeed.

"*Mais, mademoiselle, I take your money and go home, I restore myself, I return—how do I pay? I sink till now zat you desire to go more zan to do anysing—I say nossing zen. Now zat you fear to go, you want your home (ah, Mlle. Sabine, *vous avez raison*: to be home, *c'est le paradis!*), now I tell you zat I, too, I die if I go not back to France! I am too long away. . . . But how do I pay? I pay someway, *vous savez*; I will not go else!"*

"But, monsieur, you will get it when you get there! Don't you remember your brother's book—the Grammar? You always said that if ever you got to France you could make them give you that share. It's yours, monsieur; you ought to have it!"

His face flushed; he seized her hands and clutched them till she could have screamed with the pain. He babbled incoherent thanks and blessings. He saw himself returned with double her loan. His delight was childish to think that he should have forgotten *that!* And when, struck by sudden misgiving, he let go her hands:

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is long ago, all zat! It is mine, yes; but if I cannot get it? *Ce n'est pas sûr, ça—I cannot tell if I shall have from all zat one single sou—*"

"Monsieur," she said, with sincerity and pride, "I have been poor all my life. You would have done this for me, I am sure—you did something just like it once. Will you not let me give as I should like to for once in my life? I believe you will pay it back; if you can't, are you too proud to please an old friend?"

He took her hand again and kissed it. "Vous êtes tout à fait grande dame, mademoiselle," he said simply. "Vous me sauvez la vie. I will go."

AFTER that the days were hours to her, the hours minutes. She tasted the full sweet of her renunciation, she rode on the top wave of the strange, excited joy that urged her on to the minutest preparations for his comfort. He moved in a waking dream, a confused tremble of happiness; he could not know her alternations of fierce regret and quiet resignation, he did not see how the hand shook that filled his plate, nor how the eyes that smiled so kindly and serenely into his were red with crying. *Le bon Dieu* had laid in his lap the blessing he was hungering and thirsting after, and he took it with the happy blindness of a starving child.

The days flew in preparations. He was utterly helpless with delight, and while she packed and mended and brought out in a very luxury of giving the little conveniences of travel that had pleased her so in that far-away last week, he sang his old French songs, and kissed her hand, and was a boy again in the home he was to see so soon.

Only when she laid a certain embroidered case in the trunk, filled with tiny pockets whose uses she had once so delightedly explained to him, did her expression vaguely trouble him.

"You are sad, Mlle. Sabine! You would go? You change ze mind—" But she smiled at him and said that she was selfish enough to want him to stay, now that he was going so soon.

But he would soon be back; he would be with her in ten weeks!

The last day was gone, the last evening; the last breakfast lay untouched before them: she could do no more for him now. His carriage was at the door; then would come the train, then the noisy seaport city, then the wonderful great boat—he would be half the world away. Their hearts were too full for speech. This old Frenchman with his jaunty air, his shining boots, his mended gloves, this quiet, middle-aged woman with the pale, lined face, were not romantic to look upon; but one was struggling with a passionate gratitude that choked him, and the other was sending away from her—perhaps forever—the love and youth and brightness of her life.

The driver called; they loosed hands. He walked silently down the steps, but with an inarticulate cry she summoned him back. She put her arms around him, as about a child she would send away to school, and laid her cheek softly against his. He caught in her eyes what sent his hand to his heart.

"Mlle. Sabine! What is it you have done?"

You would go—*mon Dieu*, you have lied to me!"

With one last effort she smiled away his sudden fear.

"Why, no!" she said through her tears. "Why, no, monsieur! I only miss my friend!"

sounding-board thrilled softly and called back to her with a jangling minor cadence.

Her sobbing quieted to a sigh; beneath her tears her cheeks burned with a soft, hot flush. "Maybe he will! Maybe he will!" she whispered, and, "I know he will if he



DRAWN BY KENNETH HAYES MILLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"THE OLD SERVANT WATCHED HER CURIOUSLY."

Good-by!" And then, to please him, "*Bon voyage, mon ami!*"

When the carriage was out of sight she went in and cried by the old pianoforte—but not all for sorrow.

"He may come! He may come!" she sobbed over the yellow keys, and the old

can!" while her hands clasped each other tightly, with fingers intertwined like a girl's. She sat there in the morning sunlight that turned her hair to yellow, lost in strange, vague dreams; a shy happiness curved her lips even while the new haunting pain that tugged at her heart brought a tiny wrinkle

between her slender eyebrows. She went about her simple household duties half unconsciously. The old servant watched her curiously. She could not understand why her mistress should wipe her eyes, if later she could sing till the dim parlor thrilled to the sweet old tunes. Nor did Miss Sabina herself quite certainly know. She was of a simple, modest generation that analyzed little: the rose of her life she could shut away forever, hidden in some precious yellowed book, but she could not tear apart the leaves, even to know it better.

To Miss Ellsworth, who came in later, hurried and amazed, she was inexplicable. She had traveled much, this successful, ordinary woman, and she was well educated, as women count such matters to-day; but this quiet spinster, sitting out of the strong currents of life, alone in her quaint, old-time parlor with its rose-leaves and mahogany of

another day, had somehow left her behind with all her experiences and acquisitions, and bade her good-by with a manner that obliterated forever from her friend's mind the image of deprecating gentleness she had so long patronized.

For she had traveled the great way of all, had Miss Sabina, and the pride and happiness of her waiting heart had come to her in the steepest places of that wonderful road. The teacher of women since the beginning had spared no pains with this simple, eager soul, and she grew at once young and wise under the dear and unrelenting discipline.

"He will—he will if he can!" she whispered, as she waited for him on the porch, while the children played in the distance with faint, cheerful cries, and the roses grew strong toward dusk. And even to herself her tears seemed not wholly sad.

## MRS. McCAFFERTY'S MISTAKE.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS,

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

**S**OME philosopher (perhaps it was myself) hassaid, "Better be dead than be the bearer of ill tidings"; but this maxim was not verified in Lacky Gorri's case. Lacky had been for weeks bearing to Mrs. McCafferty the good news that Andy's moneyed granduncle still lived, despite the "rheumatiz" and the doctor, and he got nothing for his pains except (as we may certainly presume) Mrs. McCafferty's gratitude and good will, which meant little to poor Lacky, since he could neither eat them nor jingle them on Long John Meehan's counter and get bone-cakes for them. But when, on the contrary, Lacky dropped in of a morning and surprised Nellie McCafferty and her neighbor and gossip, Mary Jane Durnien, with the sad and startling news that Uncle Taig was no more, he was rewarded with a rousing bowl of tea, a hard-boiled egg, and a bone-cake buttered on both sides and lavishly sown with coarse sugar.

Mrs. Durnien, after giving the men their breakfast and wiping up the greater part of the soiled vessels, had just run in to swap

the news of the neighborhood with Mrs. McCafferty, and they were busily engaged in the interesting task when a shadow fell over the threshold, and Lacky Gorri entered, with his usual "God's blissin' be here!"

"An' with yerself, too, Lacky asthore."

Lacky was always spoken to in tones of pity by reason of the poor fellow's being (to himself be it told) only half-witted. "Though me poor mother (God rest her!) used to say, them bought me for a fool 'ud have a wise penn'orth. More rogue nor fool she always held I was." And more rogue than fool many a wise head in the parish had designated him, after learning this fact to their cost. Lacky always grinned his flattered appreciation when he heard himself so designated.

"Lacky, me man, an' what 's new this mornin'?"

"Nothin' whatsomiver, barrin' that Andy's Uncle Taig has kicked the bucket at last"; for Lacky was ostentatiously vain of his repertoire of slang.

"God rest his sowl!" said Mrs. McCaf-

ferty, bowing her head to fate. "Ye don't say so, Lacky!"

"Am n't I afther sayin' it?" said Lacky, who had an aggravating way of taking the women of the parish literally, when he did not desire to be so taken.

"When did he die, Lacky?"

"Less nor an hour ago."

"The rheumatiz struck his heart?"

"Yis, the rheumatiz struck his heart, an' he croaked—God a' marcy on him!"

"Amain!" both women said fervently.

"Well, well, well!" said Mrs. McCafferty. "Ye see, Mary Jane, the poor oul' man has now been so long lyin', an' takin' so little nourishment moreover, that the win' got in about his heart, an' has been gatherin' an' gatherin' there, makin' room (as I've been all along propheseyin') for the rheumatiz to get in. I toul' that parvase an' ill-mannered oul' servint of his, Maidgie Mulvinny—I toul' her, as often as there's fingers an' toes on me, that if she did n't keep him filled up with cheeckin' broth (that goes roun' the heart an' nourishes it) the win' would gather instead, an' the very next thing would be the rheumatiz would find its openin' an' wriggle in. Maidgie turned up her ill-lookin' nose at me an' give me a short answer, an' when I toul' the same to Father Ned—who, ye'd expect, would have *some* gumption—Father Ned he act'ally laughed at me, which, by lave iv his coat, was just a thrifile ill-mannered. Now ye see who was right!"—triumphantly. "Maidgie Mulvinny an' Father Ned Harley 'ill laugh now on the wrong side iv their mouths."

During his Uncle Taig's long illness Andy McCafferty had been genuinely and deeply solicitous for him. Though his uncle was miserly and selfish, he was his uncle, and, moreover, he was alone in the world, with no other relative than his grandnephew Andy. Old Taig Gillespie, "the miserd," was rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice, having scraped together (so rumor told with bated breath) a hundred and fifty pounds! But, in his affection for and solicitous interest in the old man, Andy McCafferty gave this no thought. Not so Andy's good wife. She was a wise woman, and foresaw that a legacy of a hundred and fifty pounds would lift herself and her family to the top of the parish, and above worry and need for the rest of her days.

"Well, well! Poor oul' Taig, poor man! God give 'im rest! He was oul', an' I suppose his time was come to go. If we all get the fourscore an' ten years he got, poor

fella, I think we'll not feel it hard to go—an' neither will our nearest an' dearest frien's, I should think. God give 'im rest! Lacky Gorriev, poor fella, I'll make you a rousin' dhrap iv tay that 'ill take the dhrooth away from about yer heart,"—in Mrs. McCafferty's conception of anatomy the heart was the seat of most sensations and the performer of most functions,—"an' an egg, an' a well-buttered bone-cake with shugar on it."

Lacky's eyes leaped in his head as the rapturous vision took form before his mental eye.

When Mrs. McCafferty had laid down the tea, in a black porringer, to stew upon the coals, and had put a well-washed egg into it for expedition's sake, she said:

"We'll all kneel down now an' offer up five patther-an'-pavvies [pater-and-aves] an' a creed for the repose of poor Uncle Taig's soul."

Lacky Gorriev looked at the black porringer and fidgeted, but he had to kneel down and join in the prayers. His thoughts, though, were not in heaven, nor on poor Uncle Taig's soul. And in the most solemn parts Mrs. McCafferty angrily shook her clenched fist at him to intimidate him from bestowing his looks and his thoughts on the porringer behind him.

But the temporary deprivation gave Lacky a keener relish when at length he did sit down to the royal repast.

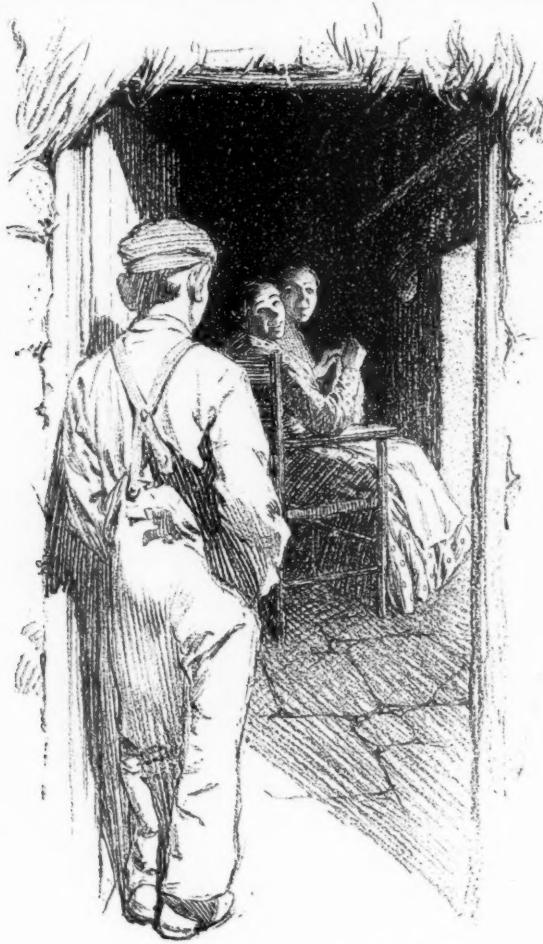
Mrs. McCafferty rolled up her knitting and put it carefully away in the hole in the wall just by the fireside.

"Mary Jane Durnien," she said, "I must pull meself together, an' throw on me other duds, an' hurry over to Meenadreen."

She went down to the room, got out her best black skirt and bodice and drab shawl, and her whitest cap, and while she arrayed herself, directed at Mary Jane Durnien in the kitchen a running fire of discourse:

"I'm sorry for poor Taig, heartily sorry for him. But then, as I sayed, his time was come. An' the Lord blist him with longer days than maybe (God forgive me for sayin' it!) many a better body. It's an ill win', they say, Mary Jane, that blows no wan good; an' my poor man, poor Andy (may the Lord be kind till him always! he's a hard-workin', honest, industr'us man, an' good a husban' as ever broke the bread iv corn)—poor Andy 'll benefit be it annyhow. I've coarse all Taig's wealth comes to poor Andy, his only relation in the wurrl', an' the only wan in the wurrl', too, that had the 'grah [affec-

tion] an' the kindly thought for him. Poor Taig! may the merciful Lord give yer sowl rest! Mary Jane Durnien, step to the room doore an' tell me is this skirt long enough Mulvinny now." Mrs. McCafferty was smoothing back her shining black hair under the border of her well-starched and snowy-white cap. "Maidgie was, ever an'



"WHEN . . . LACKY DROPPED IN OF A MORNING."

behind. Thanky, thanky. Poor Taig! The only wondher to me is that ye wore n't dead long ago, with that tarmagant iv a Maidgie Mulvinny rulin' ye an' ordherin' ye about in yer own house like ye wore her sarvint-boy, an' cuttin' the nose off any frien' iver dar'd to call to luk after ye. It's the almighty wondher to me ye wore n't dead ten years ago. Well, with poor Taig dead, an' Andy his legatee, it'll be my time to snub Maidgie

always, an unmannerly scold. Mary Jane, do ye know what I intend Andy 'll do with Uncle Taig's hundred an' fifty?"

"Maybe it's what yez 'll buy Micky the Rogue's farm?"

"The very identical thing, Mary Jane. It lies intil our own at the Black Rampar'. An' a purty farm both iv them 'ill make when they go together. Micky 's for Amerikay, himself an' the childre, again' May, so Taig

—rest his soul!—could n't 'a' died at a handier time. He has done the thing handsomely, Mary Jane; don't ye think has n't he?"

"In throth an' he has, for wanst in his life."

"For wanst in his life, aye. Now, I did n't wish the poor man dead, but, God forgive me! I was wishin' that his legacy would come till us afore May, that we might get Micky the Rogue's farm. Poor man, he died in our thank afther all. A hundhred an' twinty poun', Mary Jane, at the outside, ill pay Micky for the farm. Then I'll put a good shoot iv broadcloth on poor Andy, an' a pair iv stout brogues,—throth, the poor man diserves them,—an' some new duds on the wains, an' a nice dhress iv the same stuff 's in Mrs. McClane's, the minister's wife's, on meself, with a kissimer [cashmere] shawl, an' spring-side boots, an' a rale picther iv a bonnet."

"Throth, Nellie, ye'll be a dandy out an' out."

"Won't I, though! Mary Jane, is that tie str'ight? Aye, will I—a dandy. Mary Jane, ye'd not believe the fine woman I'll turn out in less nor a month's time. An' don't think I'm goin' to forget Taig. No; I'll get no end iv masses sayed for him, and we'll say the rosary ourselves ivery night, commenin' the morra, for the repose iv his soul—God rest it!"

"Amain!"

"Mary Jane, afther I have allowed a dacent time to go by, I'll give yez all a handsome spree."

"The daicent woman ye always wore, Nellie. It's just only what I'd expect off ye."

"Laivin's an' lashin's<sup>1</sup> iv tay an' curran' buns. An' I'll have Lacky at it, too. Where's Lacky?"

But there was no further evidence of Lacky than the clue afforded by a cleanly scraped egg-shell, an empty porringer and bowl, and a very few small crumbs of bone-cake.

Though she did not realize it, Mrs. McCafferty looked already quite a dandy in her speckless, well-ironed cap and white tie, done in an extensive bow-knot, her pretty face shining, her smooth black hair above, and her neat, plain black skirt and decent drab shawl. She drew the door after her and latched it, and, bidding Mrs. Durnien a good morning, hurried off to Meenadreen.

And there was Lacky Gorrv before her, making himself at home in Taig's chimney-corner.

<sup>1</sup> Plenty; enough and to spare.

"Musha, Lacky," she said, in the subdued voice proper to the house of death, "an' sure it's not here ye are?"

"An' where," said Lacky, in his usual vexatious way—"where do ye think am I then if I'm not here?"

Mrs. McCafferty did not pause to reply, but, nodding modestly and sympathetically to the "tarmagant," Maidgie Mulvinny, remarked, "I'm sorry for yer throuble," and was passing on to enter the room.

Maidgie sternly interposed, getting between the astounded Mrs. McCafferty and the door. "Ye can't go in," said Maidgie, sharply and shortly; "them's Father Ned's orhders, an' the docthor's, too."

To say that good Mrs. McCafferty was taken aback is to put it mildly. Not be allowed in to say a prayer over her own husband's dead uncle! She looked Maidgie hard in the face, but Maidgie's answering look was coldly decisive. Then Mrs. McCafferty dropped on her knees at the room door, and there prayed silently and fervently for some minutes.

When she had finished her prayer Mrs. McCafferty took a chair by the fireside.

"Maidgie," she said in a placating voice, "who'd have thought he'd go so suddint?"

Maidgie gave a grunt by way of reply.

"Maidgie darlin', you had yer own throuble with him, poor man, God rest him! An' the selfsame wurrds I was sayin' not half an hour ago, when I heerd the ill news, to Mary Jane Durnien—Charley Durnien's wife, ye know; Mary Jane Boyle was her maiden name."

Maidgie was moving about the kitchen, dusting and wiping, and setting things in order, apparently unheeding the monologue. Lacky Gorrv had turned his back toward Mrs. McCafferty, and seemed to be intently studying something in the remote corner.

"You're own throuble ye've had, I was sayin' to Mary Jane, for though they say we should let the dead lie, I must say that Andy's Uncle Taig—God be merciful to his soul!—was as cantank'r'us as a goat, an' as conthrary as a brier in a— Maidgie darlin', who is in the room? I say, who's in the room, Maidgie?"

Maidgie, over her shoulder, gave her a cutting look as she angrily replied, "Taig Gillespie."

"Och, I know; but who's else in it besides the corpse?"

Maidgie flashed another angry glance at her, and snapped out, "No wan."

"Beca'se I sartintly thought I heerd some



"MRS. McCAFFERTY LOOKED ALREADY QUITE A DANDY IN HER SPECKLESS, WELL-IRONED CAP AND WHITE TIE."

wan groan. Me hearin' 's not what it used to be, annyhow. As conthrairy he was, I say, as a brier in a hedge. In throth, Maidgie Mulvinny, it 's always you were noted for yer good, patient temper. An' so, signs on it, if yer temper had n't been as hard to br'ak as wrought steel, ye could n't 'a' stood Taig Gillespie; ye 'd have shaken the dust iv his house off yer feet, an' pitched him an' his consarns to the devil years ago. Ye can't tell, an' I 'm sure no more can I, how thankful meself an' all his frien's are to ye for stickin' by him an' takin' such care iv the poor ou'l niggard as ye have done. It was few women but yerself would 'a' done it. I niver yet come intil his house, nor had the misfortune—God forgive me for sayin' it!—to be in poor Taig Gillespie's— *Is* there any wan in that room, Maidgie dear?"

"Taig Gillespie 's in that room. How many more times would ye like to hear it?"

"Is there no wan else but the corpse,—rest his soul!—Maidgie?"

"Do ye think, Nellie McCafferty, ye 'll deludher me intil makin' a liar iv meself?"

"I beg yer pardon, I 'm sure, Maidgie, but—"

"Beca'se if ye do ye 'll be likely to go home a disappointed woman."

"I 'm sure I beg yer pardon, Maidgie asthore. But I heerd the cat or somethin'. Niver had the misfortune, as I was sayin', to be in the poor corpse's company—may heaven be now his bed!—that I did n't find him

always an' etarnally growlin' an' gruntin', an' scoldin' like a gandher would have toothache. You 're disarvin' not to be forgotten, Maidgie Mulvinny, for the Christian sperrit ye 've shown; stickin' till him, an' lookin' afther him, an' nursin' an' carin' for him as ye 've done; an' forgotten ye 'll not be by the corpse's friends, I give ye Nellie McCafferty's word. Maidgie, it 's the shame of me to be sittin' here gabbin', an' you that 's tired an' weary an' worn out long since, if ye wore only sensible iv it, an' you workin' as hard as ye are to make things look nate for the wake." Mrs. McCafferty got to her feet in earnest of her eager willingness to aid. "Can't I do somethin' for ye, Maidgie darlin'?"

"Ye can," replied the other, snappishly.

"What can I do, Maidgie?" And poor Nellie, quite pleased at the opportunity of worming herself into Maidgie's good graces, shed her shawl.

"Ye can," said Maidgie Mulvinny, as she wiped a bowl and set it at its proper angle on the dresser—"ye can sit down out iv me road an' keep yer tongue quiet."

That Mrs. McCafferty had that Christian spirit which some moments before she was so charitably, if erroneously, fitting upon Maidgie Mulvinny, is undeniable, for after a few short minutes, with this wound rankling in her bosom, she, with no apparent bitterness, continued to address her monologue to the unchristian Maidgie:

"To be forgotten be his frien's for all yer

services to that cantank'r'us ou'l man, I say, ye don't disarve to be, an' forgotten, I repeat, ye 'll not be, so long as Nellie McCafferty's a tongue in her head an' knows how to use it."

Maidgie Mulvinny groaned.

"Well, poor Taig—may the Almighty give him rest in the wurrl' he 's gone till! He give himself an' his complainin' tongue little rest in this. Poor man, it was his time to go annyhow. He was a purty ou'l man, an' be-ginnin' iv late, too, to wandher in his mind."

Mrs. McCafferty paused, for she certainly thought she heard a muffled moan from the room. But she must have been mistaken. Lacky Gorrv, by the way, kept his back still turned; his frame, if Mrs. McCafferty had had time to see it, was shaking convulsively.

"Iv coarse he made his will to Father Ned all right. My Andy, bein' the only frien' he had in the wurrl', comes in for all the ha'pence the poor ou'l fella kilt himself scrapin' together. An', Maidgie Mulvinny, I have already planned to buy Micky the Rogue's farm. An' I 'm goin' to rig Andy an' the childre from the skin out, an' I 'm goin' to put sich a dhress on meself as the lakes iv it did n't go intil Frosses Chapel for the last twinty years, an' a rale kissiner shawl. Poor Taig, God knows, if he was alive to see it, would cry. An', moreover, I 'm goin' to—"

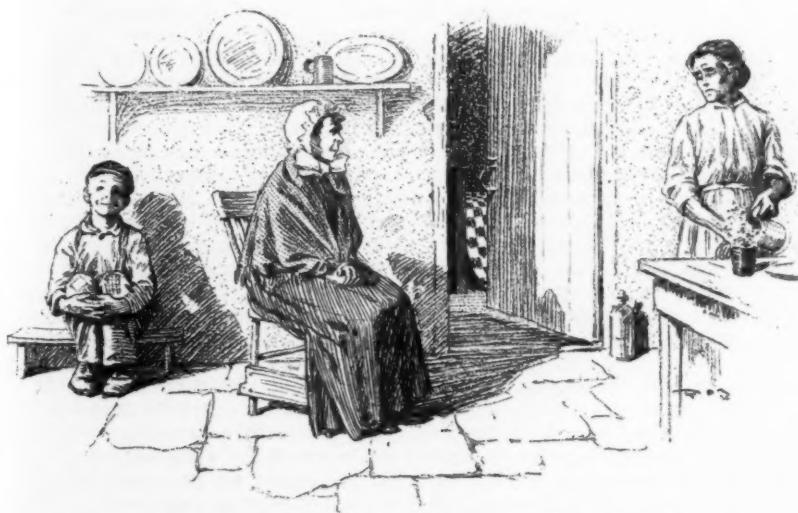
"Nellie McCafferty!"

The lady in question collapsed. Lacky Gorrv did not actually collapse, but he went within an ace of it. It was the voice of Taig Gillespie, and came from the room. It was thick with rage.

"I thank ye, I 'm sure, for yer kindly consarn regardin' me an' my few ha'pence. A cantank'r'us ou'l niggard lake me—wandherin' in me mind, too, as I am—could n't aisily expect any wan to show so much consarn for him an' his. I say, I thank ye, Mrs. Nellie McCafferty. Mrs. Nellie McCafferty, ye 're the wife iv a daicent husband, so I can't wish ye ill, though I 'm sorry ye did n't take after him. But I 'm alive yet, thank God; an' I 'm glad iv it, beca'se I 'm now goin' to live ten years to spite ye! Mrs. McCafferty, good mornin' to ye, an' I wish ye beither luck with the nixt corpse ye go to wake."

Lacky Gorrv, rascally knave, made a burst for the door, and managed to keep from exploding till he got around the corner of the house.

For months after, good Mrs. McCafferty lay in wait, time and again, for the scoundrel, and sought to entrap him into her house. But Lacky always darted past on the farther side of the way, his countenance expanded in a broad grin.



"YOU 'RE DISARVIN' NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN, MAIDGIE MULVINNY."

## AN ESCAPE FROM THE CHÂTEAU DE JOUX.

THE following narrative of the escape of four Royalist prisoners from the Château de Joux, near Neuchâtel, was written by Captain William Girod, one of the participants in the events which it describes. It is here printed by permission of his son, also named William Girod, who died in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896, at the age of eighty-five. The text followed is a copy of the original manuscript written by Captain Girod for his son, and no change has been made in the manuscript except by way of omission of less interesting details and in restoring the narrative to the first person, it having been changed to the third at the time that the present owner made the copy from the original, which has since been destroyed. The members of the family have no knowledge of any other narrative of these events.

The Château de Joux has had many noted prisoners within its walls. In 1775, Mirabeau, while imprisoned there under a *lettre-de-cachet*, was allowed to visit Pontarlier, where he met Mme. Sophie de Monnier, to whom he wrote the "Letters to Sophie," which were published in 1793. It was also the place of the captivity and death of the hero of the negro revolution in Santo Domingo, Toussaint Louverture.—LOUISE GIROD.

 HE struggle in defense of legitimacy, which for so long a time succeeded in beating back the waves of the Revolution, and in maintaining the supremacy of the *drapeau blanc* over the wild and romantic provinces of Brittany, Normandy, and La Vendée, in defiance of the arms of the Revolutionary general, victorious everywhere else, is matter of history. Every one has read of La Vendée and her impromptu heroism—how her noble peasantry, with rude arms and ruder discipline, fought and conquered, yielding only in the end to the treachery of those in whom they trusted.

It was at the time this heroic struggle was at its height that I, then on the point of receiving my degree as a doctor of medicine at the University of Edinburgh, yielding to an irresistible impulse in favor of the cause which had evoked such noble patriotism in the western provinces of France, determined to abandon a profession I had never liked, and to stake my fortunes as an officer in the Royalist army. I had been for some time on intimate terms with several French émigrés of influence, and particularly with M. de Bourmont, since historically known as the Comte de Bourmont, conqueror of Algiers, but who at that time had taken the command of the Royalist forces in the province of the Maine and part of Anjou, having previously remained some time in Lower Brittany with the famous Vendean chief Georges.

I was accompanied, among others, by M. de Frotté, a French émigré, with whom I had formed a profound friendship in England.

This gentleman had been with Sir Sidney Smith at Acre, and had been more than once confidentially employed by that officer in matters of great secrecy and daring, in the course of which he had greatly distinguished himself.

At the period when I received my appointment as captain in the Royalist army stationed in the province of the Maine, under the command of M. de Bourmont, the entire Royalist force amounted in number to about seventy thousand men, tolerably armed and equipped, and a much larger number might have been raised if the means of equipment could have been attained. It is true that this body was scattered over a large extent of country. It was, however, very much in the same state in which the armies of Henry IV were, occasionally dispersing and returning to their accustomed labors until called upon again.

The Vendean leaders had calculated with much confidence on the material assistance of England, and there can be little doubt that, had this assistance been afforded,—had the fine army, for instance, which, a little later, made the unfortunate campaign in Holland, been landed on the coast of Brittany,—a power would have been opposed to the progress of the Revolution which might have changed the whole destiny of the nation. Napoleon, on his return from Egypt, besides the external enemies of the republic, had found the provinces of Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, La Vendée, and the Maine in a state of formidable insurrection, which occupied a large portion of his best troops, and

threatened the most serious consequences to the safety of the state.

The difficulty of subjugating the western provinces by force of arms at a time when the safety of the republic was so seriously threatened in the direction both of the Alps and of the Rhine presented itself instantly to his comprehensive grasp of mind, and he resolved on resorting to a method of subjugation which had seldom failed him—corruption. To the disgrace of M. d'Autichamps, who commanded in La Vendée, of M. de Chatillon in Anjou, and of M. de la Préalaye in Upper Brittany, they suffered themselves to be gained over by the emissaries of Napoleon, and made a separate peace without even consulting the other chiefs, Georges, Bourmont, and de Frotté, who, finding their communications cut off, were obliged to surrender their arms. The conditions of the peace were that the Royalists should deliver up their arms, but that, on the other hand, the officers whose estates had been confiscated should again be put in possession of them, that their names should be struck off the list of émigrés, and that they should be allowed passports to go where they pleased; and it was further stipulated that the whole of the insurgent provinces should, for the space of three years, be exempted from all taxes as well as from the conscription.

My English birth rendering my position one of some embarrassment, I found it necessary to assume the nationality of those with whose fortunes I had been associated. To reach England was of course impossible at the time, and the slightest knowledge on the part of Fouché, the Minister of Police, of my British allegiance would have constituted me a prisoner of war, under circumstances calculated to render my imprisonment more than ordinarily severe. I accordingly procured a passport for Paris in my own name, which was sufficiently French for all the purposes of disguise, in which I was described as a native of a town in the province of the Maine, and with this I reached Paris in March, 1800, accompanied by my friends MM. Georges and de Bourmont. Like all the other Vendean officers, I was placed *en surveillance*; that is to say, I was obliged to make known my abode to the police, and to show myself occasionally at headquarters. In fact, I, as well as my comrades in arms, was what may be designated a prisoner at large; and thus I remained without interruption or molestation until shortly after December 24, 1800, when the attempt to

destroy the First Consul on his way to the opera by means of the famous "infernal machine" entirely changed the situation of the Royalist officers.

Unfortunately, I had become somewhat associated with Carbon, one of the men prominently engaged in the construction of the machine; so much so, indeed, that it is almost miraculous that I escaped the guillotine. Carbon was a native of Paris, and had served with much bravery and fidelity in the army under Bourmont. He had been for some time an "orderly" servant to me, and had returned to Paris with me on the pacification of the provinces. His sister, who had a large family, was, at his suggestion, employed by me as my washerwoman. On our arrival in Paris, Carbon had been sent in my name to take apartments for me, and in these apartments I had lived for several months; but, anxious to be nearer M. de Bourmont, I had left them shortly before the event of December 24. In that very house, as it afterward appeared, M. de St. Regent and Carbon had finally arranged and filled the barrel which constituted the machine. The girl of the house, about eighteen years of age, had sewed the *saucisson*, and there M. de St. Regent, who was nearly killed by the explosion, was found and arrested. The mother of the girl threw herself from a high window and was killed.

The history of the infernal machine is too well known to require much description. It was composed of a stout barrel of thick oak staves strongly hooped with iron, in which was some portion of brickwork. This was filled with powder prepared for the purpose, and placed on a cart drawn by one horse, which was placed across a narrow street, through which it was known that the First Consul would pass on his way to the opera. Persons were placed at short distances from the Tuilleries to the spot; the time necessary to drive that space had been exactly calculated, and the match lighted accordingly. An accident caused the horse to swerve a little, and about half a minute of time saved the life of Napoleon.

At first the suspicions of the police fell on the Jacobins, many of whom were arrested. At the house of Chevalier it was reported that a machine of similar construction to that employed by M. de St. Regent had been actually found, thus apparently showing that the Jacobins, as well as the Royalists,—for there seems little doubt that some of the latter were immediately connected with the cowardly plot in which M. de St. Regent and

Carbon were the active agents,—had devised the same method of assassinating the First Consul. Chevalier was shot, as were several other members of the Jacobin party. Having got rid of the most violent members of that party, the torrent of persecution soon fell upon the Royalists. About the tenth day after the event the arrests began, and all who were found in Paris were laid hold of and taken to prison.

I was apprehended on January 11, 1801, and taken first to an old convent made into a prison on the destruction of the Bastille, from which I was shortly afterward transferred to the Temple. The circumstances which connected me with Carbon, and my known intimacy with Georges, Bourmont, and other leading Royalists, formed so many items of suspicion against me that, as I have already said, it seems little short of a miracle that I did not share the fate of Carbon and St. Regent, who were both executed. Fouché, however, was thoroughly convinced that I had no actual participation in the plot, although he was unwilling to believe, as the fact undoubtedly was, that I was wholly ignorant of it. All applications for my release, therefore, were unavailing.

On October 1, 1801, the preliminaries of the peace of Amiens were signed in London, and on March 27, 1802, were finally ratified at Paris. Lord Whitworth was appointed to represent the British crown at the Tuileries, and I, still a prisoner in the Temple, resolved on appealing as a British subject to the embassy, which I did as soon as circumstances admitted. Lord Whitworth promptly responded to my appeal, and made direct requisition to the French government for my release. All his efforts, however, were vain. Fouché replied simply by producing the passport, in which I was described as a native of the province of the Maine; and when, after some delay, certificates were procured from England proving my British birth, and were placed, at the instance of Lord Whitworth, before Napoleon, the latter, in one of those bursts of temper which were constitutional with him, tore the document into pieces, and stamping on them, passionately declared that it was all "a lie" ("una bugia"), and that if anything more was said about it, he would "make a Frenchman of his prisoner by taking his head off." Notwithstanding this, Lord Whitworth, who had taken considerable interest in the matter, continued, as opportunities occurred, to use his influence in my favor; but the short peace of Amiens was brought abruptly to a close in April,

1803, and his Lordship ceased to possess any power of serving me.

It was about this time that M. de Frotté was taken prisoner to the Temple. He had succeeded, fortunately, in escaping from Brittany at the time of the pacification; but he had very inconsiderately returned to France during the peace of Amiens, where he was almost immediately arrested, and sent to keep company with his old comrades in the Temple.

The restraint to which the prisoners in the Temple were subjected was not very rigorous. The doors were opened at daylight and closed at dusk, when all were obliged to retire to their apartments for the night. They were allowed pens, ink, paper, and every species of amusement compatible with their circumstances, such as music, chess, and cards. There was a spacious garden for them to walk in, and their friends were allowed to visit them by special permission in writing from the Minister of Police.

The heterogeneous mixture collected in this second Bastille was most extraordinary. There were nobles and *septembriseurs*, the latter being generally of the lowest order of the canaille of Paris. There were the Prince of Hesse; Toussaint Louverture, the black general from Santo Domingo, who had not as yet been transferred to Fort de Joux; priests and émigrés; citizens and generals; and indeed a constant succession and variety of opposite characters and principles. Among all these it was no easy matter to distinguish the *moutons*, or spies, sent there by the government.

At the latter end of February, or early in March, 1802, Generals Moreau and Pichegru were brought prisoners to the Temple, and shortly afterward Georges Cadoudal, better known among his Royalist comrades by his simple Christian name Georges, followed them. Every day, in fact, fresh accessions from among the leading members of the Royalist party helped to throng the apartments of the prison, until at length there was not sufficient room to lodge them, and it was found necessary to dispose of the old prisoners, who were sent to different fortresses in the country.

It was resolved that Captain de Frotté and I should be sent to the Château de Joux, and accordingly we were despatched thither, with a third prisoner named De Mons, arriving in February, 1804.

We had been led to believe that our imprisonment at Joux would be less rigorous even than at the Temple. In this, however,

we were sadly deceived. On our arrival, we were conducted before the commandant, a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, who, after having taken down a minute description of our persons, ordered our portmanteaus to be examined, demanding at the same time our knives, razors, scissors, as well as our money and watches, observing that it was merely a measure of precaution—that with money or a watch we might bribe a sentry, and with knives men, rendered desperate by long imprisonment, might be induced to make some daring effort to recover their liberty. Anticipating already the possibility of being driven to the necessity of making an escape or perishing, I managed to save a large pocket-knife and a double louis d'or, which latter I kept in the middle of a piece of soap until the day of my escape. Having undergone these preliminary examinations, a jailer made his appearance with a huge bunch of keys, and, ordering us to follow him, conducted us to our dungeon, which was a casemate, bomb-proof, situated at the very summit of the mountain.

The fortress of Joux commands one of the passes from Switzerland into France. It is situated on a very high, steep, and insulated rocky mountain, about ten leagues from Neuchâtel. A narrow, winding path round the mountain forms the only approach to the fortress, which, however, was taken from the Spaniards in the reign of Louis XIII. It is of great antiquity, and sufficiently formidable.

The casemate in which we were confined was about thirty feet long by twelve in width, and as many in height to the apex of the semicircular arch which formed the casemate. No less than seven doors were opened and passed before this apartment was reached by us. We found in it the remains of three loaves, and two bottles of very ordinary wine, which had no doubt belonged to the previous occupants of the room. The only light we had by day was admitted through a small aperture in the external opening of the embrasure, about two feet square, between which and the interior of the apartment were three rows of iron bars and a large glazed window, which covered the whole interior opening of the embrasure. The walls were of large, rough-hewn stones, which, as the room had not been inhabited for some time, were covered with drops of moisture, which trickled down in every direction. A bed, consisting of a large straw mattress, stout, coarse sheets, and a sufficient quantity of blankets, was ready prepared for

each of us, and, as the snow was still thick on the ground, a fire was lighted, which soon dispelled the dampness. In this dismal cell we were left by the lieutenant in charge, who, wishing us good night, left us absorbed in the dismal apprehensions which our wretched situation drew forth.

Shortly after we were surprised by a gentle wrapping at the back of our chimney, and still more at seeing a small triangular stone forced out on our side, through the aperture caused by the displacement of which we could plainly detect a person looking at us. Addressing this person, at first, with the caution which prudence dictated, we soon discovered him to be the only one who could speak a little French of three peasants from Lower Brittany, who had served in Georges's army. They had used this hole for communication with the former inmates of the room, who had left it some time before. They were in a wretched condition, having nothing to subsist on but the common allowance of the prison, which was both insufficient and bad. Fortunately, they were soon afterward released, on condition of their serving in the army. The little hole was kept in use, the same stone always being replaced, and the space left by the mortar filled from time to time with pounded charcoal from the fire mixed with chewed bread. It was not discovered so long as we remained in the prison.

The casemate in which we were confined had formerly been occupied by Toussaint Louverture, who had died in it. M. Jeanin, a lieutenant of the fort, assured me that Toussaint had died in his chair by the fireside, and that General Caffarelli was with him frequently during the three days previous to his decease. Indeed, this fact seems now to be generally admitted, although it was for a long time the universal belief that he had been put to death by the order of Napoleon.

We had not been many days in our new prison when we were surprised by the sound of a violin, and particularly by airs and a style of playing which were familiar to us. As the sound seemed to proceed from above, we called out in the evening by the chimney, and found that three of our fellow-prisoners from the Temple had arrived. They were released about a month afterward.

Meanwhile the routine of daily existence was somber and monotonous. We were attended regularly every day at twelve o'clock by a jailer, who brought our dinner, as it was styled, and anything in addition which

had been ordered the day before; for we always had something additional, such as poultry, or meat of whatever kind could be procured, which we preferred cooking ourselves, with wine of a quality superior to that ordinarily allowed. We had abundance of wood and books, with cards and chess, and we were allowed to correspond with our friends in Paris, our letters, however, always being read before they were forwarded to their destination. As we had positively refused to submit our faces to the mercy of a barber appointed by the officer in charge of the fortress, our beards were allowed to grow. After a while the commandant relaxed his severity; he sent us our razors, knives, and scissors, together with two small chisels belonging to M. de Mons, which he used in making boxes, etc., of colored paper. These chisels supplied the eventual means of escape. The doors of the casemate, and those of the one parallel to it, were also left open during the day, by which we communicated freely with the persons who were confined in the latter, among whom were Colonel Moulin and M. d'Hauteroche, both of whom had served in La Vendée, and who were parties to the escape subsequently effected by Captain de Frotté and me.

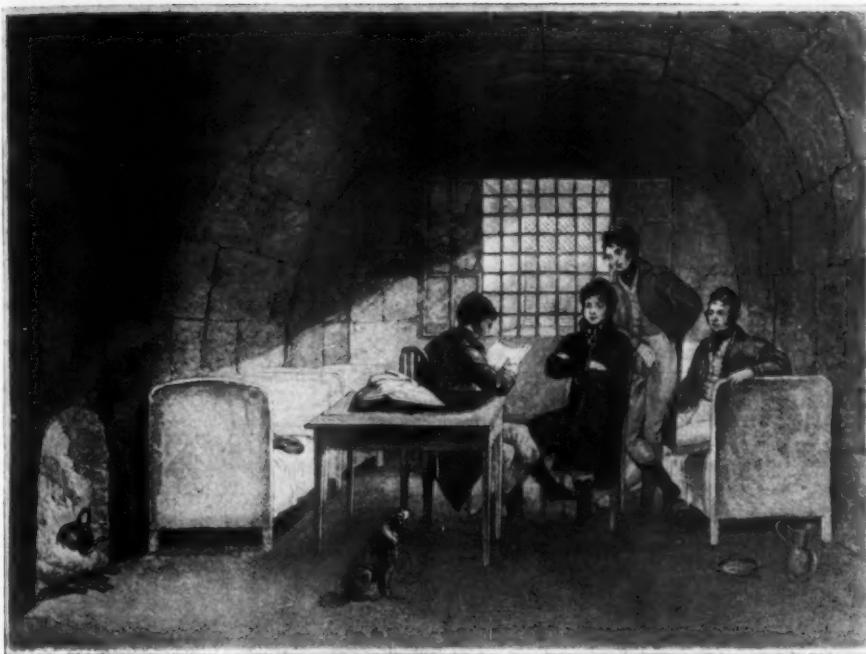
At length M. de Rivière, aide-de-camp to the Comte d'Artois, afterward Charles X., arrived at the prison. This gentleman, who had distinguished himself by his attachment to the cause of his sovereign, had gone over to Paris with Georges and Pichegru, and had nearly fallen a victim to his loyalty. He was discovered, tried, and condemned, but some influential friends having made interest for him with Josephine, to whom he was related, his life had been spared, but he was ordered into close confinement at Joux. He was placed in the casemate adjoining that in which Captain de Frotté and I were confined, MM. Moulin and d'Hauteroche having been removed from it in order to make room for him. He was never permitted to communicate with us, but the little triangular hole at the back of our chimney afforded us the means of conversing secretly every evening, and the most friendly intercourse was established between us.

It was soon discovered that MM. Moulin and d'Hauteroche had been removed to the room immediately above that occupied by Captain de Frotté and me, and means of communication were speedily established by their making a small hole at the back of their chimney large enough to pass a small bottle through. Correspondence was carried

on by us in writing by means of a piece of lead at the end of a string, which was let down the chimney from above, a small note being attached to the lead. This was answered by the same conveyance, a whistle being always the signal to hoist up the lead. M. de Rivière, having a number of friends in Paris, was always well supplied with choice wines and other liquors, of which he insisted that his neighbors should partake, for which purpose a spout was made of a long slip of pasteboard bent along the center in the shape of a gutter. This was passed through the triangular aperture in the wall that separated us, and a bottle of wine was thus quietly transferred into another held under the spout, part of which was conveyed to those in the room above in an eau-de-Cologne bottle let down the chimney.

In this way existence was dragged on until the close of the year 1804, when, seeing no prospect of release, or even of relaxation from the rigor of our confinement, Captain de Frotté and I resolved on making an effort to escape. We communicated our project to our friends above, who willingly acquiesced in our plans, provided we could all go together. On reconnoitering the apartment, our attention was directed to a doorway that had been walled up, but which had formerly communicated with the casemate on that side, and which we knew to be situated at the edge of the range of building. The masonry was composed of large, rough stones, which, though well cemented, yet appeared by no means impossible of removal, and we imagined that if once we could pass that door we might effect an easy descent on the rock upon which the fortress was built.

The first thing to be done was to obtain, if possible, the assistance and companionship of MM. Moulin and d'Hauteroche. We accordingly proposed to the commandant that those gentlemen should be allowed to live in our room. We complained that the allowance of wood was too scanty for the extreme severity of the cold, whereas, if all the four were together,—M. de Mons having been some time previously released,—the double quantity would be quite sufficient. The commandant consented to this; another bed was brought in, there being already three in the room, and the two prisoners were at once removed. Our intention was communicated to M. de Rivière, but he could not venture to attempt his escape without compromising his friends in Paris, who held themselves responsible for his person. He, however, gave us much useful information



THE CASEMATE FROM WHICH THE PRISONERS ESCAPED.

This old lithograph, in the possession of Miss Louise Girod, is "from a drawing by W. M. Craig, engraved by C. Turner." It bears the following inscription:

"View of the Fort of Joux, in which Coll Moulin, and Captains de Frotté, Girod and d'Hauteroche were confined for eleven months and fourteen days, at the end of which they effected their escape, by working a passage through the walls of their dungeon. It was excessively damp and dark, and received so little light, that often they were obliged to have the candles lighted at midday. Their food was brought to them every twenty-four hours, they were by great favor allowed to walk in a courtyard of the Fort once or twice a week, surrounded by a Sarjeant & six Men with loaded Firelocks and fixed Bayonets!!"

respecting the position of the casemate into which we would have first to break our way, to what side of the fortress it faced, and its relative bearing with the highroad—all which he had obtained from a lady of his acquaintance who had come from Paris purposely to visit him. She had made an excellent drawing of the fortress on that side, which showed a particular tree on the edge of the rock to which alone a rope could be tied, and as being the only part by which a descent was possible. This drawing M. de Rivière showed us as well as he could through the hole, giving us every instruction as to the best mode of descending, and, indeed, all useful particulars that he could collect. It was agreed that he should propose that the picture be shown to us. The commandant did not object. It was brought in to us, a copy of it made, and the original returned, without the least suspicion being raised.

We immediately set to work on the means

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of deliverance, by gently extracting, with one of the chisels belonging to our old fellow-prisoner, M. de Mons, the mortar round some of the large square stones, and by means of an iron dog from our fireplace, which we employed as a lever, we loosened four, which made an opening sufficiently large to enable us to penetrate, in two or three more nights, entirely through the wall, until we reached the door, which we found to be fastened. How to get over this difficulty was a puzzle. We set fire to the door; but the smoke was so thick that we were fearful of being discovered, and were compelled to extinguish the fire and desist for the night.

It was necessary every night, after we had finished our work, carefully to replace the four large stones exactly as they were at first. The interstices were first filled with small pieces of stone and then with cement made of the old mortar-dust mixed with paste; but as that had a darker appearance

than the other mortar, we powdered it over with dry dust, so that although it was quite exposed to view, yet so well was every part closed that nothing but a minute observation could have detected the difference. Every particle of dust and rubbish had to be cleared away and hidden in our trunks and under our mattresses. We usually set to work about seven o'clock in the evening, after which hour there was no danger of a visit from any one.

Finding it impossible to make our way through the door by force, we proceeded to remove some small stones at one side of it, so as to pass an arm through. The door was found to be fastened by a hook and a staple, which being loosened, it opened of itself. The light within our casemate was removed to a distance from the hole, and I crept through into the other room, groping my way in the dark. No aperture whereby the light of a candle could be discovered from without was perceptible. The window-places, which faced the interior of the fort, had all been walled up. Having satisfied myself on these points, I returned for a light, with which I proceeded to examine the apartment. I found that there were two casemates perpendicular to that in which my associates and I were confined, which, with the partition-wall, were equal to the length of ours. An open doorway in the partition-wall led from one to the other, and in each were built a large oven and chimney, the square openings to which were supported by two strong iron bars from eight to ten feet in length. With much difficulty we succeeded in forcing out one of these, which superseded our iron dog as a lever in loosening the large stones which our further operations rendered it necessary for us to displace. At the farther end of each of these casemates was a large embrasure, closed up with strong masonry, and in that next to the inner wall of the fort were two more windows and a small doorway, also walled up. We decided on penetrating through the embrasure farthest from the interior of the fortress, and having removed into this room all the rubbish from the first opening, which had remained concealed in our boxes and under our beds, we, as usual, closed the hole.

On the following night we again set to work. The wall proved to be ten feet thick, and we were about eight nights in getting through it, being frequently obliged to enlarge the diameter at the beginning of the opening to enable us to work. At length—I shall never forget the moment—I pushed

a small stone with the chisel, and it fell outward, and the air from without, suddenly rushing in, blew out my candle. I hastened to announce the joyful tidings to my companions. We all, as if by a simultaneous emotion, embraced one another.

A council of war was called, when it was determined that the external opening should not be then enlarged, but that, as there were only a few more stones to be removed, these should be allowed to remain until the night of our departure, lest the aperture should be seen from the road below. About this time a cat that had long been an inhabitant of our prison caused us some alarm one night. She found her way into the empty rooms, and mewed with more than usual loudness and pertinacity, so as to produce considerable alarm lest the noise should, notwithstanding that the windows were closed with masonry, be heard by the sentry below, who was always close to those windows and that of our room, though his head scarcely reached as high as the bottom of them. Puss was sent off the next day.

The next operation was to manufacture a rope. We had eight strong linen sheets, nine feet long, each of which we slit into eight strips, which were first twisted separately, and then two together. In addition to this, we cut up a very large counterpane, a number of shirts, table-cloths, towels—in short, everything that could be used. When finished, our rope was found to be twelve times the length of our casemate.

This was the most anxious period since we began the work of escape. It was necessary to hide everything. The sheets might have been missed; they might have come to change them. However, as we always made our own beds, we took care to cover them completely with the large rugs with which each of us was furnished, and thus everything passed without a shadow of suspicion.

At length arrived the day of final deliverance—January 27, 1805. We took an affectionate leave of our neighbor M. de Rivière, who most cordially congratulated us on the happy progress of our undertaking, and offered his sincerest wish for the final success of our arduous attempt. He was to dine with the commandant, and he promised to ply him so freely with wine—to which he was known to be very partial—as to render him by seven o'clock, the hour fixed for our departure, altogether incapable of interfering with our design. At the appointed time we, taking a silent farewell of our prison room, began the work of actual deliverance.

Having made the external opening large enough for a man to creep easily through, we placed the iron bar across the hole. Round this the rope was drawn without being tied, so that we were obliged to slide down the double rope to prevent its slipping. We threw our greatcoats and some small bundles containing such clothes as we could venture to take with us through the hole before us. I had a small terrier, which had been my companion in prison, as well at the Temple as at Joux, for about two years. I could not make up my mind to have it killed, and had it been left behind alone, its cries, in all probability, would have led to a premature discovery of our escape. I therefore made a bag for it, which I hung about my neck, and with it I descended the rope. The precise height of the first descent could not be accurately ascertained, but it was supposed to be from eighty to a hundred feet. However, we all got safely down, part of the end of the rope having broken with M. d'Hauteroche, who was a stout, heavy man; but he was, fortunately, so near the bottom that he received no injury.

The rope was then disengaged from the iron bar by pulling one end of it, and I was despatched to find the tree on the edge of the rock. It was easily found, but before MM. de Frotté and d'Hauteroche had got down, so thick a fog came on that I could neither see the fort nor could my companions see me. The moon came to our assistance, and the others reached the tree, to which we tied one end of the rope, slipping down it one after the other, sometimes on the shelving sides of the rock, covered with snow, sometimes, without any other support, down the occasional but short precipices, until we got a good footing on a large projecting point, where we stopped, and, pulling forcibly, two together, we succeeded in breaking the rope pretty high up. We again made it fast, descending in the same manner; again broke it, and tied it a second and a third time; but it was eventually too short to enable us to get quite down.

We now found ourselves surrounded by high mountains, without the appearance of a track in the snow, and were quite at a loss which way to proceed in order to reach the highroad. Luckily, some pack-horses with bells passed by, and indicated the beaten road, which was considerably above us. We reached it with the greatest difficulty, the snow being in many places more than three feet deep. Notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, we perspired freely from the

exertion necessary to extricate ourselves from our difficult position. Having gained the road, we were at a loss to know which way to proceed. We were provided with a small compass, some tinder and matches, and a steel and flint; but we had been so long in the snow that our tinder was spoiled, and it was so dark that we could not see which way to steer. We, however, discovered a chapel by the roadside, which we had not noticed on our way from Pontarlier, and we therefore concluded that to be the road, and so it turned out.

About an hour afterward we met two men, who informed us that we were about two hours' walk from the frontier village of Les Verrières. These people enabled us to light our pipes, and cautioned us to be on our guard, as two wolves were watching us. They had seen their eyes, they said, and the wolves had most probably been attracted by the scent of the dog, which I still carried in the bag about my neck. We, however, saw nothing of these animals.

We knew that there was a guard- and custom-house in the village of Les Verrières, one part of which belonged to France, while the greater portion was in the county of Neuchâtel. M. d'Hauteroche stated that he had been there, and that the guard-house was situated at the entrance of the place. He even pointed out the house. Having passed this, we jogged on in full confidence that we had escaped the greatest danger, when, suddenly, we were surprised by a challenge—"Halte là! donnez vos passeports!" We went on, saying we belonged to the village and had just come from the public house. The sentry threatened to turn out the guard; we persisted, and the sentry let us pass. It was a trying moment, but a bold face carried us through.

We could not leave the road on account of the snow, or we would have immediately abandoned the beaten path. Had we attempted to do so, however, we must have lost our way; so we kept on, mending our pace considerably, and taking a less frequented track, which insensibly led us out of our way, and was nearly the cause of our being bewildered, as we had nothing to guide us but some twigs of fir stuck into the snow. Thus we traveled until we were nearly exhausted, and sat down to rest ourselves in a large outhouse at a village to which we came, without seeing any one. Having proceeded about a mile farther, we heard a noise as of people singing, and of small bells, which gradually approached us. It proved to be a



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

THE ESCAPE.

company of young men, who had been making merry. They were in a *traîneau*, or sleigh, the horse of which, as usual, was decorated with bells. We hailed these and inquired for an inn. One of the young men jumped out, and, looking attentively at us, said we had the appearance of honest people, and that his father kept an inn, to which he conducted us about half a mile back. It was then nearly five in the morning. The family was called up. We each took a glass of brandy while coffee was preparing. Meanwhile a horse was caught, and, having refreshed ourselves hastily, we set off in a *traînneau* for Neuchâtel, conducted by the young man whose acquaintance we had made on the road. We arrived in the evening, having dined on the road.

The next day was passed anxiously. It was considered essential to the safety of all parties that we should separate. MM. de Frotté and Moulin agreed to join their fates together, and here we separated.

M. d'Hauteroche, for his part, resolved on making for Venice or Triest, and tried to persuade me to accompany him. I, however, had been advised to endeavor to reach Vienna through Switzerland, and this I resolved on doing. I accordingly remained some time at Neuchâtel and in the neighborhood, until the snow began to thaw and the roads became more passable.

I proceeded on foot from Neuchâtel to Baden, near which I crossed the Rhine. Then I proceeded along the north bank of the Rhine until I reached Constance. During my journey through Switzerland I had not experienced the slightest interruption. A reward of one thousand livres was offered by the prefect of the department for the apprehension either of myself or of M. de Frotté; but I was assured that the *landamman* [magistrate], to whom application had been made to give orders for our arrest, had directed that, if apprehended, we should be conducted to the frontier and sent about our business as vagrants.

As my funds began to grow scanty on my arrival at Vienna, I resolved on remaining there until I could obtain a supply of money from England. But Sir Arthur Paget, the British ambassador, strongly advised me to quit Vienna as soon as I conveniently could, directing his own bankers to cash my bills. A passport was obtained in a feigned name. This document represented the bearer of it to be William Robinson, a native of Liverpool, England.

At Ratisbon I had received a letter of introduction to the Countess Tyszkiewicz, Princess Poniatowski. She received me with great kindness, and her advice decided my future journey through Germany. She interested herself much in my fate, and advised my proceeding by Stralsund and Sweden, and gave me a special letter of introduction to the Baron d'Armfelt, governor of Stralsund.

The day after my arrival at Stralsund I waited on the Baron d'Armfelt. I was received with the most remarkable friendship by this amiable and distinguished gentleman, who insisted on my being presented to the king, to whom he addressed a letter "to be delivered to his own hands."

Embarking at Stralsund in the afternoon in a packet-boat, I reached Ystad, a port at the southern extremity of Sweden, about six o'clock the following morning. From Ystad I proceeded to Malmö, where the Swedish army was encamped, and where I was to deliver the letter to the king. Having found Count Steinbock, I delivered to him the note from M. d'Armfelt, but learned, to my surprise, that my arrival was already anticipated. I placed in the hands of the count the letter addressed to the king, and was immediately conducted by him to the royal pavilion—a temporary building of wood in the camp, containing only an antechamber, a bedroom, and a parlor. The king was at once informed of my arrival, and shortly afterward I was presented to his Majesty, Count Steinbock retiring as soon as he had done so. The king was affable and condescending. He said he had heard of my misfortunes, and was glad I had succeeded in reaching Sweden, where, his Majesty added with a smile, "he did not think the French would venture to come and fetch me." He made many inquiries as to the state of public opinion in France, and requested me to communicate to the French princes in England, if I should be afforded an opportunity of doing so, the assurance of his friendly and cordial sentiments and wishes, regretting that his means of contributing to the general cause were so circumscribed. His Majesty offered any pecuniary assistance that might be required, which, however, was respectfully declined, and he placed me under the care of an officer of hussars, who spoke both German and French, to show me about the camp, where I remained two days before setting out on my road to Gothenburg.



# D'RI AND I

## A Border Tale of 1812 Being the Memoirs of Colonel Ramon Bell

### By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden" "The Master of Silence" etc

XVI.

WE got our bearings, a pair of boots for D'ri, and a hearty meal in the cabin of a settler. The good man was unfamiliar with the upper shore, and we got no help in our mystery. Starting west, in the woods, on our way to the Harbor, we stopped here and there to listen, but heard only wood-thrush and partridge—the fife and drum of nature. That other music had gone out of hearing. We had no compass, but D'ri knew the

forest as a crow knows the air. He knew the language of the trees and the brooks. The feel of the bark and what he called "the lean of the timber" told him which way was south. River and stream had a way of telling him whence they had come and where they were going, but he had no understanding of a map. I remember, after we had come to the Harbor at dusk and told our story, the general asked him to indicate our landing-place and our journey home on a big map at headquarters. D'ri studied the

map a brief while. There was a look of embarrassment on his sober face.

"Seems so we come ashore 'bout here," said he, dropping the middle finger of his right hand in the vicinity of Quebec. "Then we traveled aw-a-a-ay hellwards over 'n this 'ere direction." With that illuminating remark he had slid his finger over some two hundred leagues of country from Quebec to Michigan.

They met us with honest joy and no little surprise that evening as we came into camp. Ten of our comrades had returned, but as for ourselves, they thought us in for a long stay. We said little of what we had gone through, outside the small office at headquarters, but somehow it began to travel, passing quickly from mouth to mouth, until it got to the newspapers and began to stir the tongue of each raw recruit. General Brown was there that evening, and had for me, as always, the warm heart of a father. He heard our report with a kindly sympathy.

Next morning I rode away to see the Comte de Chaumont at Leraysville. I had my life, and a great reason to be thankful, but there were lives dearer than my own to me, and they were yet in peril. Those dear faces haunted me and filled my sleep with trouble. I rode fast, reaching the château at luncheon-time. The count was reading in a rustic chair at the big gate. He came running to me, his face red with excitement.

"M'sieur le Capitaine!" he cried, my hand in both of his, "I thought you were dead."

"And so I have been—dead as a cat drowned in a well, that turns up again as lively as ever. Any news of the baroness and the young ladies?"

"A letter," said he. "Come, get off your horse. I shall read to you the letter."

"Tell me—how were they taken?"

I was leading my horse, and we were walking through the deep grove.

"Eh bien, I am not able to tell," said he, shaking his head soberly. "You remember that morning—well, I have twenty men there for two days. They are armed, they surround the Hermitage, they keep a good watch. The wasp he is very troublesome, but they see no soldier. They stay, they burn the smudge. By and by I think there is nothing to fear, and I bring them home, but I leave three men. The baroness and the two girls and their servants they stay awhile to pack the trunk. They are coming to the château. It is in the evening; the coach is at the door; the servants have started. Suddenly—the British! I do not know how many. They come out of the woods like a

lightning, and *bang! bang! bang!* they have killed my men. They take the baroness and the Misses de Lambert, and they drive away with them. The servants they hear the shots, they return, they come, and they tell us. We follow. We find the coach; it is in the road, by the north trail. Dieu! they are all gone! We travel to the river, but—" here he lifted his shoulders and shook his head dolefully—"we could do nothing."

"The general may let me go after them with a force of cavalry," I said. "I want you to come with me and talk to him."

"No, no, my capitaine!" said he; "it would not be wise. We must wait. We do not know where they are. I have friends in Canada; they are doing their best, and when we hear from them—eh bien, we shall know what is necessary."

I told him how I had met them that night in Canada, and what came of it.

"They are a cruel people, the English," said he. "I am afraid to find them will be a matter of great difficulty."

"But the letter—"

"Ah, the letter," he interrupted, feeling in his pocket. "The letter is not much. It is from Tiptoes—from Louison. It was mailed this side of the river at Morristown. You shall see; they do not know where they are."

He handed me the letter. I read it with an eagerness I could not conceal. It went as follows:

MY DEAR COUNT: If this letter reaches you, it will, I hope, relieve your anxiety. We are alive and well, but where? I am sure I have no better idea than if I were a baby just born. We came here with our eyes covered after a long ride from the river, which we crossed in the night. I think it must have taken us three days to come here. We are shut up in a big house with high walls and trees and gardens around it—a beautiful place. We have fine beds and everything to eat, only we miss the bouillabaisse, and the jokes of M. Pidgeon, and the fine old claret. A fat Englishwoman who waddles around like a big goose and who calls me Mumm (as if I were a wine-maker!) waits upon us. We do not know the name of our host. He is a tall young man who says little and has hair on his neck and on the back of his hands. Dieu! he is a lord who talks as if he were too lazy to breathe. It is "Your Lordship this" and "Your Lordship that." But I must speak well of him, because he is going to read this letter: it is on that condition I am permitted to write. Therefore I say he is a great and good man, a beautiful man. The baroness and Louise send love to all. Madame says do not worry; we shall come out all right: but I say *worry!* and, good man, do not cease to worry until we are safe home. Tell the

curé he has something to do now. I have worn out my rosary, and am losing faith. Tell him to try his.

Your affectionate  
LOUISON.

"She is an odd girl," said the count, as I gave back the letter, "so full of fun, so happy, so bright, so quick—always on her tiptoes. Come, you are tired; you have ridden far in the dust. I shall make you glad to be here."

A groom took my horse, and the count led me down a wooded slope to the lakeside. Octagonal water-houses, painted white, lay floating at anchor near us. He rowed me to one of them for a bath. Inside was a rug and a table and soap and linen. A broad panel on a side of the floor came up as I pulled a cord, showing water clear and luminous to the sandy lake-bottom. The glow of the noon-day filled the lake to its shores, and in a moment I clove the sunlit depths—a rare delight after my long, hot ride.

At luncheon we talked of the war, and he made much complaint of the Northern army, as did everybody those days.

"My boy," said he, "you should join Perry on the second lake. It is your only chance to fight, to win glory."

He told me then of the impending battle and of Perry's great need of men. I had read of the sea-fighting and longed for a part in it. To climb on hostile decks and fight hand to hand was a thing to my fancy. Ah, well! I was young then. At the count's table that day I determined to go, if I could get leave.

Thérèse and a young Parisienne, her friend, were at luncheon with us. They bade us adieu and went away for a gallop as we took cigars. We had no sooner left the dining-room than I called for my horse. Due at the Harbor that evening, I could give myself no longer to the fine hospitality of the count. In a few moments I was bounding over the road, now cool in deep forest shadows. A little way on I overtook Thérèse and the Parisienne. The former called to me as I passed. I drew rein, coming back and stopping beside her. The other went on at a walk.

"M'sieur le Capitaine, have you any news of them—of Louise and Louison?" she inquired. "You and my father were so busy talking I could not ask you before."

"I know this only: they are in captivity somewhere, I cannot tell where."

"You look worried, M'sieur le Capitaine; you have not the happy face, the merry look, any longer. In June you were a boy, in

August—voilà! it is a man! Perhaps you are preparing for the ministry."

She assumed a solemn look, glancing up at me as if in mockery of my sober face. She was a slim, fine brunette, who, as I knew, had long been a confidante of Louison.

"Alas! ma'm'selle, I am worried. I have no longer any peace."

"Do you miss them?" she inquired, a knowing look in her handsome eyes. "Do not think me impertinent."

"More than I miss my mother," I said.

"I have a letter," said she, smiling. "I do not know—I thought I should show it to you, but—but not to-day."

"Is it from them?"

"It is from Louison—from Tiptoes."

"And—and it speaks of me?"

"Ah, m'sieur," said she, arching her brows, "it has indeed much to say of you."

"And—and may I not see it?" I asked eagerly. "Ma'm'selle, I tell you I—I must see it."

"Why?" She stirred the mane of her horse with a red riding-whip.

"Why not?" I inquired, my heart beating fast.

"If I knew—if I were justified—you know I am her friend. I know all her secrets."

"Will you not be my friend also?" I interrupted.

"A friend of Louison, he is mine," said she.

"Ah, ma'm'selle, then I confess to you—it is because I love hér."

"I knew it; I am no fool," was her answer. "But I had to hear it from you. It is a remarkable thing to do, but they are in such peril. I think you ought to know."

She took the letter from her bosom, passing it to my hand. A faint odor of violets came with it. It read:

MY DEAR THÉRÈSE: I wish I could see you, if only for an hour. I have so much to say. I have written your father of our prison home. I am going to write you of my troubles. You know what we were talking about the last time I saw you—myself and that handsome fellow. Mon Dieu! I shall not name him. It is not necessary. Well, you were right, my dear. I was a fool; I laughed at your warning; I did not know the meaning of that delicious pain. But oh, my dear friend, it has become a terrible thing since I know I may never see him again. My heart is breaking with it. Mère de Dieu! I can no longer laugh or jest or pretend to be happy. What shall I say? That I had rather die than live without him? No; that is not enough. I had rather be an old maid and live only with the thought of *him* than marry another, if he were a king. I remember those words of yours, "I know he loves you." Oh, my

dear Thérèse, what a comfort they are to me now! I repeat them often. If I could only say, "I know"! Alas! I can but say, "I do not know," nay, even, "I do not believe." If I had not been a fool I should have made him tell me, for I had him over his ears in love with me one day, or I am no judge of a man. But, you know, they are so fickle! And then the Yankee girls are pretty and so clever. Well, they shall not have him if I can help it. When I return there shall be war, if necessary, between France and America. And, Thérèse, you know I have weapons, and you have done me the honor to say I know how to use them. I have told Louise, and—what do you think?—the poor thing cried an hour—for pity of me! As ever, she makes my trouble her own. I have been selfish always, but I know the cure. It is love—*toujours l'amour*. Now I think only of him, and he recalls you and your sweet words. God make you a true prophet! With love to you and the marquis, I kiss each line, praying for happiness for you and for him. Believe me as ever.

Your affectionate  
LOUISON.

P. S. I feel better now I have told you. I wonder what his Lordship will say. Poor thing! he will read this; he will think me a fool. Eh bien, I have no better thought of him. He can put me under lock and key, but he shall not imprison my secrets; and, if they bore him, he should not read my letters. L.

I read it thrice, and held it for a moment to my lips. Every word stung me with the sweet pain that afflicted its author. I could feel my cheeks burning.

"Ma'm'selle, pardon me; it is not I she refers to. She does not say who."

"Surely," said Thérèse, flirting her whip and lifting her shoulders, "M'sieur le Capitaine is never a stupid man. You—you should say something very nice now."

"If it is I—thank God! Her misery is my delight, her liberation my one purpose."

"And my congratulations," said she, giving me her hand. "She has wit and beauty, a true heart, a great fortune, and—good luck in having your love."

I raised my hat, blushing to the roots of my hair.

"It is a pretty compliment," I said. "And—and I have no gift of speech to thank you. I am not a match for you except in my love of kindness and—and of Louison. You have made me happier than I have been before."

"If I have made you alert, ingenuous, determined, I am content," was her answer. "I know you have courage."

"And will to use it."

"Good luck and adieu!" said she, with a fine flourish of her whip: those people had always a pretty politeness of manner.

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"Adieu," I said, lifting my hat as I rode off, with a prick of the spur, for the road was long, and I had lost quite half an hour.

My elation gave way to sober thought presently. I began to think of Louise—that quiet, frank, noble, beautiful, great-hearted girl, who might be suffering what trouble I knew not, and all silently, there in her prison home. A sadness grew in me, and then suddenly I saw the shadow of great trouble. I loved them both; I knew not which I loved the better. Yet this interview had almost committed me to Louison.

## XVII.

ORDERS came shortly from the War Department providing a detail to go and help man the guns of Perry at Put-in Bay. I had the honor of leading them on the journey and turning them over to the young captain. I could not bear to be lying idle at the garrison. A thought of those in captivity was with me night and day, but I could do nothing for them. I had had a friendly talk with General Brown. He invited and received my confidence touching the tender solicitude I was unable to cover. I laid before him the plan of an expedition. He smiled, puffing a cigar thoughtfully.

"Reckless folly, Bell," said he, after a moment. "You are young and lucky. If you were flung in the broad water there with a millstone tied to your neck, I should not be surprised to see you turn up again. My young friend, to start off with no destination but Canada is too much even for you. We have no men to waste. Wait; a rusting saber is better than a hole in the heart. There will be good work for you in a few days, I hope."

And there was—the job of which I have spoken that came to me through his kind offices. We set sail in a schooner one bright morning,—D'rí and I and thirty others,—bound for Two-Mile Creek. Horses were waiting for us there. We mounted them, and made the long journey overland—a ride through wood and swale on a road worn by the wagons of the emigrant who, even then, was pushing westward to the fertile valleys of Ohio. It was hard traveling, but that was the heyday of my youth, and the bird music, and the many voices of a waning summer in field and forest, were somehow in harmony with the great song of my heart. In the middle of the afternoon of September 6, we came to the bay, and pulled up at headquarters, a two-story frame building on a high

shore. There were wooded islands in the west. Perry stood near me, his hat in his hand. He was looking back at the *Niagara*.

"Run to the leeward of the islands," said he to the sailing-master.

"Then you'll have to fight to the leeward," said the latter.

"Don't care, so long as we fight," said Perry. "Windward or leeward, we want to fight."

Then came the signal to change our course. The wind shifting to the southeast, we were all able to clear the islands and keep the weather-gage. A cloud came over the sun; far away the mist thickened. The enemy wallowed to the topsails, and went out of sight. We had lost the wind. Our sails went limp; flag and pennant hung lifeless. A light rain drizzled down, breaking the smooth plane of water into crowding rings and bubbles. Perry stood out in the drizzle as we lay waiting. All eyes were turning to the sky and to Perry. He had a look of worry and disgust. He was out for a quarrel, though the surgeon said he was in more need of physic, having the fever of malaria as well as that of war. He stood there, tall and handsome, in a loose jacket of blue nankeen, with no sign of weakness in him, his eyes flashing as he looked up at the sky.

D'ri and I stood in the squad at the bow gun. D'ri was wearing an old straw hat; his flannel shirt was open at the collar.

"Ship stan's luk an ol' cow chawin' 'er cud," said he, looking off at the weather. "They's a win' comin' over there. It'll give 'er a slap 'n th' side party soon, mebbe. Then she'll switch 'er tail 'n' go on 'bout 'er business."

In a moment we heard a roaring cheer back amidships. Perry had come up the companionway with his blue battle-flag. He held it before him at arm's-length. I could see a part of its legend, in white letters: "Don't give up the ship."

"My brave lads," he shouted, "shall we hoist it?"

Our "Aye, aye, sir!" could have been heard a mile away, and the flag rose, above tossing hats and howling voices, to the mainroyal masthead.

The wind came; we could hear the sails snap and stiffen as it overhauled the fleet behind us. In a jiffy it bunted our own hull and canvas, and again we began to plow the water. It grew into a smart breeze, and scattered the fleet of clouds that hovered over us. The rain passed; sunlight sparkled on the rippling plane of water. We could now see the enemy; he had hove to, and was

I turned over the men, who were taken to the ships immediately and put under drill. Surgeon Usher of the *Lawrence* and a young midshipman rowed me to Gibraltar Island, well out in the harbor, where the surgeon presented me to Perry—a tall, shapely man, with dark hair and eyes, and ears hidden by heavy tufts of beard. He stood on a rocky point high above the water, a glass to his eye, looking seaward. His youth surprised me: he was then twenty-eight. I had read much of him and was looking for an older man. He received me kindly: he had a fine dignity and gentle manners. Somewhere he had read of that scrape of mine—the last one there among the avengers. He gave my hand a squeeze and my sword a compliment I have not yet forgotten, assuring me of his pleasure that I was to be with him awhile. The greeting over, we rowed away to the *Lawrence*. She was chopping lazily at anchor in a light breeze, her sails loose. Her crew cheered their commander as we came under the frowning guns.

"They're tired of waiting," said he; "they're looking for business when I come aboard."

He showed me over the clean decks: it was all as clean as a Puritan parlor.

"Captain," said he, "tie yourself to that big bow gun. It's the modern sling of David, only its pebble is big as a rock. Learn how to handle it, and you may take a fling at the British some day."

He put D'ri in my squad, as I requested, leaving me with the gunners. I went to work at once, and knew shortly how to handle the big machine. D'ri and I convinced the captain with no difficulty that we were fit for a fight so soon as it might come.

It came sooner than we expected. The cry of "Sail ho!" woke me early one morning. It was the 10th of September. The enemy was coming. Sails were sticking out of the misty dawn a few miles away. In a moment our decks were black and noisy with the hundred and two that manned the vessel. It was every hand to rope and windlass then. Sails went up with a snap all around us, and the creak of blocks sounded far and near. In twelve minutes we were under way, leading the van to battle. The sun came up, lighting the great towers of canvas. Every vessel was now feeling for the wind, some with oars and sweeps to aid them. A light breeze came out of the south-

waiting for us in a line. A crowd was gathering on the high shores we had left to see the battle. We were well in advance, crowding our canvas in a good breeze. I could hear only the roaring furrows of water on each side of the prow. Every man of us held his tongue, mentally trimming ship, as they say, for whatever might come. Three men scuffed by, sanding the decks. D'ri was leaning placidly over the big gun. He looked off at the white line, squinted knowingly, and spat over the bulwarks. Then he straightened up, tilting his hat to his right ear.

"They 're p'intin' their guns," said a swabber.

"Fust they know they 'll git spit on," said D'ri, calmly.

Well, for two hours it was all creeping and talking under the breath, and here and there an oath as some nervous chap tightened the ropes of his resolution. Then suddenly, as we swung about, a murmur went up and down the deck. We could see with our naked eyes the men who were to give us battle. Perry shouted sternly to some gunners who thought it high time to fire. Then word came: there would be no firing until we got close. Little gusts of music came chasing over the water faint-footed to our decks—a band playing "Rule Britannia." I was looking at a brig in the line of the enemy when a bolt of fire leaped out of her and thick belches of smoke rushed to her topsails. Then something hit the sea near by a great hissing slap, and we turned quickly to see chunks of the shattered lake surface fly up in nets of spray and fall roaring on our deck. We were all drenched there at the bow gun. I remember some of those water-drops had the sting of hard-flung pebbles, but we only bent our heads, waiting eagerly for the word to fire.

"We was th' ones 'at got spit on," said a gunner, looking at D'ri.

"Wish they 'd let us holler back," said the latter, placidly. "Sick o' holdin' in."

We kept fanning down upon the enemy, now little more than a mile away, signaling the fleet to follow.

"My God! see there!" a gunner shouted.

The British line had turned into a reeling, whirling ridge of smoke lifting over spurts of flame at the bottom. We knew what was coming. Untried in the perils of shot and shell, some of my gunners stooped to cover under the bulwarks.

"Pull 'em out o' there," I called, turning to D'ri, who stood beside me.

The storm of iron hit us. A heavy ball

crashed into the after bulwarks, tearing them away and slamming over gun and carriage, that slid a space, grinding the gunners under it. One end of a bowline whipped over us; a jib dropped; a brace fell crawling over my shoulders like a big snake; the foremast went into splinters a few feet above the deck, its top falling over, its canvas sagging in great folds. It was all the work of a second. That hasty flight of iron, coming out of the air, thick as a flock of pigeons, had gone through hull and rigging in a wink of the eye. And a fine muss it had made. Men lay scattered along the deck, bleeding, yelling, struggling. There were two lying near us with blood spurting out of their necks. One rose upon a knee, choking horribly, shaken with the last throes of his flooded heart, and reeled over. The *Scorpion* of our fleet had got her guns in action; the little *Ariel* was also firing. D'ri leaned over, shouting in my ear.

"Don't like th' way they 're whalin' uv us," he said, his cheeks red with anger.

"Nor I," was my answer.

"Don't like t' stan' here an' dew nuthin' but git licked," he went on. "T ain' no way nat'r'l."

Perry came hurrying forward.

"Fire!" he commanded, with a quick gesture, and we began to warm up our big twenty-pounder there in the bow. But the deadly scuds of iron kept flying over and upon our deck, bursting into awful showers of bolt and chain and spike and hammerheads. We saw shortly that our brig was badly out of gear. She began to drift to leeward, and being unable to aim at the enemy, we could make no use of the bow gun. Every brace and bowline cut away, her canvas torn to rags, her hull shot through, and half her men dead or wounded, she was, indeed, a sorry sight. The *Niagara* went by on the safe side of us, heedless of our plight. Perry stood near, cursing as he looked off at her. Two of my gunners had been hurt by bursting canister. D'ri and I picked them up, and made for the cockpit. D'ri's man kept howling and kicking. As we hurried over the bloody deck, there came a mighty crash beside us and a burst of old iron that tumbled me to my knees.

A cloud of smoke covered us. I felt the man I bore struggle and then go limp in my arms; I felt my knees getting warm and wet. The smoke rose; the tall, herculean back of D'ri was just ahead of me. His sleeve had been ripped away from shoulder to elbow, and a spray of blood from his upper arm was

flying back upon me. His hat-crown had been torn off, and there was a big rent in his trousers, but he kept going. I saw my man had been killed in my arms by a piece of chain, buried to its last link in his breast. I was so confused by the shock of it all that I had not the sense to lay him down, but followed D'ri to the cockpit. He stumbled on the stairs, falling heavily with his burden. Then I dropped my poor gunner and helped them carry D'ri to a table, where they bade me lie down beside him.

"It is no time for jesting," said I, with some dignity.

"My dear fellow," the surgeon answered, "your wound is no jest. You are not fit for duty."

I looked down at the big hole in my trousers and the cut in my thigh, of which I had known nothing until then. I had no sooner seen it and the blood than I saw that I also was in some need of repair, and lay down with a quick sense of faintness. My wound was no pretty thing to see, but was of little consequence, a missile having torn the surface only. I was able to help Surgeon Usher as he caught the severed veins and bathed the bloody strands of muscle in D'ri's arm, while another dressed my thigh. That room was full of the wounded, some lying on the floor, some standing, some stretched upon cots and tables. Every moment they were crowding down the companionway with others. The cannonading was now so close and heavy that it gave me an ache in the ears, but above its quaking thunder I could hear the shrill cries of men sinking to hasty death in the grip of pain. The brig was in sore distress, her timbers creaking, snapping, quivering, like one being beaten to death, his bones cracking, his muscles pulping under heavy blows. We were above water-line there in the cockpit; we could feel her flinch and stagger. On her side there came suddenly a crushing blow, as if some great hammer, swung far in the sky, had come down upon her. I could hear the split and break of heavy timbers; I could see splinters flying over me in a rush of smoke and the legs of a man go bumping on the beams above. Then came another crash of timbers on the port side. I leaped off the table and ran, limping, to the deck, I do not know why; I was driven by some quick and irresistible impulse. I was near out of my head, anyway, with the rage of battle in me and no chance to fight. Well, suddenly, I found myself stumbling, with drawn saber, over heaps of the hurt and dead there on our

reeking deck. It was a horrible place: everything tipped over, man and gun and mast and bulwark. The air was full of smoke, but near me I could see a topsail of the enemy. Balls were now plunging in the water alongside, the spray drenching our deck. Some poor man lying low among the dead caught me by the boot-leg with an appealing gesture. I took hold of his collar, dragging him to the cockpit. The surgeon had just finished with D'ri. His arm was now in sling and bandages. He was lying on his back, the good arm over his face. There was a lull in the cannonading. I went quickly to his side.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, giving his hand a good grip.

"Nuthin' t' brag uv," he answered. "Never see nobody git hell rose with 'em s' quick es we did—never."

Just then we heard the voice of Perry. He stood on the stairs calling into the cockpit.

"Can any wounded man below there pull a rope?" he shouted.

D'ri was on his feet in a jiffy, and we were both clambering to the deck as another scud of junk went over us. Perry was trying, with block and tackle, to mount a carronade. A handful of men were helping him. D'ri rushed to the ropes, I following, and we both pulled with a will. A sailor who had been hit in the legs hobbled up, asking for room on the rope. I told him he could be of no use, but he spat an oath, and pointing at my leg, which was now bleeding, swore he was sounder than I, and put up his fists to prove it. I have seen no better show of pluck in all my fighting, nor any that ever gave me a greater pride of my own people and my country. War is a great evil, I begin to think, but there is nothing finer than the sight of a man who, forgetting himself, rushes into the shadow of death for the sake of something that is better. At every heave on the rope our blood came out of us, until a ball shattered a pulley and the gun fell. Perry had then a fierce look, but his words were cool, his manner dauntless. He peered through lifting clouds of smoke at our line. He stood near me, and his head was bare. He crossed the littered deck, his battle-flag and broad pennant that an orderly had brought him trailing from his shoulder. He halted by a boat swung at the davits on the port side—the only one that had not gone to splinters. There he called a crew about him, and all got quickly aboard the boat,—seven besides the young brother of Captain Perry,—and lowered it. Word flew

that he was leaving to take command of the sister brig, the *Niagara*, which lay off a quarter of a mile or so from where we stood. We all wished to go, but he would have only sound men; there were not a dozen on the ship who had all their blood in them. As they pulled away, Perry standing in the stern, D'ri lifted a bloody, tattered flag, and leaning from the bulwarks, shook it over them, cheering loudly.

"Give 'em hell!" he shouted. "We'll tek care o' the ol' brig."

We were all crying, we poor devils that were left behind. One, a mere boy, stood near me swinging his hat above his head, cheering. Hat and hand fell to the deck as I turned to him. He was reeling, when D'ri caught him quickly with his good arm and bore him to the cockpit.

The little boat was barely a length off when heavy shot fell splashing in her wake. Soon they were dropping all around her. One crossed her bow, ripping a long furrow in the sea. A chip flew off her stern; a lift of splinters from an oar scattered behind her. Plunging missiles marked her course with a plait of foam, but she rode on bravely. We saw her groping under the smoke-clouds; we saw her nearing the other brig, and were all on tiptoe. The air cleared a little, and we could see them ship oars and go up the side. Then we set our blood dripping with cheers again, we who were wounded there on the deck of the *Lawrence*. Lieutenant Yarnell ordered her one flag down. As it sank fluttering, we groaned. Our dismay went quickly from man to man. Presently we could hear the cries of the wounded there below. A man came staggering out of the cockpit, and fell to his hands and knees, creeping toward us and protesting fiercely, the blood dripping from his mouth between curses.

"Another shot would sink her," Yarnell shouted.

"Let 'er sink, d—n 'er," said D'ri. "Wish t' heaven I c'u'd put my foot through 'er bottom. When the flag goes down I wan't go tew." The British turned their guns; we were no longer in the smoky paths of thundering canister. The *Niagara* was now under fire. We could see the dogs of war rushing at her in leashes of flame and smoke. Our little gunboats, urged by oar and sweep, were hastening to the battle-front. We could see their men, waist-high above bulwarks, firing as they came. The *Detroit* and the *Queen Charlotte*, two heavy brigs of the British line, had run afoul of each other. The *Niagara*, signaling

for close action, bore down upon them. Crossing the bow of one ship and the stern of the other, she raked them with broadsides. We saw braces fly and masts fall in the volley. The *Niagara* sheered off, pouring shoals of metal on a British schooner, stripping her bare. Our little boats had come up, and were boring into the brigs. In brief time—it was then near three o'clock—a white flag, at the end of a boarding-pike, fluttered over a British deck. D'ri, who had been sitting awhile, was now up and cheering as he waved his crownless hat. He had lent his flag, and, in the flurry, some one dropped it overboard. D'ri saw it fall, and before we could stop him he had leaped into the sea. I hastened to his help, tossing a rope's-end as he came up, swimming with one arm, the flag in his teeth. I towed him to the landing-stair and helped him over. Leaning on my shoulder, he shook out the tattered flag, its white laced with his own blood.

"Ready t' jump in hell fer thet ol' rag any day," said he, as we all cheered him.

Each grabbed a tatter of the good flag, pressing hard upon D'ri, and put it to his lips and kissed it proudly. Then we marched up and down, D'ri waving it above us—a bloody squad as ever walked, shouting loudly. D'ri had begun to weaken with loss of blood, so I coaxed him to go below with me.

The battle was over; a Yankee band was playing near by.

"Perry is coming! Perry is coming!" we heard them shouting above.

A feeble cry that had in it pride and joy and inextinguishable devotion passed many a fevered lip in the cockpit.

There were those near who had won a better peace, and they lay as a man that listens to what were now the merest vanity.

Perry came, when the sun was low, with a number of British officers, and received their surrender on his own bloody deck. I remember, as they stood by the ruined bulwarks and looked down upon tokens of wreck and slaughter, a dog began howling dismally in the cockpit.

#### XVIII.

IT was a lucky and a stubborn sea-fight. More blood to the number I never saw than fell on the *Lawrence*, eighty-three of our hundred and two men having been killed or laid up for repair. One has to search a bit for record of a more wicked fire. But we deserve not all the glory some histories have bestowed, for we had a larger fleet and better, if fewer, guns. It was, however, a thing

to be proud of, that victory of the young captain. Our men, of whom many were raw recruits,—farmers and woodsmen,—stood to their work with splendid valor, and, for us in the North, it came near being decisive. D'ri and I were so put out of business that no part of the glory was ours, albeit we were praised in orders for valor under fire. But for both I say we had never less pride of ourselves in any affair we had had to do with. Well, as I have said before, we were ever at our best with a saber, and big guns were out of our line.

We went into hospital awhile, D'ri having caught cold and gone out of his head with fever. We had need of a spell on our backs, for what with all our steeplechasing over yawning graves—that is the way I always think of it—we were somewhat out of breath. No news had reached me of the count or the young ladies, and I took some worry to bed with me, but was up in a week and ready for more trouble. I had to sit with D'ri awhile before he could mount a horse.

September was nearing its last day when we got off a brig at the Harbor. We were no sooner at the dock than some one began to tell us of a new plan for the invasion of Canada. I knew Brown had had no part in it, for he said in my hearing once that it was too big a chunk to bite off.

There were letters from the count and Thérèse, his daughter. They had news for me, and would I not ride over as soon as I had returned? My mother—dearest and best of mothers—had written me, and her tenderness cut me like a sword for the way I had neglected her. Well, it is ever so with a young man whose heart has found a new queen. I took the missive with wet eyes to our good farmer-general of the North. He read it, and spoke with feeling of his own mother gone to her long rest.

"Bell," said he, "you are worn out. After mess in the morning mount your horses, you and the corporal, and go and visit them. Report here for duty on October 16."

Then, as ever after a kindness, he renewed his quid of tobacco, turning quickly to the littered desk at headquarters.

We mounted our own horses a fine, frosty morning. The white earth glimmered in the first touch of sunlight. All the fairy lanterns of the frost king, hanging in the stubble and the dead grass, glowed a brief time, flickered faintly, and went out. Then the brown sward lay bare, save in the shadows of rock or hill or forest that were still white. A great glory had fallen over the far-reaching woods.

Looking down a long valley, we could see towers of evergreen, terraces of red and brown, golden steeple-tops, gilded domes minareted with lavender and purple and draped with scarlet banners. It seemed as if the trees were shriving after all the green riot of summer, and making ready for sack-cloth and ashes. Some stood trembling, and as if drenched in their own blood. Now and then a head was bare and bent, and naked arms were lifted high, as if to implore mercy.

"Fine air," said I, breathing deep as we rode on slowly.

"T is sart'n," said D'ri. "Mother used t' say 'at the frost wus only the breath o' angels, an' when it melted it gin us a leetle o' the air o' heaven."

Of earth or heaven, it quickened us all with a new life. The horses fretted for their heads, and went off at a gallop, needing no cluck or spur. We pulled up at the château well before luncheon-hour. D'ri took the horses, and I was shown to the library, where the count came shortly, to give me hearty welcome.

"And what of the captives?" I inquired, our greeting over.

"Alas! it is terrible; they have not returned," said he, "and I am in great trouble, for I have not written to France of their peril. Dieu! I hoped they would be soon released. They are well, and now we have good news. Eh bien, we hope to see them soon. But of that Thérèse shall tell you. And you have had a terrible time on Lake Erie?"

He had read of the battle, but wanted my view of it. I told the story of the *Lawrence* and Perry; of what D'ri and I had hoped to do, and of what had been done to us. My account of D'ri—his droll comment, his valor, his misfortune—touched and tickled the count. He laughed, he clapped his hands, he shed tears of enthusiasm; then he rang a bell.

"The M'sieur D'ri—bring him here," said he to a servant.

D'ri came soon with a worried look, his trousers caught on his boot-tops, an old felt hat in his hand. Somehow he and his hat were as king and coronal in their mutual fitness; if he lost one, he swapped for another of about the same shade and shape. His brows were lifted, his eyes wide with watchful timidity. The count had opened a leather case and taken out of it a shiny disk of silver. He stepped to D'ri, and fastened it upon his waistcoat.

"Pour la valeur éprouvée—de l'Empereur," said he, reading the inscription as

he clapped him on the shoulder. "It was given to a soldier for bravery at Austerlitz by the great Napoleon," said he. "And, God rest him! the soldier he died of his wounds. And to me he have left the medal in trust for some man, the most brave, intrepid, honorable. M'sieur D'ri, I have the pleasure to put it where it belong."

D'ri shifted his weight, looking down at the medal and blushing like a boy.

"Much obligeed," he said presently. "Dunno but mebbe I better put it 'n my wallet. 'Fraid I 'll lose it off o' there."

He threw at me a glance of inquiry.

"No," said I, "do not bury your honors in a wallet."

He bowed stiffly, and, as he looked down at the medal, went away, spurs clattering.

Thérèse came in presently, her face full of vivacity and color.

"M'sieur le Capitaine," said she, "we are going for a little ride, the marquis and I. Will you come with us? You shall have the best horse in the stable."

"And you my best thanks for the honor," I said.

Our horses came up presently, and we all made off at a quick gallop. The forest avenues were now aglow and filled with hazy sunlight as with a flood, through which yellow leaves were slowly sinking. Our horses went to their fetlocks in a golden drift. The marquis rode on at a rapid pace, but soon Thérèse pulled rein, I keeping abreast of her.

In a moment our horses were walking quietly.

"You have news for me, ma'm'selle," I remarked.

"Indeed, I have much news," said she, as always, in French. "I was afraid you were not coming in time, m'sieur."

She took a dainty letter from her bosom, passing it to me.

My old passion flashed up as I took the perfumed sheets. I felt my heart quicken, my face burn with it. I was to have good news at last of those I loved better than my life, those I had not forgotten a moment in all the peril of war. I saw the handwriting of Louison and then a vision of her—the large eyes, the supple, splendid figure, the queenly bearing. It read:

MY DEAR THÉRÈSE: At last they promise to return us to you on the 12th of October. You are to send two men for us—not more—to the head of Eagle Island, off Ste. Roche, in the St. Lawrence, with canoes, at ten o'clock in the evening of that day. They will find a lantern hanging on a tree at the place we are to meet them. We

may be delayed a little, but they are to wait for us there. And, as you love me, see that one is my brave captain—I do not care about the other who comes. First of all I wish to see my emperor, my love, the tall, handsome, and gallant youngster who has won me. What a finish for this odd romance if he only comes! And then I do wish to see you, the count, and the others. I read your note with such a pleasure! You are sure that he loves me? And that he does not know that I love him? I do not wish him to know, to suspect, until he has asked me to be his queen—until he has a right to know. Once he has my secret, Love is robbed of his best treasure. Mon Dieu! I wish to tell him myself, sometime, if he ever has the courage to take command of me. I warn you, Thérèse, if I think he knows—when I see him—I shall be cruel to him; I shall make him hate me. So you see I will not be cheated of my wooing, and I know you would not endanger my life's happiness. I have written a little song—for him. Well, some day I shall sing it to him, and will he not be glad to know I could do it? Here are the first lines to give you the idea.

My emperor! my emperor!  
Thy face is fair to see;  
Thy house is old, thy heart is gold,  
Oh, take command of me!

O emperor! my emperor!  
Thy scepter is of God;  
Through all my days I 'll sing thy praise,  
And tremble at thy nod.

But, dear Thérèse, you ought to hear the music; I have quite surprised myself. Indeed, love is a grand thing; it has made me nobler and stronger. They really say I am not selfish any more. But I am weary of waiting here, and so eager to get home. You are in love, and you have been through this counting of the hours. We are very comfortable here, and they let us go and come as we like inside the high walls. I have told you there is a big, big grove and garden.

We saw nothing of "his Lordship" for weeks until three days ago, when they brought him here wounded. That is the reason we could not send you a letter before now. You know he has to see them all and arrange for their delivery. Well, he sent for Louise that day he came. She went to him badly frightened, poor thing! as, indeed, we all were. He lay in bed helpless, and wept when he saw her. She came back crying, and would not tell what he had said. I do think he loves her very dearly, and somehow we are all beginning to think better of him. Surely no one could be more courteous and gallant. Louise went to help nurse him yesterday, dear, sweet little mother! Then he told her the good news of our coming release, where your men would meet us, and all as I have written. He is up in his chair to-day, the maid tells me. I joked Louise about him this morning, and she began to cry at once, and said her heart was not hers to give. The sly thing! I wonder whom she loves; but she

would say no more, and has had a long face all day. She is so stubborn! I have sworn I will never tell her another of my secrets. You are to answer quickly, sending your note by courier to the Indian dockman at Elizabethport, addressed Robin Adair, Box 40, St. Hilière, Canada. And the love of all to all. Adieu.

Your loving

LOUISON.

P. S. Can you tell me, is the captain of noble birth? I have never had any doubt of it, he is so splendid.

It filled me with a great happiness and a bitter pang. I was never in such a conflict of emotion.

"Well," said Thérèse, "do you see my trouble? Having shown you the first letter, I had also to show you the second. I fear I have done wrong. My soul—"

"Be blessed for the good tidings," I interrupted.

"Thanks. I was going to say it accuses me. Louison is a proud girl; she must never know. She can never know unless—"

"You tell her," said I, quickly. "And of course you will."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"That every secret that must not be told is the same as published if—if—"

"If what?"

"If—if it tells a pretty story with some love in it," I said, with a quick sense of caution. "Ah, ma'm'selle, do I not know what has made your lips so red?"

"What may it be?"

"The attrition of many secrets—burning secrets," I said, laughing.

"Mordieu! what charming impudence!" said she, her large eyes glowing thoughtfully with some look of surprise. "You do not know me, m'sieur. I have kept many secrets and know the trick."

"Ah, then I shall ask of you a great favor," said I—"that you keep my secret also, that you do not tell her of my love."

She wheeled her horse with a merry peal of laughter, hiding her face, now red as her glove.

"It is too late," said she. "I have written her."

We rode on laughing. In spite of the serious character of her words, I fell a-quaking from crown to stirrup. I was now engaged to Louison, or as good as that, and, being a man of honor, I must think no more of her sister.

"I wrote her of your confession," said she, "for I knew it would make her so happy; but, you know, I did not tell of—of the circumstances."

"Well, it will make it all the easier for me," I said. "Ma'm'selle, I assure you—I am not sorry."

"And, my friend, you are lucky: she is so magnificent."

"Her face will be a study when I tell her."

"The splendor of it!" said she.

"And the surprise," I added, laughing.

"Ah, m'sieur, she will play her part well. She is clever. That moment when the true love comes and claims her it is the sweetest in a woman's life."

A thought came flying through my brain with the sting of an arrow.

"She must not be deceived. I have not any noble blood in me. I am only the son of a soldier-farmer, and have my fortune to make," said I, quickly.

"That is only a little folly," she answered, laughing. "Whether you be rich or poor, prince or peasant, she cares not a snap of her finger. Ciel! is she not a republican, has she not money enough?"

"Nevertheless, I beg you to say, in your letter, that I have nothing but my sword and my honor."

As we rode along I noted in my book the place and time we were to meet the captives. The marquis joined us at the Hermitage, where a stable-boy watered our horses. Three servants were still there, the others being now in the count's service.

If any place give me a day's happiness it is dear to me, and the where I find love is forever sacred. I like to stand where I stood thinking of it, and there I see that those dear moments are as much a part of me as of history. So while Thérèse and the marquis got off their horses for a little parley with the gardener, I cantered up the north trail to where I sat awhile that delightful summer day with Louise. The grotto had now a lattice roofing of bare branches. Leaves, as red as her blush, as golden as my memories, came rattling through it, falling with a faint rustle. The big woods were as a gloomy and deserted mansion, with the lonely cry of the wind above and a ghostly rustle within where had been love and song and laughter and all delight,

(To be continued.)



## A NOTABLE MASTERPIECE BY MILLET.

BY FREDERICK KEPPEL.



It is well known that although the pictures of Jean-François Millet were sadly neglected during the artist's lifetime, yet very shortly after his death not only were his finished paintings, aquarelles, drawings, and etchings eagerly collected, classified, and studied, but even the slightest scrap of a sketch from his hand was dignified into a "lot" and eagerly competed for at the auction sales of the Hôtel Drouot in Paris; and it may be regarded as an extraordinary thing that his "Wood-Sawyers"—a finished painting which may rank among his very finest—should with propriety now be presented in a monthly magazine as a sort of novelty.

Why is not "The Wood-Sawyers" as well known as the universally known "Angelus"? Both pictures are the product of about the same period, are of nearly similar size and importance; and on one memorable though little-known occasion, when these two masterpieces were placed side by side and offered for sale to an enlightened and wealthy collector, he selected "The Wood-Sawyers" and rejected "The Angelus." It was not long after the time when Millet was very glad to sell the latter picture for two thousand francs (but long before M. Chauchard of Paris paid seven hundred and fifty thousand francs for it) that it drifted into the possession of M. Deschamps, a Frenchman of great taste and knowledge of pictures, who was at that time doing business in London. One of his clients in England was the eminent Greek merchant Constantine Ionides, who long resided at Brighton, where he recently died after having made a collection of pictures of unsurpassed quality. M. Deschamps, knowing that Ionides had long desired to procure an example of Millet which would satisfy his exacting requirements, sent word to the great merchant that he could offer him not only one but two such pictures. It is known that Ionides was himself a capital judge, yet he seldom would venture to buy a picture unless his own opinion of it could be indorsed by that of still another eminent foreigner resident in England. This was Alphonse Legros,

painter, sculptor, etcher, and for twenty years Slade professor of art at University College, London. (It will be remembered that John Ruskin filled the corresponding Slade professorship at Oxford.)

This was the man, then, whom Constantine Ionides took with him when he went to the house of Deschamps to purchase a picture by Millet. The two paintings were placed side by side before the visitors. "The Wood-Sawyers" was slightly the larger canvas, measuring about thirty-six inches in width, and its price was five hundred pounds sterling, while the price of "The Angelus" was eight hundred pounds. Ionides, desiring to have the better picture, was inclined to take the dearer one, but declared that he would be guided in his choice by Legros. Thus appealed to, Legros made answer: "If you want the really great picture of these two, take 'The Wood-Sawyers'"; and thus the choice was made. The picture has since been cloistered in the mansion at Brighton, while its companion was destined to cross the Atlantic twice before finding its present resting-place in Paris.

The seclusion which has been the fate of the picture under consideration seems, in a measure, also to have followed the single reproduction of it which has hitherto been made. This reproduction—or rather translation of it into the language of black and white—is the wonderfully able etching done from Millet's painting by the Scottish artist William Hole. This etching (from which our illustration is taken) was issued in a very limited edition, and has now become scarce. It is here reproduced by permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells of London and New York, the owners of the copyright.

It is well within the province of the best reproductive etching or engraving to suggest the color-scheme of the painting reproduced, and sometimes even to improve upon it; yet it is beyond the scope of a print in monochrome to record this or that detail of color which exists in the picture copied. Thus by looking at our illustration it is easy to see that the woodman whose back is turned toward us is the dominant figure in the composition, but not so easy to realize

that, in Millet's painting, this woodman's trousers are the dominant color-note of the whole picture. They are of that strong blue velveteen which is so much worn by French working-men. This cheap cotton stuff is really beautiful in color, reflecting the light where the light falls on it, and shading almost to black in the shadows. It was thus that Millet painted it, and it was with deliberate intent that he put it there. This artistic purpose was quickly recognized by at least one visitor to the painting, one who had "the art of putting things," if ever a man had—the late Robert Louis Stevenson. When he saw Millet's painting his first remark was: "See how that vivid blue explodes like a bombshell in the middle of the picture and illuminates it all!"

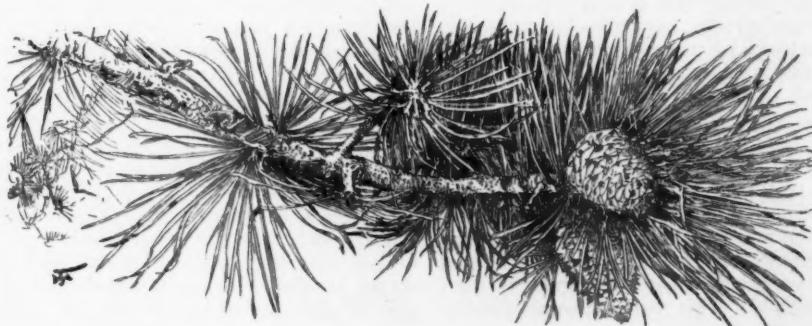
What a picture it is! It is almost colossal or titanic in its energy. One might imagine that two of the Cyclops, whose work it was to forge thunderbolts for Zeus, had temporarily left their smithy for the purpose of sawing to pieces an immense tree. What workmanlike force is in the action of the two men who wield the great saw! What grip of the hands, what planting of the feet, what setting of the shoulders as the men "buckle down" to their heavy task! No wonder that Millet, the poet of the poor, should have repudiated the "prettified" rural pictures of the fashionable Watteau, declaring them to be artificial and false. Watteau's point of view was that of court lords and ladies masquerading as honest peasants (people whose heartless trifling afterward brought on the French Revolution), while Millet was born a peasant and did a peasant's work until the time when, through his pictures, he began eloquently to plead the cause of his own people.

"To paint well and naturally," Millet writes, "I think an artist should avoid the theater." In another letter he says: "The

human side of art is what touches me most; the gay side never shows itself to me." And of the weary and ill-paid toil of the poor he writes: "To me this is true humanity and great poetry."

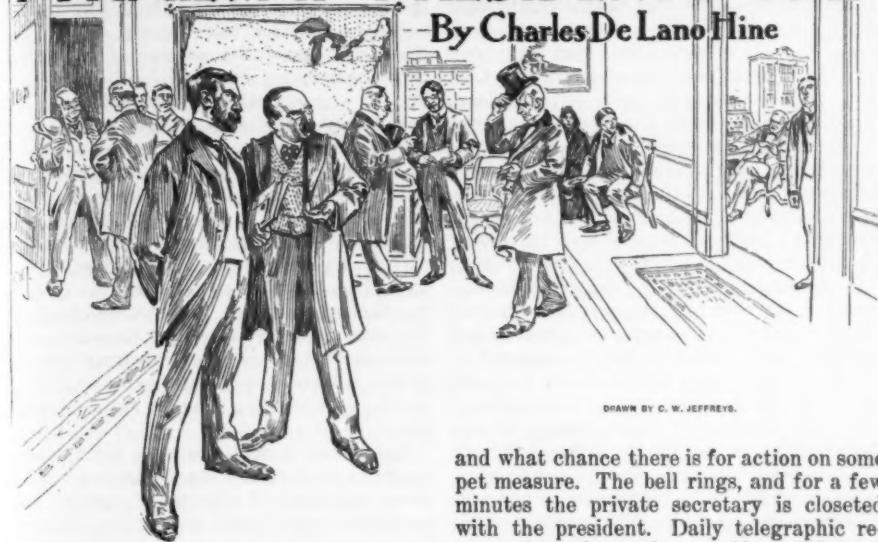
It is possible that the definitive biography of so great a master in art as Millet has yet to be written. Sensier's biography has the great advantage of being a "human document" written by a friend who had known the artist long and intimately; but it also has the disadvantage of presenting Millet's life from Sensier's point of view alone, and in consequence the book lacks historical perspective. Still, it is a book that no serious student of Millet can afford to neglect, and for purposes of study the American translation seems to be the more useful, because in it a good deal of irrelevant matter has been eliminated, while the essentials remain.

After Sensier's death, many people came forward with the declaration that the biographer, instead of having been Millet's good angel, had taken advantage of the artist's necessities, and had exploited him unmercifully. Undoubtedly Sensier bought Millet's works for years at a small fraction of the price which the same works would fetch to-day, and it is equally true that after the master's death he sold them at a great profit; but it was that or nothing with the artist in those early years, and this was not Sensier's fault. It may be of interest here to record on this question the opinion of two of Millet's own children with whom the present writer conversed on several occasions during the summer of 1900. Charles Millet declares that his father was much indebted to his future biographer for sympathetic aid of various kinds; and his sister, Mme. Saignier, who was grown up long before Millet died, frankly says: "My father taught his children to love and reverence Alfred Sensier next after *le bon Dieu*."



# A RAILWAY PRESIDENT'S DAY

By Charles De Lano Hline



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFREYS.

NO American likes to be a figurehead. The genius of our institutions is opposed to the idea of an official knowing less than his subordinate; so it has come that our railroad presidents preside over all departments in fact as well as in theory. They are not technically expert in every department, but they have a working knowledge of each, and they know enough to get the most out of each technical man and to establish a balance of power which holds every expert within his proper limit of usefulness.

A day passed with the head of any large industrial organization is always interesting and instructive. After being for a few hours with a railroad president, one has a better conception of the magnitude of the Chinese treatise on all things. The president, perhaps, has just returned from a trip to New York, where he has attended a conference of presidents of allied lines. He has been on the road all night, but, thanks to that businesslike institution, the private car, often erroneously considered a luxury, he appears in his office fresher for work than the suburbanite who has just come in on the commuter's train. While the president is looking over his personal mail, word spreads about the big building that "the old man is back." Gradually the private secretaries of the different chiefs drop into the outer office to learn from the president's private secretary what business is most likely to come up first,

and what chance there is for action on some pet measure. The bell rings, and for a few minutes the private secretary is closeted with the president. Daily telegraphic reports have kept the president informed of events on the line, but in a surprisingly brief time he learns of smaller happenings, of messages left by prominent callers, and of the general behavior of his child the railroad.

Then the president sends for his chief assistant, the general manager, and learns officially some of the things the private secretary has told him as gossip, and many others of greater moment, but perhaps of less real interest. The half-hour with the general manager may mean decisions involving the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars. It may mean happiness or anxiety to hundreds of homes. For example, it may be decided to move the company's shops from Dan to Beersheba. This means a move for employees, a breaking of home ties, and perhaps disappointment to engaged lovers. Again, it may be decided to extend the Utopia branch, which means a fortune to investors in land beyond Utopia, and ruin to some in the old terminus. The president may tell the general manager that the demand for a dividend on the preferred stock is becoming more clamorous, and that they must get along another year without the five thousand new box-cars that are badly needed, and the building of which would affect many idle men. The president very likely calls the attention of the general manager to the auditor's estimate of last week's earnings, and asks why expenses cannot be reduced

just a little more. The president reminds the general manager that the contract for hauling Chicago dressed beef is conditional upon a second morning delivery at the seaboard two hours earlier than that previously given by a rival line. He also observes that the reliability and regularity of the passenger-trains is helping the Western tourist business, that the delay to the hotel men's special by a freight wreck last week will hurt the winter travel to California, and that the new dining-car must be made to pay expenses. He asks why the ton-mile cost of moving freight has not decreased in proportion to the recent outlay for big engines. He ventures the opinion that the superintendent of the Slowburg division must have been asleep while the city council of Ringville passed an ordinance requiring the company to erect ten more electric lights at street crossings. He expresses polite astonishment at the failure of the passenger department to book the headquarters train for the next Grand Army encampment. He makes no attempt at concealing his disgust over a competitor's securing ten train-loads of agricultural machinery for the Western prairies. He then takes up the question of a larger terminal charge for switching cars to connecting lines, and suggests to the general manager that the revenue would be increased by more favorable terms in the next contract with other roads.

The patient and loyal general manager, who has taken all this in the *Pickwickian* sense in which it was intended, now has his turn. From the bundle of papers under his arm he draws a condensed estimate of an elaborate plan for reducing the cost of transportation on a certain division by running around a bluff and locating freight-yards near a busy river instead of climbing into the town. The trained eye of the president catches the salient points, and he tells the general manager whether or not funds are likely to be available, whether or not it is politic to antagonize municipal or other interests. The general manager diplomatically shows the president that the New Orleans cotton traffic is suffering because of the president's order to consider all Minnesota flour as rush freight. He asks authority to increase the pay of a superintendent who has a better offer from another road. From the bundle of condensed reports he shows a saving of one hundred tons of coal the previous week by reason of better fuel furnished from the new mines. He tells of a new gasoline-engine at Pumptown which will cut in

two the monthly bills for water-supply for locomotives. He reports a conference with the mayor of a big city about the smoke nuisance near the freight-yards. He opines that the president's last visit to the State capital has killed the Populist legislature's bill for granger rates. He suggests that it would be well for the passenger department to stop promising dollar excursionists a two-hour schedule for a hard three-hour run. He urges conciliatory measures toward the city council of Bucktown, which will repeal the speed ordinance as soon as the old morning accommodation train is restored, and "Number Six" (the St. Louis express) can then get through the town on time. In the most nonchalant manner he asks to be excused, that he may catch a train leaving in five minutes, as he has an appointment for the next morning some six hundred miles away.

Before the general manager has finished, the private secretary is entertaining two or three reporters of afternoon papers. The president sees them, comes out, shakes hands, and tells them rates are to be stiffer than ever; that the stockholders are tired of hunting snipe for the fun of holding empty bags. He then jocosely asks them for news about his road, as he has been in New York helping his wife do her shopping. He tells them that the new plays in the metropolis are fine, and they have a treat in store when these attractions come out on the road. He adds that it may interest them to know that he has just completed arrangements with the X. Y. Z. road for a new union station at Junctionville, and that the new steel bridge over Swift River is to be built by a local firm. With a hearty good morning he retires, knowing that they are eager to print something about the rumored absorption of a rate-cutter of a competing line.

The next caller happens to be the president of a trust company, a lifelong friend, who drops in to know the chances for the employment of the son of a former sweetheart of the president. The retiring reporters are convinced by this call that the trust company will finance the proposed deal. The next arrival is a delegation from a neighboring city to ask the president to address the annual meeting of its board of trade. The president accepts, and invites the delegation to lunch at his club at one. Next the auditor of the road is received, and for half an hour there is a feast of figures and a flow of statistics. The president is gratified that

a traveling auditor so promptly discovered the frauds in switching orders that were eating into the company's revenues and demoralizing the service. He is also pleased to find that the passenger conductors are maintaining so high a standard that the auditor's "spotters" rarely find one "knocking down" cash fares or selling unpunched tickets to "scalpers."

Numerous relatively unimportant persons have called, and have been told by the private secretary either to wait or to return between twelve and half-past. Most of these people could have their wants attended to by the private secretary, who, as a man of details, is necessarily more familiar with their little errands than his busy chief, a man of results. The uninitiated insist on seeing the president in person, while the experienced often gain more favors by dealing with the private secretary. It may be laid down as a general principle in any business that the acquaintance of a chief clerk or of a private secretary should always be cultivated and never neglected. The man who shakes hands with all the clerks in the outer office and calls them by name will get in and see "the old man" on the "particular business" when others seek an interview in vain. Everything in this world costs some effort, and no investment yields a larger return than that of considerate politeness and sympathetic interest.

A former governor of a State is the next visitor to reach the inner office. He is a promoter of high degree, and urges the building of a branch to reach a region bursting with undeveloped mineral wealth. Being a practical man, he does not spoil the good impression he makes by wearing out his welcome. He leaves something for next time, and rises to go with the president still interested.

The passenger-traffic manager next has a few minutes. He submits for approval a new form of ticket that the scalpers cannot scalp. Perhaps the president remarks that there would be fewer ticket-brokers if the passenger men did not secretly sell them tickets. He tells the traffic manager that it is "dead easy" to get business by giving concessions, but these rebates consume the profits, and the road is not run for the health of the officials. He compliments his subordinates on the good showing made in spite of the radical reduction in advertising expenses. He asks about that Grand Army train which the road did not secure. He reports his astonishment at failing to find

in the rack in the lobby of an Eastern hotel the road's latest advertising folder. He suggests that bills for printing would be decreased if the names of fewer officials appeared on the dodgers for the Sunday excursions. He fails to see the necessity for maintaining an expensive city agency two hundred miles beyond the Eastern terminus of the road. To all these remarks the passenger man has a reply. He has graduated from too long an apprenticeship in meeting the objections of a fickle and exacting public to be disturbed by the criticisms of any one president. It has been necessary to stand in with some ticket-brokers to get evidence and protection against others. Some concessions in rates have been given and some organized bodies have been moved at a loss, purely as an advertising scheme. For vindication of his judgment he refers to the comparative statement of passenger earnings last month and the corresponding month of the previous year. The comparative statement is the deadly parallel of the railroad world. The Grand Army train was lost because of the war record of an official of the opposition line. If the president wishes, he will go to South Africa and bring home a war record that will be a "lead-pipe cinch" on all such future business. The advertising association that distributes folders has been handicapped by having two of its staff on their wedding-trips. He can of course cancel the contract, but the road derives so much revenue from people on bridal tours that it is impolitic even to appear to discourage matrimony. It is too bad to put so many names of officials on handbills, but, then, the Germans all travel this line because Hufnagel is traveling passenger agent, and the church associations will not meet on any other road so long as Belcher, the city ticket agent, sings at the union meetings. As for that Eastern agent, he is such a hustler that the rival line has discontinued a Western sleeper because of the inroads on its business. Thus this juggler of words, this "mixer," as they say in the West, "jolies" the president, and, gaining his point, gives way to his confrère, the freight-traffic manager.

The latter, proud in the consciousness that the freight receipts are about double the passenger receipts, and that the cost of handling freight may be only half that of moving passengers, comes in, as he says, to square himself about the failure to get that machinery. The competitor is such a cut-throat, in fact a pirate, line, that he cut the

rate in two, and the president of the other road has been heard to say that a few more such losing contracts would send their streaks of rust into the hands of a receiver. Yes, he has himself shaded a rate or two lately, but the business would still move at a profit if the transportation department had not insisted on connecting lines being paid such large switching charges. He is keeping in touch with the transportation department. His friend, the general superintendent, assures him that there will be no more wheat business lost by delays in Blockville, as he has put in a new yard-master who is making box-cars jump over one another to keep the road open. As soon as that other mossback, the agent, is also replaced by a bright young man, all the officials can go to sleep at night and feel that the road is still running. The president thinks last month's expense account of a new traveling freight agent is rather heavy. Are not the hotels giving him railroad rates? The next moment the president says that the road can save ten thousand dollars on an order for steel rails by buying of the anti-trust mills. The freight-traffic manager asserts that the trust will divert enough business to competitors to offset this manyfold. He will cancel his evening engagement, take the noon "flyer" north, and get the lay of the land.

It is now eleven o'clock, and a telegram comes in from the general manager, who is flying westward. The morning reports indicate a freshet on the western division, and unless the president needs him the general manager will go there and stay until the waters subside. A ring for his stenographer, and the president dictates a telegram in reply, taking the opportunity to answer a dozen others on his desk. New York calls up on the long-distance telephone, and a lumber king asks confirmation of the press despatch concerning the flood. He implores a train to move his lumber from a threatened district. Three minutes later another telegram is following the general manager, and the president is smilingly receiving a delegation of ministers who ask for an increased allowance for the work of that splendid institution, the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association. The president astonishes the clergymen by telling the size of each building along the road used by the association, the number of beds it contains, and the number of meals furnished each month for railroad men. He promises to double his personal subscription.

The ministers are succeeded by the head

of the Citizens' League, who urges the president to assist the reform party in ridding the road's home city of ring rule. After the departure of this visitor, the president considers a few papers on his desk before the arrival of another clerical-looking gentleman. This is an official of the distillers' association, whose "goods" contribute heavily to the revenue of common carriers. He calls ostensibly to express his pleasure at the fast time the road is making with spirits in bond, and incidentally to drop a hint that the road that attempts to interfere with the existing administration in municipal politics is likely to suffer a loss of good revenue from both the brewers and the distillers. The president mentally recalls the saying of Marcus Aurelius, "Men exist for one another; teach them, then, or bear with them." The president's time is too limited for much teaching, and consequently he has to do a great deal of bearing.

The president now calls in both his private secretary and his stenographer, and in thirty minutes has answered or disposed of many letters, vouchers, and requisitions covering a hundred different subjects. A few of his decisions may be wrong, but he does not temporize; he decides and acts in a very living present. The next half-hour is given to interviews with all sorts and conditions of people. The timid but ambitious young inventor, with a letter of introduction commanding his new spark-arrester, is listened to patiently and is given a note to the superintendent of motive power. The woman who asks for a job for her boy because the boy's father stuck to his post and was killed in the big wreck last year is sent to the freight office with an order for the first vacancy. The young mechanical engineer just from college who wants to be a master mechanic is told to apply for a job wiping grease from engines in the roundhouse. The discharged employee who was tempted beyond his strength says he has taken the Keeley cure, is once more a man, and begs reinstatement for the sake of his wife and family. He recalls the fact that years ago, when they worked together in the same room, the president was kind to him. The president's eyes moisten, and he tells the man to come to see him again when the general manager gets back. A restaurant-keeper from along the road tells the president that the new dining-car has ruined his business, and asks the restaurant privileges at the junction of the new branch road. An old engineman drops in to shake hands and to say that he

wants nothing better than to have good luck and hold his job the rest of his life. He reminds the president that this is the anniversary of the day the latter was promoted to division superintendent, and the engineman pulled him over the line on an inspection trip. The veteran goes away with a New York cigar, which he does not smoke until he has shown it to every man at the roundhouse.

Before keeping his luncheon appointment, the president finds time to telephone to his residence, learn about his own family, and advise of friends expected for dinner. At the club he asks questions which show his familiarity with the trade conditions in the city of his guests, and some of them resolve to brush up a little on local statistics when they return home. After luncheon, his guests having departed, the president looks over the periodicals or devotes a few minutes to small talk with fellow club-members. Then he strolls leisurely to his broker's to learn about his private investments, or steps in to authorize his confidential man of business to make a deal in real estate. On the street men turn and point him out to their companions as the best-known man in the city.

Three o'clock finds the president again in his office. For an hour he denies himself to all callers while he masters the details of some engineering problem, of some complicated piece of litigation against the company, or of a proposed revision of railroad laws. Then he sends for the chief engineer and discusses bridges, interlocking plants, patent coal-chutes, and rights of way. The general counsel, who has just reached the city, reports progress in a dozen important suits involving legal principles of a wide range. A tramp killed while asleep on the track last year turns out to be the prodigal son of a doting father who purposes to make the company pay heavily for preventing a reconciliation after ten years of wandering. The mayor of a large city who has been left off the annual pass-list has unearthed a flaw in the title to the land on which the freight-yards are located, and with a flourish of trumpets has ordered his city attorney to the charge. The claim of race-horse owners for injury to horses, caused by the sudden jerking of the train when tramps applied the air-brakes, has been settled out of court. The "traveling man" who had his back sprained by the same stop is willing to compromise for a free pass over the road for life. The claim-adjuster, in paying for

farmers' cattle killed some time after the railroad company had delivered wire for a new fence along its track, has made a bad precedent, and a dozen suits are threatened. Conclusive evidence has been obtained against the tramps who ditched a fast mail-train in revenge for being put off a freight-train. The firm of Scrooge & Gouge, shyster attorneys, is still making ten thousand a year by following up the newspaper accounts of accidents and inducing even slightly interested persons to let the firm sue the railroad without expense to the claimant. The general counsel has just won a legal victory over this firm, and this is the part of the report that most pleases both him and the president.

As the man of the law files out, a neighbor of the president comes in to urge an additional subscription for the new art-gallery. Then the superintendent of motive power drops in and says that, as it is getting late, he will defer his business until the next time he can catch the president in the office. He feels sure that the president has observed the great records the new monster engines are making in pulling an increased tonnage. The president smiles, and asks what that has to do with the air-reservoirs on the new engines not being large enough to maintain a sufficient pressure for operating the brakes on the increased number of freight-cars. The mechanical man defers his explanation, and the purchasing agent comes in to ask the result of the president's interview with an oil magnate in the East. The president then urges the cutting down of requisitions for stationery. He believes a saving of ten per cent. could be made in the tissue copy-paper if the employees did not use it for cleaning lanterns and rubbing shoes. The office day is nearly over, and the road's buyer leaves like a lover with his tale half told.

The president now signs his outgoing mail, and gives a series of running instructions to his private secretary. At five o'clock he leaves the office, experience having shown him that, in his high station, the quality of his work will deteriorate if the quantity becomes too great. He has done a big day's work, but in any large organization there is always plenty to do on the morrow. He now dismisses all details of the road from his mind, and becomes just a home-loving citizen. His success lies largely in this ability to forget care and to keep divided the records of his mind. When a thing is done it soon becomes ancient history, and does not

obtrude itself to vex the new present. The president, however, is never very long out of the shop. Among those who come to dine with him are some new friends whose good will it is desirable for the road to cultivate. The conversation turns upon railroading, and the president, like every wise professional man, listens to the opinions of laymen, a fruitful source of profitable suggestion.

The home life of the president differs little from that of the ordinary mortal, except that he must be willing, if duty requires it,

to leave on a moment's notice and travel a thousand miles in the interest of the road. Railroading is so fascinating that from president to switchman there is a cheerful willingness to render prompt obedience to the demands of the service. Whether the call comes in the daytime or at night, in sunshine or in storm, when he is rested or fatigued, the first thought is to do one's level best for the company. Devotion is ennobling, and unconsciously the railroads are coöperating with church and state to develop a high type of American manhood.

## THE GIRL WHO GOT RATTLED.

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.



HIS is one of the stories of Walter. There are many of them still floating about the West, for Walter was in his time well known. He was a little man and he was bashful. That is the most that can be said against him; but he was very little and very bashful. When on horseback, his legs hardly reached the lower body-line of his mount, and only his extreme agility enabled him to get aboard successfully. When on foot, strangers were inclined to call him "sonny." In company he never advanced an opinion. If things did not go according to his ideas, he reconstructed his ideas, and made the best of it; only he could make the most efficient best of the poorest ideas of any man on the plains. His attitude was a perpetual sidling apology. It has been said that Walter killed his men diffidently, without enthusiasm, as though loath to take the responsibility, and this in the pioneer days on the plains was either frivolous affection or else—Walter. With women he was lost. Men would have staked their last ounce of dust at odds that he had never in his life made a definite assertion of fact to one of the opposite sex. When it became absolutely necessary to change a woman's preconceived ideas as to what she should do, —as, for instance, discouraging her riding through quicksand,—he would persuade some one else to issue the advice. Meanwhile he would cower in the background, blushing his absurd little blushes at his

second-hand temerity. Add to this, narrow, sloping shoulders, a soft voice, and a diminutive pink-and-white face.

But Walter could read the prairie like a book. He could ride anything, shoot accurately, was at heart afraid of nothing, and could fight like a little catamount when occasion for it really arose. Among those who knew, Walter was considered one of the best scouts on the plains. That is why Caldwell, the capitalist, engaged him when he took his daughter out to Deadwood.

Miss Caldwell was determined to go to Deadwood. A limited experience of camping of the lady's sort, where they have wooden floors to the tents, towels to the tent-poles, and expert cooks for the delectation of the campers, had convinced her that "roughing it" was her favorite recreation. So, of course, Caldwell had, sooner or later, to take her across the plains on his annual trip. This was at the time when wagon-trains went by way of Pierre, on the north, and the South Fork, on the south. Incidental Indians, of homicidal tendencies and undeveloped ideas as to the propriety of doing what they were told, made things interesting occasionally, but not often. There was really no danger to a good-sized train. Mr. Caldwell had some sporting spirit himself, so he consented that his daughter should go. His daughter had a fiancé named Allen, who liked roughing it, too, so he went along. He and Miss Caldwell rigged themselves out picturesquely, and prepared to enjoy the trip.

At Pierre the train of eight wagons was made up, and they were joined by Walter and

**Billy Knapp.** These two men were interesting, but tyrannical on one or two points, such as objecting to one's getting out of sight of the train, for instance. They were also deficient in reasons for their tyranny. The young people chafed, and, finding Billy Knappe either imperturbable or thick-skinned, turned their attention to Walter. Allen annoyed Walter, and Miss Caldwell thoughtlessly approved of Allen. Between them they often succeeded in shocking fearfully all the little man's finer sensibilities. If it had been a question of Allen alone, the annoyance would soon have ceased. Walter would simply have bashfully killed him. But because of his innate courtesy, which so saturated him that his philosophy of life was thoroughly tinged by it, he was silent and inactive.

There is a good deal to recommend a long plains journey at first. Later, there is nothing at all to recommend it. It has the same monotony as a voyage at sea, only there is really less living-room, and, instead of being carried without trouble on one's part, one must supervise to some extent the means of one's locomotion. Also, the food is coarse, the water poor, and one cannot bathe. To a plainsman, or to a man who has the instinct, these things are as nothing in comparison with the charm of the outdoor life and the pleasing tingling of adventure. But woman is a creature wedded to comfort. She has, too, a strange instinctive desire to be entirely alone once in a while, probably because her experiences, while not less numerous than man's, are mainly psychical, and she needs occasionally time to get "thought up" to date.

So Miss Caldwell began to get very impatient.

The afternoon of the sixth day, Walter, Miss Caldwell, and Allen rode along side by side. Walter was telling a self-effacing story of adventure, and Miss Caldwell was listening carelessly, because she had nothing better to do. Allen chaffed lazily when the fancy took him.

"I happened to have a limb broken at the time," Walter was observing parenthetically in his soft tones, "and so—"

"What kind of a limb?" asked the Easterner, with direct brutality. He glanced with a half-humorous aside at the girl, to whom the little man had been mainly addressing himself.

Walter hesitated, blushed, lost the thread of his tale, and finally, in great confusion, reined back his horse by the harsh Spanish

bit. He fell to the rear of the little wagon-train, where he hung his head, and went hot and cold by turns in thinking of such an indiscretion before a lady.

The young Easterner spurred up on the right hand of the girl's mount.

"He's the queerest little guy I ever saw," he observed, with a laugh. "Just to think of his getting scared out that way by the word 'leg' in these days! Sorry to spoil his story, though. Was it a good one?"

"It might have been a good one, if you hadn't spoiled it," answered the girl, flicking her horse's ears mischievously. The animal danced. "What did you do it for?"

"Oh, just to see him squirm. He'll think about that all the rest of the afternoon, and I'll hardly dare look you in the face next time you meet."

"I know. Is n't he funny? The other morning he came around the corner of the wagon and caught me with my hair down. I wish you could have seen him!"

She laughed merrily at the memory.

"Let's get ahead out of the dust," she suggested.

They drew aside to the firm turf of the prairie, and put their horses to a slow lope. Once well ahead of the canvas-covered "schooners," they slowed down to a walk again.

"Walter says we'll see them to-morrow," said the girl.

"See what?"

"Why, the Hills! They'll show like a dark streak down past that butte there—what's its name?"

"Porcupine Tail."

"Oh, yes. And after that it's only three days. Are you glad?"

"Are you?"

"Yes; I believe I am. This life is fun at first, but there's a certain monotony in making your toilet where you have to duck your head because you have n't room to raise your hand, and this barreled water palls after a while. I think I'll be glad to see a house again. People like camping about so long—"

"It has n't gone back on me yet."

"Well, you're a man, and can do things."

"Can't you do things?"

"You know I can't. What do you suppose they would say if I were to ride out just that way for two miles? They'd have a fit."

"Who'd have a fit? Nobody but Walter, and I did n't know you'd gotten afraid of him yet. I say, just let's! We'll have a race, and then come right back." The young man looked boyishly eager.

"It would be nice," she mused. They gazed into each other's eyes, like a pair of children, and laughed.

"Why should n't we?" urged the young man. "I'm dead sick of staying in the moving circle of these confounded wagons. What's the sense of it all, anyway?"

"Why, Indians, I suppose," said the girl, doubtfully.

"Indians!" he replied with contempt. "Indians! We have n't seen a sign of one since we left Pierre. I don't believe there's one in the whole blasted country. Besides, you don't imagine for a moment that your father would take you all this way to Deadwood just for a lark, if there was the slightest danger, do you?"

"I don't know; I made him."

She looked out over the long sweeping descent to which they were coming, and the long sweeping ascent that lay beyond. The breeze and the sun played with the prairie grasses, the breeze riffling them over, and the sun silvering their under surfaces thus exposed. It was strangely peaceful, and one almost expected to hear the hum of bees, as in a New England orchard. In it all was no sign of life.

"We 'd get lost," she said finally.

"Oh, no, we would n't," he asserted, with the eagerness of the amateur plainsman. "I 've got that all figured out. You see, our train is going on a line with that butte behind us and the sun. So if we go ahead, and keep our shadows just pointing to the butte, we 'll be right in their line of march."

He looked to her for admiration of his cleverness. She seemed convinced. She agreed, and sent him back to the wagon for some article of invented necessity. While he was gone, she slipped softly over the little hill to the right, cantered rapidly over two more, and slowed down with a sigh of satisfaction. One, alone, could watch the directing shadow as well as two. She was free and alone. It was the very thing she had desired for the last six days of the long plains journey, and she enjoyed it to the full. Nobody had seen her go. The drivers droned stupidly along, as was their wont; the occupants of the wagons slept, as was their wont; and the diminutive Walter was hiding his blushes behind clouds of dust in the rear, as was not his wont at all.

Walter was usually alert. He was like a fox-terrier, everywhere at once. With associates he was shy,—his gait was a continual deprecatory sidle,—but with conditions he was keen and shrewd. But he had been

severely shocked, and it took time for him to recover. He could not understand the young Easterner's most immodest attitude of mind; but, because he did not understand, he did not like to interfere in any way. It was all puzzling. He would probably have brooded over it all the afternoon, if a discovery had not startled him to activity.

On a bare spot of the prairie he discerned the print of a hoof. It was not that of one of the train's animals. Walter knew this because just to one side of it, caught under a grass-blade so cunningly that only the little scout's eye would have descried it at all, was a single blue bead. Walter rode out on the prairie to right and left, and found the hoof-prints of about thirty other ponies. He pushed his hat back and wrinkled his brow, for the one thing he was looking for he could not find—the two narrow furrows made by the ends of the tepee-poles dragging along on each side of the ponies. The absence of these indicated that the band was composed entirely of bucks, and bucks were likely to mean mischief.

He pushed ahead of the main party, his eyes fixed earnestly on the ground. At the top of the hill he ran into the young Easterner. The latter looked puzzled and just a little chagrined.

"I left Miss Caldwell here a half-minute ago," he observed to Walter, "and I guess she 's given me the slip. Scold her good for me when she comes in, will you?" He grinned with good-natured maliciousness at the idea of Walter's scolding any one.

Then Walter surprised him.

The little man straightened suddenly in his saddle and uttered a fervent curse. After a brief circle about the prairie, he returned to the young man.

"You go back to the wagons, and wake up Billy Knapp, and tell him this—that I 've gone a-scoutin' round a bit, and I want him to watch out. Understand? *Watch out!*"

"What?" began the Easterner, bewildered.

"I 'm a-goin' t' find her," said the little man, decided.

"You don't think there 's any danger, do you?" asked the Easterner, in anxious tones. "Can't I help you?"

"You do as I tell you," said the little man, shortly, and rode away.

He followed Miss Caldwell's course rapidly, for it was fresh. As long as one looked intently for hoof-marks, nothing was to be seen—the prairie was apparently virgin; but by glancing the eye rapidly forty or

fifty yards ahead, a faint line was discernible through the grasses.

Walter came upon Miss Caldwell seated quietly on her horse in the very center of a prairie-dog town, and so, of course, in the midst of an area of comparatively desert character. She was amusing herself by watching the marmots as they barked, or watched, or peeped at her, according to their distance from her. The sight of Walter was not welcome, for he frightened the marmots.

When he saw Miss Caldwell, Walter grew bashful again. He sidled his horse up to her and blushed.

"I'll show you the way back, miss," he said diffidently.

"Thank you," said Miss Caldwell, with a slight coldness, "I can find my own way back."

"Yes, of course," hastened Walter, in an agony; "but don't you think we ought to start back now? I'd like to go with you, miss, if you'd let me. You see, the afternoon's quite late."

Miss Caldwell cast a quizzical eye at the sun.

"Why, it's hours yet till dark!" she said amusedly.

Then Walter surprised Miss Caldwell.

His diffident manner suddenly left him. He jumped like lightning from his horse, threw the reins over the animal's head, so that he would stand, and ran around to face Miss Caldwell.

"Here, jump down!" he commanded.

The soft Southern bur of his ordinary speech had given place to a clear incisive-ness. Miss Caldwell looked at him amazed.

Seeing that she did not at once obey, Walter actually began to fuss with the straps that held her riding-skirt in place. This was so unusual in the bashful Walter that Miss Caldwell roused and slipped lightly to the ground.

"Now, what?" she asked.

Walter, without replying, seized her pony's reins, drew the bit to within a few inches of the animal's hoofs, and tied both fetlocks firmly together with the double loop. This brought the pony's nose down close to his shackled feet. Then he did the same thing with his own beast. Thus neither animal could so much as hobble one way or the other. They were securely moored.

Walter stepped a few paces to the eastward. Miss Caldwell followed.

"Sit down!" said he.

Miss Caldwell obeyed with some uneasiness. She did not understand at all, and that

made her afraid. She began to have a dim fear that Walter might have gone crazy. His next performance strengthened this suspicion. He walked away ten feet, and raised his hand over his head, palm forward. She watched him so intently that for a moment she saw nothing else. Then she followed the direction of his gaze, and gave a little sobbing cry.

Just below the sky-line of the first slope to eastward was silhouetted a figure on horseback. The figure on horseback sat motionless.

"We're in for fight," said Walter, coming back after a moment; "he won't answer my peace sign, and he's a Sioux. We can't run for it through this dog-town. We've just got to stand them off."

He threw down and back the lever of his old 44 Winchester, and softly uncocked the arm. Then he sat down by Miss Caldwell.

From various directions, silently, warriors on horseback sprang into sight and moved toward the first-comer, forming at the last a band of perhaps thirty men. They talked together for a moment, and then one by one, at regular intervals, detached themselves, and began circling at full speed to the left, throwing themselves behind their horses, and yelling shrill-voiced, but firing no shot as yet.

"They'll rush us," said Walter, speculatively. "We're too few to monkey with this way. This is a bluff."

The circle about the two was now complete. After watching the whirl of figures a few minutes, and the motionless landscape beyond, the eye became dizzied and confused.

"They won't have no picnic," went on Walter, with a little chuckle. "Dog-holes's as bad for them as for us. They don't know how to fight. If they was to come in from all sides, I could n't handle them; but they always rush in a bunch, like damn fools." Then Walter became suffused with blushes, and began to apologize abjectly and profusely to a girl who heard neither the word nor its atonement. The savages and the approaching fight were all she could think of.

Suddenly one of the Sioux threw himself forward under his horse's head and fired. The bullet went wild, of course, but it shrieked with the rising inflection of a wind-puff through bared boughs, seeming to come ever nearer. Miss Caldwell screamed, and covered her face. The savages yelled in chorus.

The one shot seemed to be the signal for

a spattering fire all along the line. Indians never clean their rifles, rarely get good ammunition, and are deficient in the philosophy of hindsights. Besides this, it is not easy to shoot at long range, in a constrained position, from a running horse. Walter watched them contemptuously in silence.

"If they 'll keep that up long enough, the wagon-train may hear 'em," he said finally. "Wish 't we were n't so far to nor'ard. There! It 's coming!" he said more excitedly.

The chief had paused, and as the warriors came to him, they threw their ponies back on their haunches and sat quiet. They turned the heads of the ponies toward the two.

Walter arose deliberately for a better look.

"Yes, that 's right," he said to himself; "that 's old Lone Pine, sure thing. I reckon we-all 's got to make a good fight."

The girl had sunk to the ground, and was shaking from head to foot. It is not nice to be shot at in the best of circumstances, but to be shot at by odds of thirty to one, and the thirty of an outlandish and terrifying species, is not nice at all. Miss Caldwell had gone to pieces badly, and Walter looked grave. He thoughtfully drew from its holster his beautiful Colt, with its ivory handle, and laid it on the grass. Then he turned hot and cold, and looked at the girl doubtfully. A sudden movement in the group of savages, as the war-chief rode to the front, decided him.

"Miss Caldwell," he said.

The girl shivered and moaned.

Walter dropped to his knees and shook her shoulder roughly.

"Look up here!" he commanded. "We ain't got but a minute!"

Composed a little by the firmness of his tone, she sat up. Her face had gone chalky, and her hair had partly fallen over her eyes.

"Now listen to every word," he said rapidly. "Those Injins are goin' to rush us in a minute. P'rhaps I can break them, but I don't know. In that pistol there I 'll always save two shots—understand? It 's always loaded. If I see it 's all up, I 'm a-goin' to shoot you with one of them, and myself with the other."

"Oh!" cried the girl, her eyes opening wildly. She was paying close enough attention now.

"And if they kill me first,"—he reached forward and seized her wrist impressively,— "if they kill me first, you must take that

pistol and shoot yourself. Understand? Shoot yourself—in the head—here!" He tapped his forehead with a stubby forefinger.

The girl shrank back in horror. Walter snapped his teeth together and went on grimly.

"If they ever get hold of you," he said with solemnity, "they 'll first take off every stitch of your clothes, and then stake you out on the ground with a rawhide to each of your arms and legs. And then they 'll drive a stake through your body into the ground, and leave you there—to die—slowly."

And the girl believed him, because, incongruously, even through her terror she noticed that at this, the most immodest speech of his life, Walter did not blush. She looked with horrified fascination at the pistol lying on the turf.

The group of Indians, which had up to now remained fully a thousand yards away, suddenly screeched and broke into a run directly toward the dog-town.

There is an indescribable rush in a charge of savages. The little ponies make their feet go so fast, the feathers and trappings of the warriors stream behind so frantically, the whole attitude of horse and man is so eager, that one gets the impression of fearful speed and resistless power. The horizon seems full of Indians. As though this were not sufficiently terrifying, the air is throbbing with sound. Each Indian pops away for general results as he comes jumping along, and yells shrilly, to show what a big warrior he is, while underneath it all is the hurried monotone of hoof-beats becoming ever louder, like the roar of an increasing rain-storm on the roof. It does not seem possible that anything could stop them.

Yet there is one thing that can stop them, if skilfully taken advantage of, and that is their lack of discipline. An Indian will fight hard when cornered, or when heated by lively resistance, but he hates to go into it in cold blood. As he nears the opposing rifle, this feeling gets stronger. So, often, a man with nerve enough to hold his fire can break a fierce charge merely by waiting until it is within fifty yards or so, and then suddenly raising the muzzle of his gun. If he had gone to shooting at once, the affair would have become a combat, and the Indians would have ridden him down. As it is, each has had time to think. By the time the white man is ready to shoot, the suspense has done its work. Each savage knows that but one will fall, but, cold-blooded, he does not want to be that one;

and since in such undisciplined fighters it is each for himself, he promptly ducks behind his mount, and circles away to the right or left. The whole band swoops and divides, like a flock of swift-winged terns on a windy day.

This Walter relied on in the approaching crisis.

The girl watched the wild sweep of the warriors with strained eyes. She had to grasp her wrist firmly to keep from fainting. It would never do to faint, and she kept repeating to herself Walter's last instructions. The little scout sat motionless on a dog-mound, his rifle across his lap. He did not seem in the least disturbed.

"It's good to fight again," he murmured, gently fondling the stock of his rifle. "Come on, ye devils! Oho!" he cried, as a warrior's horse went down in a dog-hole, "I thought so."

His eyes began to shine.

The ponies came skipping here and there, nimbly dodging in and out of the dog-holes. Their riders shot and yelled wildly, but none of the bullets passed lower than ten feet. The circle of their advance looked somehow like the surge shoreward of a great wave, and the similarity was heightened by the nodding glimpses of the lighter eagles' feathers in their hair.

The run across the honeycombed plain was hazardous, even to Indian ponies, and three went down kicking, one after the other. Two of the riders lay stunned. The third sat up and began to rub his knee. The pony belonging to Miss Caldwell, becoming frightened, threw itself, and lay on its side, kicking out frantically with its hind legs.

At the proper moment Walter cocked his rifle, and rose swiftly to his knees. As he did so, the mound on which he had been

sitting caved into the hole beneath it, and threw him forward on his face. With a furious curse he sprang to his feet, and leveled his rifle at the thick of the press.

The scheme worked. In a flash every savage had disappeared behind his pony, and nothing was to be seen but an arm and a leg. The band divided on each hand as promptly as though the signal for such a drill had been given, and swept gracefully around in two long circles until it reined up motionless at nearly the exact point from which it had started on its imposing charge. Walter had not fired a shot.

He turned to the girl with a short laugh.

She lay face upward on the ground, staring at the sky with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes. In her brow was a small blackened hole, and under her head, which lay strangely flat against the earth, the grasses had turned red. Near her hand lay the heavy Colt.

Walter looked at her a minute without winking; then he nodded his head.

"It was 'cause I fell down that hole—she thought they'd got me," he said aloud to himself. "Poor little gal! She had n't ought to have did it."

He blushed deeply as he looked at her huddled figure again, and, turning his face away, he pulled down her skirt until it covered her ankles.

Then he picked up his Winchester and fired three shots. The first hit directly back of the ear one of the stunned Indians who had fallen with his horse; the second went through the other stunned Indian's chest; the third caught the Indian with the broken leg between the shoulders just as he tried to get behind his struggling pony.

Shortly after, Billy Knapp and the wagon-train came along.

## THE PRISM.

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

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HERE had been much rain that season, and the vegetation was almost tropical. The wayside growths were jungles to birds and insects, and very near them to humans. All through the long afternoon of the hot August day, Diantha Fielding lay flat on her back under the lee of the stone wall which bordered her stepfather's, Zenas

May's, south mowing-lot. It was pretty warm there, although she lay in a little strip of shade of the tangle of blackberry-vines, poison-ivy, and the gray pile of stones; but the girl loved the heat. She experienced the gentle languor which is its best effect, instead of the fierce unrest and irritation which is its worst. She left that to rattlesnakes and nervous women. As for her, in

times of extreme heat, she hung over life with tremulous flutters, like a butterfly over a rose, moving only enough to preserve her poise in the scheme of things, and realizing to the full the sweetness of all about her.

She heard, as she lay there, the voice of a pine-tree not far away—a solitary pine which was full of gusty sweetness; she smelled the wild grapes, which were reluctantly ripening across the field over the wall that edged the lane; she smelled the blackberry-vines; she looked with indolent fascination at the virile sprays of poison-ivy. It was like innocence surveying sin, and wondering what it was like. Once her stepmother, Mrs. Zenas May, had been poisoned with ivy, and both eyes had been closed thereby. Diantha did not believe that the ivy would so serve her. She dared herself to touch it, then she looked away again.

She heard a far-carrying voice from the farm-house at the left calling her name. "Diantha! Diantha!" She lay so still that she scarcely breathed. The voice came again. She smiled triumphantly. She knew perfectly well what was wanted: that she should assist in preparing supper. Her stepmother's married daughter and her two children were visiting at the house. She preferred remaining where she was. Her sole fear of disturbance was from the children. They were like little ferrets. Diantha did not like them. She did not like children very well under any circumstances. To her they seemed always out of tune; the jar of heredity was in them, and she felt it, although she did not know enough to realize what she felt. She was only twelve years old, a child still, though tall for her age.

The voice came again. Diantha shifted her position a little; she stretched her slender length luxuriously; she felt for something which hung suspended around her neck under her gingham waist, but she did not then remove it. "Diantha! Diantha!" came the insistent voice.

Diantha lay as irresponsive as the blackberry-vine which trailed beside her like a snake. Then she heard the house door close with a bang; her ears were acute. She felt again of that which was suspended from her neck. A curious expression of daring, of exultation, of fear, was in her face. Presently she heard the shrill voices of children; then she lay so still that she seemed fairly to obliterate herself by silence and motionlessness.

Two little girls in pink frocks came racing past; their flying heels almost touched her, but they never saw her.

When they were well past, she drew a cautious breath, and felt again of the treasure around her neck.

After a while she heard the soft padding of many hoofs in the heavy dust of the road, a dog's shrill bark, the tinkle of a bell, the absent-minded shout of a weary man. The hired man was driving the cows home. The fragrance of milk-dripping udders, of breaths sweetened with clover and meadow-grass, came to her. Suddenly a cold nose rubbed against her face; the dog had found her out. But she was a friend of his. She patted him, then pushed him away gently, and he understood that she wished to remain concealed. He went barking back to the man. The cows broke into a clumsy gallop; the man shouted. Diantha smelled the dust of the road which flew over the field like smoke. She heard the children returning down the road behind the cows. When the cows galloped, they screamed with half-fearful delight. Then it all passed by, and she heard the loud clang of a bell from the farm-house.

Then Diantha pulled out the treasure which was suspended from her neck by an old blue ribbon, and she held it up to the low western sun, and wonderful lights of red and blue and violet and green and orange danced over the shaven stubble of the field before her delighted eyes. It was a prism which she had stolen from the best-parlor lamp—from the lamp which had been her own mother's, bought by her with her school-teaching money before her marriage, and brought by her to grace her new home.

Diantha Fielding, as far as relatives went, was in a curious position. First her mother died when she was very young, only a few months old; then her father had married again, giving her a stepmother; then her father had died two years later, and her stepmother had married again, giving her a stepfather. Since then the stepmother had died, and the stepfather had married a widow with a married daughter, whose two children had raced down the road behind the cows. Diantha often felt in a sore bewilderment of relationships. She had not even a cousin of her own; the dearest relative she had was the daughter of a widow whom a cousin of her mother's had married for a second wife. The cousin was long since dead. The wife was living, and Diantha's little step second cousin, as she reckoned it, lived in the old homestead which had belonged to Diantha's grandfather, across the way from the May farm-house. It was a gambrel-roof, half-ruinous structure, well

banked in front with a monstrous growth of lilacs, and overhung by a great butternut-tree.

Diantha knew well that she was heaping up vials of cold wrath upon her head by not obeying the supper-bell, but she lay still. Then Libby came—Libby, the little cousin, stepping very cautiously and daintily; for she wore slippers of her mother's, which hung from her small heels, and she had lost them twice already.

She stopped before Diantha. Her slender arms, terminating in hands too large for them, hung straight at her sides in the folds of her faded blue-flowered muslin. Her pretty little heat-flushed face had in it no more speculation than a flower, and no more changing. She was like a flower, which would blossom the same next year, and the next year after that, and the same until it died. There was no speculation in her face as she looked at Diantha dangling the prism in the sunlight, merely unimaginative wonder and admiration.

"It's a drop off your best-parlor lamp," said she, in her thin, sweet voice.

"Look over the field, Libby!" cried Diantha, excitedly.

Libby looked.

"Tell me what you see, quick!"

"What I see? Why, grass and things."

"No, I don't mean them; what you see from this."

Diantha shook the prism violently.

"I see a lot of different colors dancing," replied Libby, "same as you always see. Addie Green had an ear-drop that was broken off their best-parlor lamp. Her mother gave it to her."

"Don't you see anything but different lights?"

"Of course I don't. That's all there is to see."

Diantha sighed.

"That drop ain't broken," said the other little girl. "How did she happen to let you have it?" By "she" Libby meant Diantha's stepmother.

"I took it," replied Diantha. She was fastening the prism around her neck again.

Libby gasped and stared at her. "Did n't you ask her?"

"If I'd asked her, she'd said no, and it was my own mother's lamp. I had a right to it."

"What'll she do to you?"

"I don't know, if she finds out. I sha'n't tell her, if I can help it without lying."

Diantha fastened her gingham frock

securely over the prism. Then she rose, and the two little girls went home across the dry stubble of the field.

"I did n't go when she called me, and I did n't go when the supper-bell rang," said Diantha.

Libby stared at her wonderingly. She had never felt an impulse to disobedience in her life; she could not understand this other child, who was a law unto herself. She walked very carefully in her large slippers.

"What'll she do to you?" she inquired.

Diantha tossed her head like a colt.

"She won't do anything, I guess, except make me go without my supper. If she does, I ain't afraid; but I guess she won't, and I'd a heap rather go without my supper than go to it when I don't want to."

Libby looked at her with admiring wonder. Diantha was neatly and rigorously, rather than tastefully, dressed. Her dark blue-and-white gingham frock was starched stiffly; it hung exactly at the proper height from her slender ankles; she wore a clean white collar; and her yellow hair was braided very tightly and smoothly, and tied with a punctilious blue bow. In strange contrast with the almost martial precision of her attire was the expression of her little face, flushed, eager to enthusiasm, almost wild, with a light in her blue eyes which did not belong there, according to the traditions concerning little New England maidens, with a feverish rose on her cheeks, which should have been cool and pale. However, that had all come since she had dangled the prism in the rays of the setting sun.

"What did you think you saw when you shook that ear-drop off the lamp?" asked Libby; but she asked without much curiosity.

"Red and green and yellow colors, of course," replied Diantha, shortly.

When they reached Diantha's door, Libby bade her good night, and sped across the road to her own house. She stood a little in fear of Diantha's stepmother, if Diantha did not. She knew just the sort of look which would be directed toward the other little girl, and she knew from experience that it might include her. From her Puritan ancestry she had a certain stubbornness when brought to bay, but no courage of aggression; so she ran.

Diantha marched in. She was utterly devoid of fear.

Her stepmother, Mrs. Zenas May, was washing the supper dishes at the kitchen sink. All through the house sounded a high sweet voice which was constantly off the

key, singing a lullaby to the two little girls, who had to go to bed directly after they had finished their evening meal.

Mrs. Zenas May turned around and surveyed Diantha as she entered. There was nothing in the least unkind in her look; it was simply the gaze of one on a firm standpoint of existence upon another swaying on a precarious balance—the sort of look a woman seated in a car gives to one standing. It was irresponsible, while cognizant of the discomfort of the other person.

"Where were you when the supper-bell rang?" asked Mrs. Zenas May. She was rather a pretty woman, with an exquisitely cut profile. Her voice was very even, almost as devoid of inflections as a deaf-and-dumb person's. Her gingham gown was also rigorously starched. Her fair hair showed high lights of gloss from careful brushing; it was strained back from her blue-veined temples.

"Out in the field," replied Diantha.

"Then you heard it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The supper-table is cleared away," said Mrs. May. That was all she said. She went on polishing the tumblers, which she was rinsing in ammonia water.

Diantha glanced through the open door and saw the dining-room table with its chenille after-supper cloth on. She made no reply, but went up-stairs to her own chamber. That was very comfortable—the large south one back of her step-parents'. Not a speck of dust was to be seen in it; the feather-bed was an even mound of snow. Diantha sat down by the window, and gazed out at the deepening dusk. She felt at the prism around her neck, but she did not draw it out, for it was of no use in that low light. She could not invoke the colors which it held. Her chamber door was open. Presently she heard the best-parlor door open, and heard quite distinctly her stepmother's voice. She was speaking to her stepfather.

"There's a drop broken off the parlor lamp," said she.

There was an unintelligible masculine grunt of response.

"I wish you'd look while I hold the lamp, and see if you can find it on the floor anywhere," said her stepmother. Her voice was still even. The loss of a prism from the best-parlor lamp was not enough to ruffle her outward composure.

"Don't you see it?" she asked, after a little.

Again came the unintelligible masculine grunt.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. May. "Don't look any more."

She never inquired of Diantha concerning the prism. In truth, she believed one of her grandchildren, whom she adored, to be responsible for the loss of the glittering ornament, and was mindful of the fact that Diantha's mother had originally owned that lamp. So she said nothing, but as soon as might be purchased another, and Diantha kept her treasure quite unsuspected.

She did not, however, tremble in the least while the search was going on down-stairs. She had her defense quite ready. To her sense of justice it was unquestionable. She would simply say that the lamp had belonged to her own mother, consequently to her; that she had a right to do as she chose with it. She had not the slightest fear of any reproaches which Mrs. May would bring to bear upon her. She knew she would not use bodily punishment, as she never had; but she would have stood in no fear of that.

Diantha did not go to bed for a long time. There was a full moon, and she sat by the window, leaning her two elbows on the sill, making a cup of her hands, in which she rested her peaked chin, and peered out.

It was nearly nine o'clock when some one entered the room with heavy, soft movements, like a great tame dog. It was her stepfather, and he had in his hand a large wedge of apple-pie.

"Diantha," he said, in a loud whisper, "you gone to bed?"

"No, sir," replied Diantha. She liked her stepfather. She was always aware of a clumsy, covert partizanship from him.

"Well," said he, "here's a piece of pie. You had n't ought to go to bed without any supper. You'd ought to come in when the bell rings another time, Diantha."

"Thank you, father," said Diantha, reaching out her hand for the pie.

Zenas May, who was large and shaggily blond, with a face like a great blank of good nature, placed a heavy hand on her little, tightly braided head, and patted it.

"Better eat your pie and go to bed," he said. Then he shambled down-stairs very softly, lest his wife hear him.

Diantha ate her pie obediently, and went to bed, and with the first morning sunlight she removed her prism from her neck, and flashed it across the room, and saw what she saw, or what she thought she saw.

Diantha kept the prism, and nobody except Libby knew it, and she was quite safe with a secret. While she did not in the

least comprehend, she was stanch. Even when she grew older and had a lover, she did not tell him; she did not even tell him when she was married to him that Diantha Fielding always carried a drop off the best-parlor lamp, which belonged to her own mother, and when she flashed it in the sunlight she thought she saw things. She kept it all to herself. Libby married before Diantha, before Diantha had a lover even. Young men, for some reason, were rather shy of Diantha, although she had a little property in her own right, inherited from her own father and mother, and was, moreover, extremely pretty. However, her prettiness was not of a type to attract the village men as quickly as Libby's more material charms. Diantha was very thin and small, and her color was as clear as porcelain, and she gave a curious impression of mystery, although there was apparently nothing whatever mysterious about her.

But her turn came. A graduate of a country college, a farmer's son, who had worked his own way through college, had now obtained the high school. He saw Diantha, and fell in love with her, although he struggled against it. He said to himself that she was too delicate, that he was a poor man, that he ought to have a more robust wife, who would stand a better chance of discharging her domestic and maternal duties without a breakdown. Reason and judgment were strongly developed in him. His passion for Diantha was entirely opposed to both, but it got the better of him. One afternoon in August when Diantha was almost twenty, he, passing by her house, saw her sitting on her front doorstep, stopped, and proposed a little stroll in the woods, and asked her to marry him.

"I never thought much about getting married," said Diantha. Then she leaned toward him as if impelled by some newly developed instinct. She spoke so low that he could not hear her, and he asked her over.

"I never thought much about getting married," repeated Diantha, and she leaned nearer him.

He laughed a great triumphant laugh, and caught her in his arms.

"Then it is high time you did, you darling," he said.

Diantha was very happy.

They lingered in the woods a long time, and when they went home, the young man, whose name was Robert Black, went in with

her, and told her stepmother what had happened.

"I have asked your daughter to marry me, Mrs. May," he said, "and she has consented, and I hope you are willing."

Mrs. May replied that she had no objections, stiffly, without a smile. She never smiled. Instead of smiling, she always looked questioningly even at her beloved grandchildren. They had lived with her since their mother's death, two pretty, boisterous girls, pupils of Robert Black, who had had their own inevitable little dreams regarding him, as they had had regarding every man who came in their way.

When their grandmother told them that Diantha was to marry the hero who had dwelt in their own innocently bold air-castles of girlish dreams, they started at first as from a shock of falling imaginations; then they began to think of their attire as bridesmaids.

Mrs. Zenas May was firmly resolved that Diantha should have as grand a wedding as if she had been her own daughter.

"Folks sha'n't say that she did n't have as good an outfit and wedding as if her own mother had been alive to see to it," she said.

As for Diantha, she thought very little about her outfit or the wedding, but about Robert. All at once she was possessed by a strong angel of primal conditions of whose existence she had never dreamed. She poured out her very soul; she made revelations of the inmost innocences of her nature to this ambitious, faithful, unimaginative young man. She had been some two weeks betrothed, and they were walking together one afternoon, when she showed him her prism.

She no longer wore it about her neck as formerly. A dawning unbelief in it had seized her, and yet there were times when to doubt seemed to doubt the evidence of her own senses.

That afternoon, as they were walking together in the lonely country road, she stopped him in a sunny interval between the bordering woods, where the road stretched for some distance between fields foaming with wild carrot and mustard, and swarmed over with butterflies, and she took her prism out of her pocket and flashed it full before her wondering lover's eyes.

He looked astonished, even annoyed; then he laughed aloud with a sort of tender scorn.

"What a child you are, dear!" he said. "What are you doing with that thing?"

"What do you see, Robert?" the girl

cried eagerly, and there was in her eyes a light not of her day and generation, maybe inherited from some far-off Celtic ancestor—a strain of imagination which had survived the glaring light of latter days of commonness.

He eyed her with amazement; then he looked at the gorgeous blots and banners of color over the fields.

"See? Why, I see the prismatic colors, of course. What else should I see?" he asked.

"Nothing else?"

"No. Why, what else should I see? I see the prismatic colors from the refraction of the sunlight."

Diantha looked at the dancing tints, then at her lover, and spoke with a solemn candor, as if she were making confession of an alien faith. "Ever since I was a child, I have seen, or thought so—" she began.

"What, for heaven's sake?" he cried impatiently.

"You have read about—fairies and—such things?"

"Of course. What do you mean, Diantha?"

"I have seen, or thought so, beautiful little people moving and dancing in the broken lights across the fields."

"For heaven's sake, put up that thing, and don't talk such nonsense, Diantha!" cried Robert, almost brutally. He had paled a little.

"I have, Robert."

"Don't talk such nonsense. I thought you were a sensible girl," said the young man.

Diantha put the prism back in her pocket.

All the rest of the way Robert was silent and gloomy. His old doubts had revived. His judgment for the time being got the upper hand of his passion. He began to wonder if he ought to marry a girl with such preposterous fancies as those. He began to wonder if she were just right in her mind.

He parted from her coolly, and came the next evening, but remained only a short time. Then he stayed away several days. He called on Sunday, then did not come again for four days. On Friday Diantha grew desperate. She went by herself out in the sunny field, walking ankle-deep in flowers and weeds, until she reached the margin of a little pond on which the children skated in winter. Then she took her prism

from her pocket and flashed it in the sunlight, and for the first time she failed to see what she had either seen, or imagined, for so many years.

She saw only the beautiful prismatic colors flashing across the field in bars and blots and streamers of rose and violet, of orange and green. That was all. She stooped, and dug in the oozy soil beside the pond with her bare white hands, and made, as it were, a little grave, and buried the prism out of sight. Then she washed her hands in the pond, and waved them about until they were dry. Afterward she went swiftly across the field to the road which her lover must pass on his way from school, and, when she saw him coming, met him, blushing and trembling.

"I have put it away, Robert," she said. "I saw nothing; it was only my imagination."

It was a lonely road. He looked at her doubtfully, then he laughed, and put an arm around her.

"It's all right, little girl," he replied; "but don't let such fancies dwell in your brain. This is a plain, common world, and it won't do."

"I saw nothing; it must have been my imagination," she repeated. Then she leaned her head against her lover's shoulder. Whether or not she had sold her birthright, she had got her full measure of the potage of love which filled to an ecstasy of satisfaction her woman's heart.

She and Robert were married, and lived in a pretty new house, from the western windows of which she could see the pond on whose borders she had buried the prism. She was very happy. For the time being, at least, all the mysticism in her face had given place to an utter revelation of earthly bliss. People said how much Diantha had improved since her marriage, what a fine housekeeper she was, how much common sense she had, how she was such a fitting mate for her husband, whom she adored.

Sometimes Diantha, looking from a western window, used to see the pond across the field, reflecting the light of the setting sun, and looking like an eye of revelation of the earth; and she would remember that key of a lost radiance and a lost belief of her own life, which was buried beside it. Then she would go happily and prepare her husband's supper.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### Mr. Cleveland's Papers on the Venezuelan Boundary Dispute.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S famous Venezuelan message, sent to Congress December 17, 1895, came as a surprise, not to say as a shock, even to many who might be thought to be conversant with the situation as it had at that time developed. In two interesting papers (originally prepared as lectures) Mr. Cleveland has now set forth the whole matter with much clearness, as explicitly as it could be done in the given space, and with calm conviction.

These papers will, we believe, also come as a surprise to the general public, both of this country and of Europe—the surprise, in the present instance, being of a somewhat different kind. That there should have been such a long, and, we may add, such a troubling and exasperating, diplomatic background to the apparently sudden action on the part of our own Executive will be in the nature of news to the popular mind.

There are those, doubtless, who will still criticize the action of our Executive in some of its details; but we think that after having read the whole of Mr. Cleveland's presentation of the case even the critics will be fain to acknowledge two things: first, that there was greatly more ground for the action than the general public has ever acquainted itself with; and, second, that aside from any question as to the Monroe Doctrine (which is a matter affecting our own "safety and welfare"), the interference of the government of the United States in this instance not only compelled the speedy and just conclusion of an embittered controversy, and furnished a new and conspicuous object-lesson in international arbitration, but also placed a weak country on the same plane as a powerful one in the field of international dispute, and was in the high interests of justice and fair dealing among all the nations of the earth.

The stand that the United States took in its interference in behalf of a weak country as against a strong one, both in the case of Venezuela against Great Britain and in the case of Cuba against Spain, places us under peculiar obligation ourselves to respect with the utmost scrupulousness, and throughout all time, the rights of weaker nations and unprotected peoples in their relations with our own powerful commonwealth.

It should be remembered that as a sequel to this diplomatic incident came the negotiation of a general treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain—a noble measure, the blood of which is on the hands of the Senate of the United States!

### Conference, Common Sense, and Justice vs. Strikes, Lockouts, and Riots.

Nearly all, I may say all, the strikes that have occurred in recent years would have been avoided if both sides could have gotten together and talked the matter over.

JOHN MITCHELL, at Cooper Union.

IN THE CENTURY for last Christmas we called attention to a highly interesting "Labor Experiment in Illinois," where the Coal Operators' Association had established a "commission," which commission had begun a system of settling differences between themselves and their employees by means of conferences with the regular representatives of the Mine Workers' Union. At the time when we wrote, the experiment had met with no failures whatever. The commissioner on the part of the mine-owners, Mr. Herman Justi, was so encouraged by his experience that he recommended without hesitation similar organization and similar commissions in all American industries. He went further and threw out the suggestion of a central body of experts to which might be referred those "grave and weighty questions" which, in the absence of effective means of arbitration, tend to bring about wide-spread industrial disturbance.

An important conference on conciliation and arbitration was held in Chicago in December, 1900, under the auspices of the National Civic Federation. That conference made certain recommendations: first, that employees and wage-earners should enter into annual or semi-annual agreements; second, that all industries should establish boards of conciliation; and, third, that, as *compulsory* arbitration is not at this time a practical question, a national committee should be formed of representatives of both employers and employed for the purpose of formulating a plan looking to the establishment of a general system of conciliation, for the promotion of industrial peace, on the principle that arbitration and conciliation should take place not after but before the beginning of strikes and lockouts.

The committee thus appointed met in New York in the first week of May. Besides other members there were actually present thirteen representatives of labor organizations and thirteen representatives of employing organizations.

The committee put forth an admirable statement of purpose and scope, in which it strongly recommended "full and frank conference between employers and workmen, and with the avowed purpose of reaching an agreement as to terms of employment." It very especially insisted upon *trade agreements for a definite term*. It furthermore offered its own services in any question which might arise where there is no established method of joint consideration and settlement.

At a large public meeting which took place in the historic precincts of Cooper Union, under the auspices of the People's Institute, addresses were made by labor representatives as prominent as Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mitchell, and by representatives of employers like Mr. Justi and Mr. Sayward, secretary of the National Association of Builders. A significant incident of this popular indorsement of the movement by New York wage-earners was the opposition of a small but noisy group of irreconcilables.

A few years ago such a demonstration in favor of peace and good will between capital and labor as that at Cooper Union would have been impossible. The industrial millennium is not yet. There are tyrannous methods on the part of trades-unions which must be eliminated in a free country; there are underhanded proceedings on the part of the agents of capital that are not only dishonorable, but dangerous to the interests of permanent peace; there are ignorance and cruelty among employers in certain districts and in some branches of manufacture, though in other branches there is a quickening of the conscience and an eagerness to see that the worker has something "more than wages."

Strikes and lockouts are well-nigh as clumsy and cruel as the duel and the ordeal by fire. The ordeal by fire has gone; the duel is disappearing in the most civilized countries; let us hope that strikes and lockouts will, in enlightened communities, become, before very long, only a part of the melancholy history of days that are gone.

#### The Unlucky Lucky.

A FEW months ago the people of New York were

startled by the burning words of one of the most conservative and dignified of the city's clergymen — words directed against the recrudescence of the vice of gambling in the social circle. Aroused by Dr. Huntington's denunciations, the community suddenly awoke to the consciousness of the fact that in certain groups of society gambling as an amusement had come to be a fashionable fad, leading to all sorts of petty outrages, betrayals of hospitality, and embarrassing losses on the part of young men and women; leading, doubtless, to all the degradations and dangers that accompany this seductive indulgence.

Along with this revived fad of society the observers were aware of an increase, on the part of amateurs, in the allied vice of stock-gambling. This last grew and grew with the speed of a trolley-car running downhill without a brake. The onlookers held their breath, seeing the catastrophe ahead.

After the public exposure of the detestable parlor gambling, has there been a reaction? Perhaps. Now that the Wall-street train has come to grief, have the amateur stock-gamblers learned salutary lessons? Doubtless, for many were badly hurt in the crash. There have been sufferers in the vicissitudes of social gambling; there have been sufferers among the innocent innocents of "the street."

But these sufferers are the least to be pitied. Those to whom the greatest harm comes, in all the methods of gambling, are the successful. They are the ones whose views of life and of honest labor have been set hopelessly awry; they are the demoralized; they are the ones most deeply to be pitied.

## OPEN LETTERS

### The City of Stockton's Unique Census Experiment.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difficulties that confront us in America from long adherence to an unwieldy method of creating new census machinery every ten years, and notwithstanding the disjointed relation of the States to the federal power, I am convinced that it is quite feasible to provide a system of census-taking that will be more accurate and prompt yet less expensive than the federal census, and have the additional merit of being an annual instead of a decennial census. To demonstrate that conviction the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Stockton in California has undertaken to enumerate the population of that city and of the county in which it is situated, each year for a period of ten years. It is not one of the usual functions of a chamber of commerce

to teach Uncle Sam by object-lessons, but the Stockton organization considers it more effective advocacy to demonstrate by action than to theorize by resolution.

The plan adopted is one suggested by the writer twelve years ago to the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, and which he favorably considered. It consists of expanding the annual census of school-children to the dimensions of a census of the whole people. Under the California law the authorities of each school district are required to select a census marshal on or before April 1 of each year, who must during the last fifteen days of April enroll all the children between five and seventeen years of age, and also all children under five years of age. As the census marshal is allowed pay for this service, and as the apportionment of State school money to the district is partly based on the

number of census children, the school census reports are very complete and accurate. The marshal is a resident of the district, is required by law to visit every dwelling, and is usually employed successive years, thus becoming familiar with all the inhabitants of the district and expert in reporting intelligibly and accurately according to the requirements of the law. The blanks used by the school census marshals are supplied by the State, but the reports are made directly to the county superintendent of schools.

The committee having charge of the Chamber of Commerce census work of Stockton fortunately included several deputies in the county offices, and, also fortunately, both the city and county school superintendents and some members of the city board of education belonged to the Chamber of Commerce. This made cooperation easy to attain, and the project was entered into with as much enthusiasm as could be expected for so abstract and remote a purpose, where the chief local benefit would be the demonstration of an idea. A conference with the city board of education resulted in definite instructions to the census marshals of Stockton to enumerate all the inhabitants. The board also authorized the preparation of new field-books for the census marshals, with rulings to include residents over the age of seventeen. A plat of that portion of the city assigned to each census-taker was inserted in his field-book, with a system of markings that would show, when completed, the number of residences and other buildings, as well as the number of inhabitants, of each block in the city of Stockton. The Chamber of Commerce census of the city was, therefore, officially authorized by the school board.

For the enumeration in the country districts a somewhat different plan was necessary, as it was virtually impossible for the committee to confer with each of the eighty boards of trustees in the county, and secure formal instructions to the census marshals. In fact, these enumerators were selected about the time the Chamber committee was created. The results in the county at large, therefore, had to be from the voluntary work and public spirit of the marshals themselves. The committee prepared separate blank schedules, which, with a circular letter indorsed by the county school superintendent, were sent to the different districts. Considerable apprehension was felt regarding these outside districts, as voluntary efforts and public spirit are fragile traits on which to lean in asking eighty public officials even for so small a favor as to propound four additional questions at each dwelling visited. Part of this apprehension was dispelled three days after enumeration began, as neatly made and complete reports from some of the smaller districts began to arrive. The committee, however, had at no time expected to make an entire success of the first experiment of an annual census in the country districts, as there was no authority short of the State legislature that could require it, and until the demonstration of the feasibility and inexpensiveness of the plan it was considered too early to ask the enactment of a State law.

The results of the Chamber of Commerce census of 1901 in the city of Stockton, as compared with the federal census of 1900 in each of the four wards, are shown in the following table:

	Federal Census, 1900.	Chamber Census, 1901.
Ward No. 1 . . .	4,639	4,054
Ward No. 2 . . .	3,773	4,082
Ward No. 3 . . .	3,697	3,785
Ward No. 4 . . .	5,397	5,468
Total . . .	17,506	17,389

The loss of population in the city of Stockton was not a surprise; in fact, it was thought that the loss would be greater. A cannery employing several hundred was in operation in June, when the federal census was taken, but is idle in April. Other causes, such as the scarcity of idle men and the thinning out of the Chinese quarter, accounted in advance for a decrease. The census really verified the predictions and estimates in this regard, for Chinatown and the chief lodgings-houses for working-men are located in the First Ward, where the abnormal loss of over twelve and a half per cent. was sustained. The other three wards show a gain of 468, or about three and two thirds per cent. The reports of the census marshals in Stockton showed a very low percentage of error, and the summaries were available for announcement within an hour after the time for filing the reports.

In addition to a classification of the inhabitants of the city by sex, age, color, and occupation, the reports will yield the number of dwellings and other buildings, and the number of residents of each block. At the time of this writing (May 10) the federal authorities have not issued any information regarding the classification of Stockton's population as ascertained in 1900, and the efficiency of the Chamber of Commerce census, taken ten months later, is attested by a forestalling of the federal results. In fact, the returns given above by recording later conditions supersede and discredit whatever may be announced by the national Census Bureau concerning Stockton's population.

The total cost of the census of Stockton and San Joaquin County to the Chamber of Commerce was twelve dollars and a half, expended for printing and postage. This is about one third of a mill per capita. The cost of enumerating the population of the United States at the same rate would be less than thirty thousand dollars. Is it not worth while?

In considering the practicability of a permanent census bureau with quick, reliable results, an annual enumeration, continuous local records, and small expenditure, it was necessary to make the work incidental to other duties of public officials. The school system afforded the best medium, because it is furthest removed from partisan politics, because it enjoys in larger degree the confidence of the public than any other department of government, because it is similarly established and conducted in most of the States, and because the school district is the smallest political division in the country common to and uniform in all

States. The writer has long held to the belief that through the school authorities and machinery a census system could be established that would so distribute the labor of enumeration and compilation as to accomplish in two or three days, or at most in a week, all the results that the expensive federal system accomplishes in six months. There is no reason to doubt that, by experience and a careful working out of details, an annual census of the United States can be taken in any given day of the year by the plan followed in Stockton, and the results telegraphed for publication in the next morning's papers. These first returns might not be complete in all the details, but less would be left to estimate than is usual in a Presidential election. The census would simply be a report from well-kept records, modified by the changes wrought by one year.

The federal census was supposed to have been taken June 1, 1900. The people of Stockton knew nothing of the result in their city and county until October 24, when Bulletin No. 10 was issued from the Census Office at Washington, and a summary of its contents was telegraphed back to California. The Chamber of Commerce census of Stockton and San Joaquin County, through

eighty-six enumerators, could have been proclaimed the morning of May 11, the day following the date fixed by law for the reports of census marshals to be in the hands of the county superintendents.

The undertaking at Stockton is to demonstrate a census plan as Colonel Waring demonstrated clean streets for New York city, not by theorizing, but by doing. Results are as persuasive in counting noses as in sweeping public highways. The Stockton plan was to begin with the barest enumeration and the use of the simplest schedules, that the first experiment might not produce complications and discouragements. It is the expectation of the committee having the matter in charge to add a few data to the required information each alternate year. The committee also expects in succeeding experiments to secure instructions from boards of trustees at the time census marshals are employed, that the work may be made compulsory instead of optional. An early modification of the State law will also be advocated to permit the most thorough trial of the plan and to encourage its extension to other counties of the State.

John M. Eddy.

A PORTRAIT OF ALFRED THE GREAT.



Apropos of the Thornycroft statue of Alfred the Great, to be unveiled at Winchester this summer (see page 396), the above vignette of "Alfred the King of the English" is of interest as conveying an impression of the dress and insignia of that monarch. It is from a manuscript of Matthew of Paris in the library of Corpus College, Cambridge. Thanks are due to the authorities of the college for kindly allowing its reproduction here. It has not before been published or reproduced. — EDITOR.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### Policeman Flynn's Adventures.

#### VIII. HE CHASTISES HIS SON.

PATROLMAN BARNEY FLYNN had just settled himself for an "off-duty" smoke, when his wife broke in upon his meditations.

"Th' bye's been fightin' ag'in," she said.

"Terry?" asked Patrolman Flynn, without any great display of interest.

"Fr sure," replied Mrs. Flynn, scornfully. "Why d' ye ask him fool questions? Have we anny other?"

"T is you that sh'ud know," retorted Patrolman Flynn. And then he added: "Was he licked?"

"He was not," answered Mrs. Flynn, with emphasis.

"T is a good thing fr him," asserted Patrolman Flynn. "If he'd got wan lickin', there'd be another due him."

"Fr why?" demanded Mrs. Flynn.

Patrolman Flynn looked at her in surprise.

"Oho! ye're an obsarvin' woman, ye are that," he exclaimed. "Don't ye know it is th' wa-ay iv th' wur-rl'd fr to lick th' ma-an that gets licked, an' be a good felly with th' ma-ay that wins? There's no cr-rime in th' eyes iv a hero-wur-shipin' public like bein' done up be th' other felly."

"As an officer iv th' la-aw ye sh'ud aim to shtop fightin'," urged Mrs. Flynn.

"Luk at that, now! Oho! w'u'd ye luk at that!" cried Patrolman Flynn. "Th' whole the'r'y iv civilization is to teach min how to fight, an' fight fair, an' thin ye'd call on th' po-lis fr to shtop it. Th' ma-an sinds his bye to boxin'-school, an' he says to him, 'L'arn fr to do up annybody ye go ferninst, an' th' bye wur-rks at th' job till he thinks he knows how, an' thin he goes out to find if he's masthered th' art. An' how's he to find out, Mary? Tell me that! 'T is only be goin' up ferninst th' fir-rst ma-an that comes handy, an' he does that same. An' why sh'ud n't he? Top an' bottom, crisscross, up an' down, 't is all th' same. Everywhere ye tur-rn, min is the larnin' to fight. Every nation on th' fa-ace iv the globe kapess min fr that pur-rpose, an' has schools fr to show them how, an' th' fightin' ma-an is th' gr-reat ma-an. Whin he goes out fr a wa-alk, th' gir-rls make eyes at him, an' th' wimmen say, 'My! ain't he han'some?' an' th' min tur-rn an' shtare at him an' tell each other, 'T is th' gr-reat gin'ral' or 'T is Adm'r'l Smith.' 'What did he do?' says you, not knowin' him. 'Why,' says they, surprised at ye-er ign'rance—'why, he licked th' enemy twenty-seven times without wance shtoppin' fr breakfast.' An' th' bye shtandin' near an' hearin' iv it all goes r-round th' corner an' whales th' fir-rst la-ad he comes acrost. Thin ye take him in th' house an' tell him 't is wr-rong to fight, an'

while ye're doin' it, wur-rl'd comes that some wan has neglected to say-lute th' fla-ag, an' ye throw ye-er hat on th' floor an' jump on it, an' yell fr th' blood iv ivery ma-an iv th' dashdardly nation that dared to do it. Iv coarse, Mary, ye'll understand I'm shpeakin' gin'rally, an' not iv you personally. You, bein' a woman, c'u'd n't r-reach th' p'nt iv jumpin' on ye-er hat. But 't is all th' same. Th' byes will fight."

"I sup-pose ye'll be afther excusin' it be sayin' that 'byes will be byes," suggested Mrs. Flynn, sarcastically.

"I'll do nawthin' iv th' kind," returned Patrolman Flynn. "T is only that byes will be min, an' min will be byes, vicy-versy, annyway ye want to put it, an' th' best ye can do is fr to referee it, regardless iv whether 't is byes, min, or countrries. There was Cassidy over in th' next blo-ock beyant, fr inshtance. Cassidy'd just come from mass wan da-ay, an' was feelin' pious-like an' thinkin' iv th' sins iv th' wur-rl'd growin' out iv vi'lent timpers, an' his bye comes along with a bla-ack eye. 'What've ye been doin'?' says Cassidy. 'Fightin',' says th' bye. 'Fr why?' says Cassidy. 'Mickey Dugan ca-called me a naygur,' says th' la-ad. 'T is no matter,' says Cassidy; 'ye sh'ud have kep' ye-er timper.' An' with that he whales th' bye fr fightin'. Not fr bein' licked, mind ye, but fr fightin'. Thin Cassidy goes out fr a quiet shmoke, an' whin he comes ba-ack he has his coat r-ripped an' a bump on his head, an' his good woman says to him, 'What's happened to ye?' an' he says, 'A ma-an at th' corner beyant called me a lyin' thafe iv th' wur-rl'd, an' I'll ta-ake that from no wan that lives.' T is th' same everywhere. We ha-ave our peace con-frinces, but we spind our money on th' big guns. I'll not whale Terry fr fightin' whin he don't be licked or don't jump on a shsmaller la-ad. If he's licked he sh'ud be whaled fr to ma-ake him fight ha-arder th' nex' time, an' if he jumps on a shsmaller la-ad he sh'ud be whaled fr bein' a cow'r'd."

"He's been throwin' r-rocks at a Chinyman, too," suggested Mrs. Flynn.

"Oho!" cried Patrolman Flynn, "an' what iv that? 'T is wr-rong, I grant ye, but th' Chink is th' ta-arget fr th' whole wur-rl'd. Why, they've been throwin' r-rocks at th' Chink in Chiny. 'All I ask,' says he, 'is to be let alone. I'm doin' all r-right here in me own home, an' me only wish is fr ye all to kape away.' But 't is too fine a grab-bag, an' they push him an' shove him an' take a bit iv this an' a bit iv that, an' whin in his ign'rance he gets ma-ad, they all pitch in an' heat him all up. 'T is not fair an' r-right, iv coarse, an' I'll give Terry a war-rnin'; but ivery wan's been heavin' things at Chiny fr so long that it seems to th' byes like th' c'rect thing to do.

Why, Mary, 't is only a bit iv a time since that wor-rd come to th' station there was a riot goin' on an' a man bein' kilt. 'Sind out th' wagon an' twinty min!' cried th' capt'in. 'Hold on!' says th' man at th' telephone. 'T is Murphy callin', an' he says he just l'arned 't is only a mob beatin' up a Chinyman, an' he wa-ants to know what he'll



"COME DOWN OUT IV THAT!"

do.' 'Shtop th' wagon,' says th' capt'in, 'an' tell Murphy fr to bring th' Chinyman in an' lock him up whin th' mob's through with him.' Th' whole the'ry is that th' Chink is committin' a cr-rime be livin' at all, an' he must be ray-formed iv that vice. I'll ta-talk to th' lad, but I'll not whale him while he has so many ba-ad ixamples."

"He put a shtome through th' Widdy Kelly's windy," urged Mrs. Flynn, as a last resort.

"What's that!" exclaimed Patrolman Flynn, suddenly straightening up. "Vi'latin' th' city orjinances, is he? Deshtroyin' th' r-ights iv

property an' interferin' with good, har-nd-workin' people! Where is he? 'T is fr me to show him th' laaws ferninst malicious mischief is made to be infoored."

From the next room Terry had overheard this remark, and before Patrolman Flynn could reach him he was out in the back yard looking for an available place of refuge. A tree—the only one in the locality, and the pride of Mrs. Flynn's heart—caught his eye, and he reached the only branch that would hold him before his father could lay hands on him.

"Come down out iv that!" commanded Patrolman Flynn.

"I'll not," replied the boy.

"Mary, bring me th' ax," was the next command.

"Fr' why?" demanded Mrs. Flynn, scornfully. "D' ye think ye're a George Washinton fr to be choppin' down trees? If ye wa-ant th' lad 't is fr you to go up afther him."

Patrolman Flynn circled round the tree two or three times, but finally made up his mind that the only thing for him to do was to follow his wife's advice. What happened after that is somewhat hazy. It was only a short climb, but the branch could not be reached from the ground, so the patrolman encircled the tree with his arms and legs and began the ascent, whereupon there was a suddenness and rapidity of events that was most mystifying. It seemed as if the boy lowered himself somewhat from the limb, and one of his feet certainly came in contact with his father's fingers, while the other gave a violent push to the irate man's shoulder. There was a yell, and a policeman dropped in a heap at the root of the tree. When he got on his feet again he gave a wild jump and succeeded in catching one of the boy's feet.

It is best to draw a veil over what immediately followed. When order was finally restored as a result of the earnest efforts of Mrs. Flynn, the boy was wailing and the man was standing triumphant with a piece of shingle in his hand.

"Did ye hear him? Oho! did ye hear him?" cried Patrolman Flynn. "I c'u'd have shtood annything but that. Did ye hear what he said, Mary?"

"I—I'll never do it again, father," pleaded the lad.

"I shu'd n't think ye w'u'd," returned Patrolman Flynn. "Why, 't is enough to ma-ake wan take a scantlin' to ye. D' ye mind what he said, Mary? Here was I on th' har-nd ground, where I'd come down like a thousand iv brick, owin' to him kickin' me knuckles, an' he says to me, he says—"

"What did he sa-ay?" asked Mrs. Flynn, as the patrolman's excitement seemed in a fair way to curtail his power of speech.

"He says, 'If ye wanted fr to sit down, he says, 'ye shu'd have brought a cushion.'"

Elliott Flower.